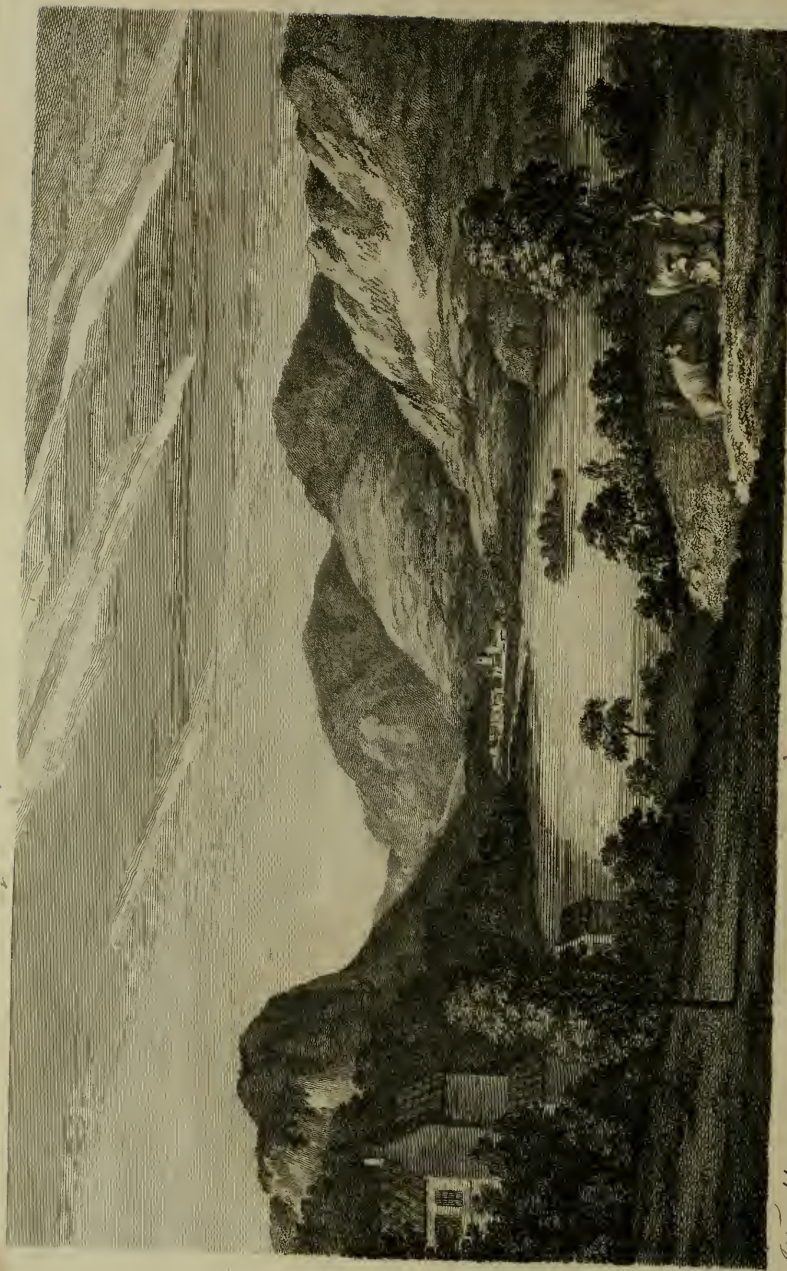






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J. Garry delin.

GRASSMERE

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Engraved by J. Caldwell.

A
G U I D E
TO THE
L A K E S,
IN
CUMBERLAND, WESTMORLAND,
AND
LANCASHIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
THE ANTIQUITIES OF FURNESS.

—————For nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies. —————
Wild above rule or art [and beauteous form'd]
A happy rural seat of various view.
Paradise lost.

THE SECOND EDITION
REVISED THROUGHOUT AND GREATLY ENLARGED.

L O N D O N:

Printed for RICHARDSON and URQUHART,
under the Royal Exchange;
J. ROBSON, New Bond Street; and
W. PENNINGTON, Kendal.
1780.

IN TRUTH A MORE PLEASING TOUR THAN THESE LAKES HOLD OUT TO MEN OF LEISURE AND CURIOSITY CANNOT BE DEVISED. WE PENETRATE THE GLACIERS, TRAVERSE THE RHONE AND THE RHINE, WHILST OUR DOMESTIC LAKES OF ULLS-WATER, KESWICK, AND WINDERMERE, EXHIBIT SCENES IN SO SUBLIME A STYLE, WITH SUCH BEAUTIFUL COLOURINGS OF ROCK, WOOD, AND WATER, BACKED WITH SO TREMENDOUS A DISPOSITION OF MOUNTAINS, THAT IF THEY DO NOT FAIRLY TAKE THE LEAD OF ALL THE VIEWS IN EUROPE, YET THEY ARE INDISPUTABLY SUCH AS NO ENGLISH TRAVELLER SHOULD LEAVE BEHIND HIM.

Mr. Cumberland's Dedication to Mr. Romney.

P R E F A C E.

THE speedy sale of the first edition of this work has induced the publishers to use their best endeavours to make the present one still more worthy of public encouragement, by subjecting it to such alterations and improvements as were judged necessary to complete its design,—and of which it may be here proper to give some account.

The many imperfections of stile and composition which but too evidently debased the first impression are attempted to be rectified in this. Some additional matter is introduced into the body of the text, and a few notes are inserted on incidental subjects, which were thought to be properly allied to the leading one. Besides an elegant frontispiece, an ADDENDA is subjoined, containing a collection of several valuable miscellaneous pieces which have occasionally appeared respecting the lakes. And a friend of the publishers has communicated an original article called A TOUR TO THE CAVES, which it is hoped will not only entertain, but be found particularly accurate as to matter of fact.---

In

In short, the publishers have done every thing in their power to make this GUIDE as complete and useful as its object is curious and popular.

GUIDES of every denomination should be well acquainted with the regions in which they exercise their vocation, and it must be natural for the purchasers of this manual to wish to know something of its author, and the pretensions he has to claim their implicit confidence in the character he assumes. This curiosity may now be properly indulged, as he is no longer within the reach of either praise or censure:—But what we have to say on this subject will be very short.

Mr. WEST, late of ULVERSTON, author of this tract, and also of the ANTIQUITIES OF FURNESS, is supposed to have had the chief part of his education on the Continent, where he afterwards presided as a professor in some of the branches of natural philosophy: Whence it will appear, that though, upon some account or other, he had not acquired the habit of composing correctly in English, he must nevertheless have been a man of learning. He had seen many parts of EUROPE, and considered what was extraordinary in them with a curious, if not with a judicious and philosophic eye. Having in the latter part of his life much leisure time on his hands, he frequently accompanied genteel parties on the TOUR OF THE LAKES; and after he had formed the design of drawing
up

P R E F A C E.

As his GUIDE, besides consulting the most esteemed writers on the subject (as Dr. BROWN, Messrs. GRAY, YOUNG, PENNANT, &c.) he took several journeys on purpose to examine the lakes, and to collect such information concerning them, from the neighbouring gentlemen, as he thought necessary to complete the work, and make it truly deserving of its title. From these particulars, and the internal evidence of the following pages, it is presumed the reader will be satisfied, that the author was, in the most essential respects, well qualified for his undertaking. And should some of his digressions into antiquity be thought too long, or a few descriptions want precision, and now and then a station be dubiously pointed out,—if, on the whole, the matter be selected by no uniform plan, let it be remembered few writers of tours have been able to avoid blemishes of this kind, and that the chief end of the work is accomplished, if, along with due copiousness, it be authentic in the principal articles of local information.

*Before the author's death (which happened very lately *) he had collected some new matter for this tract,*

* Mr. West died the 10th of July, 1779, at the ancient seat of the Stricklands, at Sizergh, in Westmorland, in the 63 year of his age, and, according to his own request, was interred in the choir, or chapel, belonging to the Strickland family in Kendal church.—As he was a man of worth, as well as ingenuity, this further short memorial of his exit will not need an apology.

tract, which is introduced into the present edition in the manner he designed; but the revision of the language, &c. mentioned above, fell of course to another person; and, in justice to him and the author, it is proper to say here in what manner it has been executed.

As there is something particular, and often pleasing, in the author's strokes of description and manner of thinking, care has been taken, all along, to preserve his ideas, as much as possible, in his own order, terms, and mode of construction. A few needless repetitions and redundancies have indeed been retrenched, but little has been added which was not necessary to complete the sense. On this account, as the work is in itself more of an useful than entertaining nature, it is presumed the judicious reader will not yet expect elegance of language, but be satisfied, if, on the whole, he find it decently perspicuous and correct.

X.

September 28th, 1779.

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A.

G U I D E

TO THE

L A K E S.

SINCE persons of genius, taste, and observation began to make the tour of their own country, and to give such pleasing accounts of the natural history, and improving state of the northern parts of the *British* Empire, the spirit of visiting them has diffused itself among the curious of all ranks.

Particularly, the taste for one branch of a noble art* (cherished under the protection of the greatest of kings and best of men) in which the genius of *Britain* rivals that of ancient *Greece* and modern *Rome*, induces many to visit the lakes of *Cumberland*, *Westmorland*, and *Lancashire*; there to contemplate, in Alpine scenery, finished in nature's highest tints, the

B

pastoral

* Landscape painting.

pastoral and rural landscape, exhibited in all their files, the soft, the rude, the romantic, and the sublime; and of which perhaps like instances can no where be found assembled in so small a tract of country. What may be *now* mentioned as another inducement to visit these natural beauties, is the goodness of the roads, which are much improved since Mr. Gray made his tour in 1765, and Mr. Pennant his, in 1772. The gentlemen of these counties have set a precedent worthy of imitation in the politest parts of the kingdom, by opening, at private expence, carriage roads for the ease and safety of such as visit the country; and the public roads are equally properly attended to. And if the entertainment at some of the inns be plain, it is accompanied with an easy charge, neatness, and attention. When the roads are more frequented, the inns may perhaps be more elegantly furnished and expensive; but the entertainment must remain much the same, as the viands at present are not excelled in any other quarter of the empire.

The design of the following sheets, is to encourage the taste of visiting the lakes, by furnishing the traveller with a Guide; and, for that purpose, the writer has here collected and laid before him, all the select stations and points of view, noticed by those authors who have last made the tour of the lakes, verified
by

THE LAKES:

3

by his own repeated observations. He has also added remarks on the principal objects as they appear viewed from different stations; and such other incidental information as he judged would greatly facilitate and heighten the pleasure of the tour, and relieve the traveller from the burthen of those tedious enquiries on the road, or at the inn, which generally embarrass, and often mislead.

The local knowledge here communicated, will not however injure, much less prevent the agreeable surprise that attends the first sight of scenes that surpass all description, and of objects which will always affect the spectator in the highest degree.

Such as wish to unbend the mind from anxious cares, or fatiguing studies, will meet with agreeable relaxation in making the tour of the lakes. Something new will open itself at the turn of every mountain, and a succession of ideas will be supported by a perpetual change of objects, and a display of scenes behind scenes, in endless perspective. The *contemplative* traveller will be charmed with the sight of the sweet retreats, that he will observe in these enchanting regions of calm repose, and the *fanciful* may figuratively review the hurry and bustle of busy life (in all its gradations) in the variety of unshaded rills that

hang on the mountains sides, the hasty brooks that warble through the dell, or the mighty torrents precipitating themselves at once with thundering noise from tremendous, rocky heights; all pursuing one general end, their increase in the vale, and their union in the ocean.

Such as spend their lives in cities, and their time in crouds, will here meet with objects that will enlarge the mind, by contemplation, and raise it from nature to nature's first cause: Whoever takes a walk into these scenes, must return penetrated with a sense of the creator's power in heaping mountains upon mountains, and enthroning rocks upon rocks. And such exhibitions of sublime and beautiful objects, cannot but excite at once both rapture and reverence.

When exercise and change of air are recommended for health, the convalescent will find the latter here in the purest state, and the former will be the concomitant of the tour. The many hills and mountains of various heights, separated by narrow vales, through which the air is agitated and hurried on, by a multiplicity of brooks and mountain torrents, keep it in constant circulation, which is known to add much to its purity. The water is also as pure as the air, and on that account recommends itself to the valetudinarian.

As

As there are few people, in easy circumstances, but may find a motive for visiting this extraordinary region, so more especially those who intend to make the continental tour should begin here; as it will give in miniature an idea of what they are to meet with there, in traversing the *Alps* and *Appenines*; to which our northern mountains are not inferior in beauty of line, or variety of summit, number of lakes, and transparency of water; not in colouring of rock, or softness of turf, but in height and extent only. The mountains here are all accessible to the summit, and furnish prospects no less surprising, and with more variety, than the *Alps* themselves. The tops of the highest *Alps* are inaccessible, being covered with everlasting snow, which commencing at regular heights above the cultivated tracts, or wooded and verdant sides, form indeed the highest contrast in nature. For there may be seen all the variety of climate in one view. To this however we oppose the sight of the ocean from the summit of all the higher mountains as it appears intersected with promontories, decorated with islands, and animated with navigation; which adds greatly to the perfection and variety of all grand views.

Those who have traversed the *Alps*, visited the lake of *Geneva*, and viewed mount *Blanc*,

the highest of the *Glaciers*, from the valley of *Chamouni*, in *Savoy*, may still find entertainment in this domestic tour. To trace the analogy and differences of mountainous countries, furnishes the observant traveller with amusement; and the travelled visitor of the *Cumòrian* lakes and mountains, will not be disappointed of pleasure in this particular.

This Guide will also be of use to the artist who may propose to copy any of these views and landscapes, by directing his choice of station, and pointing out the principal objects. Yet it is not presumed positively to decide on these particulars, but only to suggest hints, that may be adopted, or rejected, at his pleasure.

The late Mr. *Gray* was a great judge of landscapes, yet whoever makes choice of his station at the three mile stone from *Lancaster*, on the *Hornby* road, will fail in taking one of the finest afternoon rural views in *England*. The station he points out is a quarter of a mile too low, and somewhat too much to the left. The more advantageous station, as I apprehend, is on the south side of the great, or *Queen's* road, a little higher than where Mr. *Gray* stood; for there the vale is in full display, including a longer reach of the river, and the wheel of

Lune

Lune, formed by a high crowned isthmus, fringed with tall trees, that in times past was the solitary site of a hermit * A few trees, preserved on purpose by the owner, conceal the nakedness of *Caton-moor* on the right, and render the view complete:

By company from the south, the lakes may be best visited by beginning with *Haws-water*, and ending with *Coniston-water*, or vice versa. Mr. *Gray* began his tour with *Ulls-water*, but did not see all the lakes. Mr. *Pennant* proceeded from *Coniston-water* to *Windermere-water*, &c. but omitted *Ulls* and *Haws-waters*. Mr. *Gray* was too late in the season for enjoying the beauties of prospect and rural landscape in a mountainous country: For in October the dews lie long on the grass in the morning, and the clouds descend soon in the evening, and conceal the mountains. Mr. *Pennant* was too early in the spring, when the mountains were mantled with snow, and the dells were darkened with impenetrable mist; hence his gloomy description of the beautiful and romantic vale of *St. John*, in his journey from *Ambleside* to *Keswick*. Flora displays few of her charms

B 4

early

* *Hugh*, to whom *William de Lancastre*, sixth Baron of *Kenaal*, gave a certain place called *Askeleros* and *Croc*, to look to his fishing in the river *Lyn* [or *Lune*]

Burn's Westmorland, p. 31.

early in May, in a country that has been chilled by seven winter months.

The best season for visiting the lakes is from the beginning of June to the end of August. During these months the mountains are decked in all the trim of summer vegetation, and the woods and trees, which hang on the mountains sides, and adorn the banks of the lakes, are robed in every variety of foliage and summer bloom. In August nature has given her highest tints to all her colours on the enamelled plain and borders of the lakes. These are also the months favourable to botanic studies. Some rare plants are then only to be found; such as delight in Alpine heights, or such as only appear in ever-shaded dells, or gloomy vales.

The author of *The six months tour* visited the lakes in this fine season, and saw them all except *Conistone* and *Esthwaite* (both *Lancashire* lakes) which are on the western side of the others, and lie parallel to *Windermere-water*.

Nothing but want of information could have prevented that curious traveller from visiting the whole range of the lakes; which had he done, and described their scenery with that accuracy and glow of colouring he has bestowed

flowed upon the lakes of *Keswick*, *Windermere*, &c. a copy of his account would have been a sufficient Guide to all who made the same tour.

The course of visiting the lakes from *Penrith*, is by *Bampton* to *Haws-water*, and from thence to *Ulls-water*, and return to *Penrith*. Next set out for *Keswick*, seventeen miles good road. Having seen the wonders of *Keswick* and the environs, depart for *Ambleside*, sixteen miles of excellent mountain road, which afford much entertainment. From *Ambleside*, ride along the side of *Windermere-water* five miles, to *Bowness*, and, having explored the lake, either return to *Ambleside*, and from thence to *Hawkshead*, five miles, or cross *Windermere-water* at the horse ferry, to *Hawkshead*, four miles. The road, part of the way, is along the beautiful banks of *Esthwaite-water*. From *Hawkshead* the road is along the skirts of the *Furness Apennines* to the head of *Conistoun-water*, three miles, good road. This lake stretches from the feet of *Conistoun* fells to the south, six miles. The road is on the eastern side along its banks to *Lowick-bridge*; from thence to *Ulverston* by *Penny-bridge*, or by *Lowick-hall*, eight miles; good carriage road every where. From *Ulverston*, by *Dalton*, to the ruins of *Furness Abbey*, six miles. Return to *Ulverston*, from thence to *Kendal*, twenty-one miles, or to *Lancaster*, over the fells, twenty miles. This

This order of making the tour of the lakes is the most convenient for company coming from the north, or over *Stainmoor*; but for such company as come by *Lancaster*, it will be more convenient to begin the visit with *Conistone-water*. By this course, the lakes lie in an order more agreeable to the eye, and grateful to the imagination. The change of scenes is from what is pleasing, to what is surprising; from the delicate touches of *Claude*, verified on *Conistone* lake, to the noble scenes of *Pouffin*, exhibited on *Windermere-water*, and, from these, to the stupendous romantic ideas of *Salvator Rosa*, realized on the lake of *Derwent*.

This Guide shall therefore take up the company at *Lancaster*, and attend them in the tour to all the lakes; * pointing out (what only can be described) the *permanent* features of each scene;---the vales, the dells, the groves, the hanging woods, the scattered cots, the deep mountains, the impending cliff, the broken ridge, &c. Their *accidental* beauties depend upon a variety of circumstances; light and shade, the air, the winds, the clouds, the situation with respect to objects, and the time of the day. For though the ruling tints be permanent

* An abridged view of the tour may be seen in a table of the roads at the end.

ment, yet the green and gold of the meadow and vale, and the brown and purple of the mountain, the silver grey of the rock, and the azure hue of the cloud-topt pike, are frequently varied in appearance, by an intermixture of reflection from wandering clouds, or other bodies, or a sudden stream of sunshine that harmonizes all the parts anew. The pleasure therefore arising from such scenes is in some sort accidental.

To render the tour more agreeable, the company should be provided with a telescope, for viewing the fronts and summits of inaccessible rocks, and the distant country, from the tops of the high mountains *Skiddaw* and *Helvellyn*. *

The landscape mirror will also furnish much amusement in this tour. Where the objects
are

* As descriptions of prospects, greatly extended and variegated, are often more tedious than entertaining, perhaps the reader will not lament, that our author has not any where attempted to delineate a view taken from either of these capital mountains, but rather wish that he had shewn the same judgment of *omission* in some other parts of his work. However, as an apology of the most persuasive kind for what may appear either prolix, or too high-coloured in some of the following descriptions, let it be here noted by the candid reader, at the *out-set*, that the lakes were his favourite object, and on which he thought enough could scarce ever be said, and, that the seducing effects of an ardent passion, are, in any case, easier to discover in others, than to rectify in ourselves.

are great and near, it removes them to a due distance, and shews them in the soft colours of nature, and in the most regular perspective the eye can perceive, or science demonstrate.

The mirror is of the greatest use in sunshine; and the person using it ought always to turn his back to the object that he views. It should be suspended by the upper part of the case, and the landscape will then be seen in the glass, by holding it a little to the right or left (as the position of the parts to be viewed require) and the face screened from the sun. A glass of four inches, or four inches and a half diameter is a proper size.

The mirror is a plano-convex glass, and should be the segment of a large circle; otherwise distant and small objects are not perceived in it; but if the glass be too flat, the perspective view of great and near objects is less pleasing, as they are represented too near. These inconveniences may be provided against by two glasses of different convexity. The dark glass answers well in sunshine; but on cloudy and gloomy days the silver foil is better.

* * * Whoever uses spectacles upon other occasions, must use them in viewing landscapes in these mirrors.

LANCASTER

LANCASTER.*

THE castle here is the first object that attracts the attention of the curious traveller. The elevation of the site, and magnificence of the front, strike the imagination with the idea of a place of much strength, beauty, and importance; and such it has been ever since its foundation on the arrival of the *Romans* in these parts. An eminence of swift descent, that commands the fords of a great tiding-river, would not be neglected by so able a general as *Agricola*; and accordingly he occupied the crown of this eminence in the summer of his second campaign, and of the christian æra 79, and here erected a station to secure his conquest and the passes of the river, whilst he proceeded with his army across the bay of *Morecambe* into *Furness*. The station was called *Longovicum*, and in process of time the inhabitants were called *Longovices*, i. e. a people dwelling upon the *Lon* or *Lune*. This station communicated with *Overborough*, by exploratory mounts, some of them still remaining on the banks of the *Lune*, which also answered the purposes of guarding the fords of the river,
and

* (*Longovicum*, Notit. Imper.)

and over-awing the natives. The mounts at *Halton*, *Melling*, and at the east end of the bridge of *Lune*, near *Hornby*, are still entire. The station at *Lancaster* was connected with that at *Watercrock*, near *Kendal*, by the intervention of the beacon on *Warton-crag*, and the castellum on the summit of a hill, that rises immediately over *Watercrock*, at present called *Castle-steads*.

The town that *Agricola* found here, belonged to the western *Bryantes*, and in their language was called *Caer Werid*, i. e. the green town. The name is still retained in that part of the town called *Green-aer*, for *Green-caer*; the British construction being changed, and *Werid* translated into English.

The green mount on which the castle stands, appears to be an artefactum of the *Romans*. In digging into it four years ago, a *Roman* silver denarius was found at a great depth. The eminence has been surrounded with a deep moat. The present structure is generally supposed to have been built by *Edward III.* but some parts of it seem to be of a higher date. There are three styles of architecture very evident in the present castle. 1. Round towers, distant from each other about 26 paces, and joined by a wall and open gallery. On the

the western side, there remain two entire, and from their distance, and the visible foundation of others, it appears they have been in number seven, and that the form of the castle was then a polygon. One of these towers is called *Adrian's Tower*, probably from something formerly standing there dedicated to that emperor. They are two stages high; the lights are narrow slits; the hanging gallery is supported by a single row of corbels, and the lower stages communicate by a close gallery in the wall. Each stage was vaulted with a plain pyramidal vault of great height. Those in the more southern towers are entire, and called *John of Gaunt's ovens*; but the calling them so, is as ridiculous as groundless.

Taillebois, Baron of *Kendal*, is the first after the conquest who was honoured with the command of this castle; and *William de Taillebois*, in the reign of *Henry II.* obtained leave to take the surname of *Lancaster*. It is therefore probable that the barons of *Kendal* either built or repaired the ancient castle, in which they resided, until they erected, upon the summer site of the station of *Concangium*, their castle at *Kendal*; for the remains of some of the bastions there agree in stile with the towers here.

2 The second distinct stile of building in *Lancaster Castle*, is a square tower of great height, the lower part of which is of a remote antiquity; the windows are small and round headed, ornamented with plain short pillars on each side. The upper part of this magnificent tower is a modern repair; the masonry shews it; and a stone in the battlement, on the northern side, inscribed

E. R.

1585 R A.

proves that this repair was made in the time of Queen *Elizabeth*. It is pretty evident that two towers, with the rampart, have been removed to give light and air to the lower windows on the outside of the great square tower; and it is joined by a wall of communication to *Adrian's Tower*, that could not be there when the other two round towers were standing. There are two lesser square towers on the opposite side of the *yard*, or *court*.

3. The third stile of building is the front, or gateway. This may be given to *Edward III.* or to his son *John of Gaunt*. It faces the east, and is a magnificent building in the gothic stile. It opens with a noble and lofty pointed arch, defended by over hanging battlements, supported by a triple range of corbels, cut in form of boultns. The intervals
are

are pierced for the descent of missiles, and on each side rise two light watch-towers. Immediately over the gate, is an ornamented niche, which probably once contained the figure of the founder. On one side is still to be seen, on a shield, *France* quarter'd with *England*; on the other side, the same with a label ermine of three points, the distinction of *John of Gaunt* Duke of *Lancaster*, fourth son of *Edward III.* the first English monarch that quartered *France* and *England* on a shield.—N. B. It was *Henry V.* that reduced the lilies of *France* to three.

On the north side of the hill, below the church-yard, are some remains of the wall that encompassed the station. It retains part of the ancient name of the place, being called *Wery-wall*. Those who suppose it to be that part of the priory-inclosure-wall, which was situated on the north side of the church, may be satisfied it is not so, by viewing the part of the inclosure-wall yet standing, which is a thin mouldering fabric; whereas the *Wery-wall*, is a cemented mass, that nothing but great violence can injure. Another fragment of it stands at the stile on the foot-path, under the west end of the church-yard. It is frequently met with in the church-yard, and its direction is to the western side of the castle. The father of the late *William Bradshaw Esq.* of *Halton*, remembered the *Wery-wall* projecting over *Bridge-lane*, and

C

pointing

pointing directly to the river. This could never be the direction of the priory-wall. To say nothing of the name, which tradition has preserved, had Mr. *Pennant* viewed both, he would not have doubted a moment to join *Camden* against *Leland*. At *Bridge-lane* this wall makes an angle, and runs along the brow of the hill, behind the houses, in a line to *Church-street*, which it crosses about *Covell-cross*. This is attested by the owners of the gardens, who have met with it in that direction, and always found blue clay under the foundation stones.

Though this station was one of the first which the *Romans* had in these parts, and, from its importance, the last they abandoned, yet but few Roman-British remains have been discovered at it.

The *Caledonians*, the unconquered enemies, and greatest plague of the *Romans* in *Britain*, were particularly galled and offended with the garrison at *Lancaster*, it being always the first to oppose them, as often as they invaded the empire, by crossing the *Solway-frith*. For, having taken the advantage of the spring tides, and the darkness of the nights, at the change of the moon, they escaped the garrison at *Virofidium*, *Ellenborough*, *Arbeia*, and *Moresby*; and skulking along the *Cumberland* coast, they
crossed

crossed the *Morecambe-bay*, and were first discovered on the banks of the *Lune*. Here they were opposed by the townsmen, who kept the garrison; and if they did not return by the way they came, the alarm brought upon them the garrisons of *Overborough*, *Watercrock*, and *Ambleside*, who surrounded and cut them off. Hence arose a particular hatred to the *Lancastrians*, which time and repeated injuries fomented into rage. In the end, the barbarous clans, following close upon the heels of the flying *Romans*, in a particular manner satiated their desire of revenge upon the helpless *Lancastrians*, by sacking and destroying their town and fortifications, in order that they might at no future time oppose their invasions. The *Saxons* arriving soon after, raised on these ruins, the town that remains to this day. Hence it may be inferred, that the present town of *Lancaster* stands on a magazine of British-Roman antiquities; and this is often verified by digging under ancient houses, where Roman remains are frequently found, and it appears that the earth has been removed.---Beside what Dr. *Leigh* mentions, there are many recent instances that prove the conjecture.

In the year 1772, in digging a cellar, where an old house had stood, in a street or lane, called *Pudding-lane*, (almost in the centre of the

town) there was found, reversed in a bed of fine sand, above five feet under ground, a square inscribed stone, of four feet, by two and a half dimensions. A foot and two inches were broken off the lower corner on the right hand side, so as to render the inscription obscure, but the remaining letters were very evident, elegantly formed, square, and about three inches high. The inscription had consisted of eight or nine lines, of which six are entire, and of easy explanation; the loss in the seventh is readily supplied; but the eight must be made out by the common stile of such votive stones. The elegance of the characters pronounces them to be the work of the best times; but the two small letters in the third and fifth lines, reduce it to the age of the Emperor *Gordian*; and if the three small letters have been occasioned by the omission of the sculptor, then it will be of higher antiquity. It is known by inscriptions found at *Olenacum* (old *Carlisle*) that the *Augustan* wing mentioned on this tablet, was stationed there in the time of *Gordian*; and now from this inscription, it seems also to have been at *Lancaster*. This memorable stone is now to be seen in the rare collection of Sir *Ashton Lever* Knt. in *Leicester-house*, *London*.

Four years ago, in sinking a cellar in an old house in *Church-street*, great quantities of fragments

ments of Roman earthen-ware were thrown out, urns, pateræ, &c. many of them finely glazed, and elegantly marked with emblematic figures. Also some copper coins were found, and an entire lamp, with a turned up perforated handle to hang it by, the nozzle of which was black from use. At the depth of two yards were likewise discovered a great number of human bones, with burnt ashes, a wall of great thickness, and a well filled with rubbish of the same kind, probably leading to a vault where other human remains were deposited; but the curious must for ever regret that no further search was made into its use and contents.

What throws new light upon the station here, is the late discovery of a Roman pottery by the honourable *Edward Clifford*, in his estate at *Quarmore*, near *Lancaster*. That these works have been very considerable, may be supposed from the space discoloured with broken ware, the holes from whence the clay has been taken, and the great variety of bricks, tiles, and vessels that are found about them. But the greatest discovery is gathered from a tile with turned-up edges, impressed on each end with the words *Ala Sebusia*, which points out a wing of cavalry not heard of before. The same inscription is found on bricks, the label smaller, and the letters *Ala Sebusia*. The shape of the

second letter in the first word, is like that in the inscription on the rock near *Brampton* in *Cumberland*, supposed to be cut in the time of the Emperor *severus*, A. D. 207, and is the fifth L in *Horsley's* alphabet. On the brick, the letters are square, from which it may be inferred, that this wing was long stationed at *Lancaster*.

This town, ever since the conquest, has been renowned for loyalty and attachment to established government; for which King *John* honoured it with as ample a charter, as he had conferred on the burgeses of *Bristol* and *Norhampton*. *Charles II.* confirmed it, with additional privileges. But *Lancaster* derived its greatest lustre and importance, from the title it gave to *Edmund*, second son of *Henry III.* and to his issue, Dukes of *Lancaster*, and Kings of *England*, of the *Lancastrian* line. In the end, however, it suffered much by supporting their title to the crown, in the contest with the house of *York*. And so little had it retrieved itself when *Camden* visited it, in 1609, that he speaks of it, as not populous, and that the inhabitants were all husbandmen. Since that time it is however much enlarged. The new houses are peculiarly neat and handsome, the streets well paved, and thronged with inhabitants, busied in a prosperous trade to *Guinea*,
and

and the *West-Indies*. Along a fine quay, noble warehouses are built. And when it shall please those concerned, to deepen the shoals in the river, ships of great burthen may lie before them; for at present, we only see in that part of the river such as do not exceed 250 tons.

The air of *Lancaster* is salubrious, the environs pleasant, the inhabitants wealthy, courteous, hospitable, and polite. The church is a handsome gothic structure; but the inside view of the beautiful east window is obstructed by a tall skreen behind the altar, and the rest of the church is further hurt by a multiplicity of pews. The only remains it has of antient furniture are a few turn-up seats, carved in the stile of the times when it belonged to the priory of *St. Martin of sayes in France*. Some of the carvings are fine, but the figures are either gross or grotesque. This building stands on the crown of an eminence below the castle, from which it is only separated by the moat. The views from the church-yard are extensive and pleasant, particularly the grand and much admired prospect of the northern mountains. The new chapel is a neat and convenient, place of worship. There are also in this town, presbyterian, quaker, and methodist meeting houses, and a Romish chapel. When the present inconvenient bridge was lately repaired, some

brass pieces of money were met with under a foundation stone, from which it was conjectured to be of Danish origin. A more antient bridge stood higher up the river at *Skerton* town-end; an eligible situation for a new one, which would make a fine and convenient entrance into *Lancaster* from the north, and which at present on many accounts it much wants.

Before you leave *Lancaster*, take a ride to the three mile-stone, on the road to *Hernby*, and have Mr. *Gray*'s most noble view of the vale of *Lonsdale*, which he, or his editor describes in these words, in the note, page 373, of his life. "This scene opens just three miles from *Lancaster*, on what is called the *Queen's road*. To see the view in perfection you must go into a field on the left. Here *Ingleborough*, behind a variety of lesser mountains, makes the back-ground of the prospect; on each hand of the middle distance, rise two sloping hills, the left cloathed with thick wood, the right with variegated rock and herbage. Between them, in the richest of valleys, the *Lune* serpentizes for many a mile, and comes forth ample and clear through a well-wooded and richly pastured fore-ground. Every feature which constitutes a perfect landscape of the extensive sort, is here not only boldly marked, but also in its best position."

From

From *Lancaster* to *Hest-bank*, three miles; set out with the *Ulverston* carriers at the stated hour, or take a guide for the sands that succeed, called *Lancaster Sands*, † and which are 9 miles over. *

On

† (*Morecambe*, Ptol.)

* Along with the proper guides, crossing of the sands in summer is thought a journey of little more danger than any other. But those who wish to evade them may easily go, in one day, round to *Ulverston*, by the head of the æstuary. The roads are in general very good, the ride about 37 miles, and not wanting in the natural variety peculiar to the country. [The route will be thus.—From *Lancaster* to *Bolton* 4 miles. (From the *Thwaites*, a little beyond the town, have a fine view of *Lancaster* sands, and the northern mountains.) From thence to *Burton* 7 miles. (There observe Major *Pearson's* neat house of freestone.) From thence to *Millbrop* 4 miles. (There see *Dallam Tower*, the seat of *Daniel Wilson* Esq; in which there are several elegancies, but more capabilities. Also see a bold waterfall of the river at *Betham-mill*.) From *Millbrop* to *Levens* (an ancient seat of the late Earl of *Suffolk*, where a curious specimen of the old style of gardening may be seen, as laid out by the gardener of King *James* the second) 2 miles. From thence to the nearer-end of the *Long-causeway*, at *Beathwaite-green* 1 mile. Thence to the *Black-bull* in *Witherslack* 3 miles (which takes you by the foot of *Whitbarrow-scar*, a remarkable precipice of limestone rock, formed in several places like a fortress.) Thence to *Newton* (over the hill *Tawtup*) 4 miles. Thence to *Newby-bridge* 3 miles, which is situated at the lower end of *Windermere-water*. From thence to *Bouth*, on the common turnpike, 3 miles. (But it might be worth while to go a little out of the way, through a valley.

On a fine day there is not a more pleasant seaside journey in the kingdom. On the right, a bold shore, deeply indented in some places, and opening into bays in others; valleys that stretch far into the country, bounded on each side by hanging grounds, cut into inclosures, interspersed with groves and woods, adorned with sequestered cots, farms, villages, churches, and castles; mountains behind mountains, and others again just seen over them, close the fore scene. *Claude* has not introduced *Soracte*, on the *Tyber*, in a more happy point of view, than *Ingleborough* appears in during the course of this ride. At entering on the sands, to the left, *Heysham-point* rises abruptly, and the village hangs on it's side in a beautiful manner. Over a vast extent of sands, *Peel-castle*, the antient bulwark of the bay, rears its venerable head
above

valley on the left hand, by *Backbarrow* and *Low-wood* furnaces and iron-works, which are very romantically situated.) From *Bouth* to *Penny-bridge* 2 miles, which there brings you into the tract of the tour by *Ulverston*, now only 4 miles distant.

If, on account of getting post-chaifes, &c. it be thought more convenient to go by *Kendal* to *Ulverston*, the journey will be about 7 miles more, all good turnpike road. From *Burton* (where the two roads part) to *Kendal* is 11 miles, and from *Kendal* to the above named *Newby-bridge* (where they meet again) is about 13 miles.—This latter stage, though mountainous and uneven, nevertheless in every other respect affords an agreeable ride.]

above the tide. In front appears a fine sweep of country sloping to the south. To the right *Warton-crag* presents itself in a bold stile. On its arched summit are the vestiges of a square encampment, and the ruins of a beacon. Grounds bearing from the eye for many a mile, variegated in every pleasing form, by woods and rocks, are terminated by cloud-topt *Ingleborough*. A little further on the same hand, another vale opens to the sands, and shews a broken ridge of rocks, and beyond them groups of mountains towering to the sky. *Castle-steads*, a pyramidal hill, that rises above the station at *Kendal*, is now in sight. At the bottom of the bay stands *Arneside-tower*, once a mansion of the *Stanleys*. The *Cartmel* coast, now, as you advance, becomes more pleasing. Betwixt that and *Silverdale-nab*, (a mountain of naked grey rock) is a great break in the coast, and through the opening the river *Kent* rolls its waters to join the tide. In the mouth of the æstuary are two beautiful conical isles, cloathed with wood and sweet verdure. As you advance towards them, they seem to change their position, and hence often vary their appearance. At the same time a grand view opens of the *Westmorland* mountains, tumbled about in a most surprising manner. At the head of the æstuary, under a beautiful green hill, *Heversham* village and church appear in
fine

fine perspective. To the north *Whitbarrow-scar*, a huge arched and bended cliff, of an immense height, shews its storm-beaten front. The intermediate space is a mixture of rocks, and woods, and cultivated patches, that form a romantic view.* At the side of the *Eau*,†
or

* The above description of this curious and pleasing tide is, as far as it goes, just, but not characteristic. What most attracts the notice of the traveller is not the objects of the surrounding country (though they are fine) but *the sands themselves*. For when he has got a few miles from the shore, the nature of the plain on which he treads; cannot but suggest a series of ideas of a more sublime kind than those of rural elegance, and which will therefore gain a superior attention. The plain is then seemingly immense in extent, continued on in a dead level, and uniform in appearance. As he pursues his *often-trackless* way he will recollect, that probably but a few hours before, the whole expanse was covered with some fathoms of water, and that in a few more it will as certainly be covered again. At the same time he may also perceive, on his left hand, the retreated ocean ready to obey the mysterious laws of its irresistible movement, without any visible barrier to stay it a moment where it is. These last considerations, though they may not be sufficient to alarm, must yet be able to rouse the mind to a state of more than ordinary attention; which co-operating with the other singular ideas of the prospect, must affect it in a very sublime and unusual manner. This the bare appearance of the *sands* will do. But when the traveller reaches the side of the *Eau*, these affections will be greatly increased. He there drops down a gentle descent to the edge of a broad and seemingly impassable river, where the only re-
mains

or river of the sands, a guide on horse-back, called the carter, is in waiting to conduct passengers over the ford. The priory of *Cartmel* was

mains he can perceive of the surrounding lands are the tops of distant mountains, and where a solitary being on horseback (like some antient genius of the deep) is descried hovering on its brink, or encountering its stream with gentle steps, in order to conduct him through it. When fairly entered into the water, if a stranger to this scene, and he do not feel himself touched with some of the most pleasing emotions, I should think him destitute of common sensibility. For, in the midst of apparently great danger, he will soon find that there is really none at all; and the complacency which must naturally result from this consideration, will be heightened to an unusual degree, from observing, during his passage, the anxious and faithful instinct of his beast, and the friendly behaviour and aspect of his guide. All the fervours of grateful thankfulness will then be raised, and if with the usual perquisite to his venerable conductor, he can forget to convey his blessing, who would not conclude him to want one essential requisite for properly enjoying the tour of the lakes?

Having crossed the river, the stranger traveller (who we will suppose *at length* freed from any petty anxiety) will now have more inclination to survey the objects around him. The several particulars peculiar to an arm of the sea (as *fishermen, ships, sea-fowl, shells, weeds, &c.*) will attract his notice, and new-model his reflections. But, if the sun shine forcibly, he will perhaps be most entertained with observing the little gay isles and promontories of land, that seem to hover in the air, or swim on a luminous vapour, that rises from the sand, and fluctuates beautifully on its surface.

In

was charged with this important office, and had synodals and peter-pence allowed towards its maintenance. Since the dissolution of the priory, it is held by patent of the dutchy of *Lancaster*, and the salary, twenty pounds per ann. is paid by the receiver general.

Cartmel is a small district belonging to *Lancashire*, but united to *Westmorland* a little below *Bowness*, on *Windermere-water*, from whence it extends

In short, on a fine summer day, a ride across this æstuary (and that of *Leven* mentioned a little further on) to a speculative stranger (or to anyone who is habituated to consider the charms of nature *abstractedly*) will afford a variety of most entertaining ideas. Indeed the objects here presented to the eye, are several of them so *like* in kind, to what will frequently occur in the tour to the lakes; some of them are so much *more magnificent* from extent, and others so truly *peculiar*, that it seems rather surprising that this journey should not often be considered by travellers from the south, as one of the first curiosities of the tour in *beauty* as well as in *occurrence*. And if the reader of this note be of a philosophic turn, this question may perhaps here offer itself to him, and to which it is apprehended he may find a satisfactory answer on very evident principles; viz. "Why a view so circumstanced as this, and, when taken from the shore at full sea, *so very like a lake* of greater apparent extent than any in the kingdom, should never be brought into comparison with the lakes to be visited afterwards, and generally fail to strike the mind with images of any peculiar beauty or grandeur?"

X

† Pronounced commonly *Eea*.

extends itself betwixt the rivers *Leven* and *Kent*, and so intersects the great bay of *Morecambe*. It is three miles across from *Cark-lane*, where you quit the sands, to *Sand-gate*. Pass through *Flookburgh*, * once a market town, by charter granted to the prior of *Cartmel*, lord paramount, from King *Edward I.* The only thing worthy of notice in *Cartmel*, is the church, a handsome gothic edifice. The large east window † is finely ribbed with pointed arches, light and elegant; but the painted glass is almost all destroyed. The preservation of this edifice reflects honour on the memory of *George Preston* Esq, of *Holker*, who, at his own expence new roofed the whole, and decorated the inside with a stucco ceiling. The choir and chancel he also repaired, suiting the new parts to the old remains of the canons seats, and thereby giving them their antient uniform appearance. Persons uninformed of this always take it to be the same it was before the dissolution. The stile of the building, like most of its cotemporaries, is irregular. The form is a cross, in length

* Near this place is a noted spaw, called the *Holy-well*, found to be of great service in most cutaneous disorders, and much resorted to in the summer season from distant parts. It is an easy cathartic, restores lost appetite, and fully answers the antient poetic description of a fountain,

“ *Infirmo capiti fuit utilis, utilis alvo.* ”

† The dimensions are, 24 feet wide and 48 high.

length 157 feet; the transept 110 feet; the height of the walls 57 feet. The tower on the centre is of a singular construction, being a square within a square, the higher set at cross-angles within the lower. This gives it an odd appearance on all sides, but may have some reference to the octagonal pillars in the church, and both to the memory of something now forgotten. According to some accounts it was built and endowed with the manor of *Cartmel* by *William Marischal*, the elder, Earl of *Pembroke*, in 1188, but as in the foundation deed mention is made of *Henry II.—Richard*,—and *Henry* the younger, his lord the King, it appears rather to have been founded in the beginning of that reign; for *William* the elder, Earl of *Pembroke*, died in the fourth or fifth year of that reign, viz. *Henry III.* He gave it, never to be erected into an abbey, to the canons regular of *St. Austin*, reserving to himself and his heirs the right of granting to them the conge d'elire of a prior, who should be independent of all others. Under the north wall, a little below the altar, is the tomb-stone of *William de Walton*, prior of *Cartmel*. He is mentioned in the confirmation diploma of *Edward II.* and must have been one of the first priors. Opposite to this is a magnificent tomb of a *Harrington*, and his lady, which *Mr. Pennant* thinks may be of *Sir John Harrington*, who in 1305 was summoned by
Edward

Edward I. “ with numbers of other gallant gentlemen to meet him at *Carlisle*, and attend him on his expedition into *Scotland*. ” But it agrees better with a *John de Harrington*, called *John of Cartmel*, or his son of *Wrasbholme tower*, in *Cartmel*, as *Sir Daniel Fleming’s* account of that family has it, M. S. L. A. 1. 132. The head of the *Harrington* family, *Sir John Harrington*, in the reign of *Edward I.* was of *Aldingham*, and lived at *Gleaston-castle*, in *Furness*, and died in an advanced age, in 1347; and is more probably the *Sir John Harrington* mentioned in *Dugdale’s baronage*, and said as above to be summoned by *Edward I.* There is not one vestige of the monastery remaining. There is indeed an ancient gate-house, but whether this was connected with the cloisters or not, tradition is silent, and its distance from the church is unfavourable to the conjecture.

Proceed through rocky fields and groves to *Holker*, one mile, the seat of the right honourable Lord *George Cavendish*. The carriage road is by *Cark-hall*. At the top of the hill, there opens a fine view of *Furness*. *Holker-hall* lies at your feet, embosomed in wood. On the left *Ulverston* bay opens into the great bay, and is three miles over. The coast is deeply indented, and the peninsulas are beautifully fringed with wood. On the right, a bold bending rock
D presents

presents a noble arched forehead; and a fine slope of inclosed grounds, mixed with wood, leads the eye to *Ulverston*, the port and mart of *Furness*. *Conishead* shews its pyramidal head, completely cloathed in wood. At its feet is the *Priory*, shielded by a wing of hanging wood, that climbs up the side of a steep hill. *Bardsey*, under its rocks and hanging woods, stands in a delightful point of view. In front, a sweet fall of inclosures, marked with clumps of trees and hedge-rows, gives it a most picturesque effect. Also a white house on the sea bank, under the cover of a deep wood, has a most enchanting appearance. The coast from thence is of singular beauty, consisting of hanging woods, inclosed land, and pasture grounds, varied through a great extent of prospect in every pleasing form. Descend to *Holker*, which adds to the surrounding scenes what is peculiar to itself, joined to the improvements of the noble owner, finished in a masterly stile. The traveller will here observe husbandry in a more flourishing situation than in the country he is soon to visit. The husbandmen in this part, as elsewhere, are slow in imitating new practices; but the continued success which attends his lordship's improvements has not failed to effect a reformation amongst the *Cartmel* farmers.

In

In crossing *Leven-sands* to *Ulverston*, you have on the right a grand view of Alpine scenery. A rocky hill, patched with wood and heath, rising immediately from the coast, directs the eye to an immense chain of lofty mountains, apparently increased in magnitude and height, since they were seen from *Hest-bank*. On a fine morning, this is a pleasant ride, when the mountains are strongly illuminated by the sun-beams, and patched with shadows of intervening clouds that sail along their sides; or when they drag their watery skirts over the summits, and admitting the streaming beams, adorn their rocky heads with silver, and variegate their olive-coloured sides with stripes of gold and green. This fairy scene soon shifting, all is concealed in a mantle of azure mist. At the *Eau*, or ford of the river *Leven*, another carter conducts you over. On the dissolution of the priory of *Comishead*, King *Henry VIII*, charged himself and his successors with the payment of the salary, fifteen marks per annum, which the guide received from the priory.

Ulverston, the *London of Furness*, is a neat town, at the foot of a swift descent of hills to the south-east. The streets are regular, and excellently well paved. The weekly market for *Low-furness* has been long established here,

to the prejudice of *Dalton*, the ancient capital of *Furness*. The articles of export are, iron ore in great quantities, pig and bar iron, oats, barley, beans, potatoes, bark, and limestone. The principal inns are kept by the guides, who regularly pass to and from *Lancaster*, on Sunday, Tuesday, and Friday, in every week. Their entertainment is good, the attendance civil, and the charge reasonable.

Make an excursion to the west, three miles, and visit the greatest iron mines in *England*. At *Whitrigs* the works are carried on with much spirit, by driving of levels into the bosom of the mountain. The ore is found in a limestone stratum, mixed with a variety of spars of a dirty colour. There is much quartz in some of the works that admits of a high polish. At present the works in *Stone-close*, and *Adgarly* are the most flourishing that have been known in *Furness*. This mineral is not hurtful to any animal or vegetable. The verdure is remarkably fine about the workings, and no one ever suffered by drinking the water in the mines, though discoloured and much impregnated with the ore.

Proceed by *Dalton* to the magnificent ruins of *Furness Abbey*, and there

“ See the wild waste of all-devouring years,
 How *Rome* her own sad sepulchre appears.
 With nodding arches, broken temples spread,
 The very tombs now vanish like the dead.”

This abbey was founded by *Stephen* Earl of *Morton* and *Bulloign*, afterwards King of *England*, A. D. 1127, and was endowed with the lordship of *Furness*, and many royal privileges. It was peopled from the monastery of *Savigny*, in *Normandy*, and dedicated to *St. Mary*. In ancient writings it is styled *St. Mayre's of Furness*. The monks were of the order of *Savigny*, and their dress was grey cloth; but on receiving *St. Bernard's* form, they changed from grey to white, and became *Cistercians*; and such they remained till the dissolution of the monasteries.

The situation of this abbey, so favourable to a contemplative life, justifies the choice of the first settlers. Such a sequestered site, in the bottom of a deep dell, through which a hasty brook rolls its murmuring stream, and along which the roaring west wind would often blow, joined with the deep-toned mattin song, must have been very favourable to the solemn melancholy of monastic life.

To prevent surprise, and call in assistance, a beacon was placed on the crown of an eminence, that rises immediately from the abbey, and is

seen over all *Low-furness*. The door leading to the beacon is still remaining in the inclosure wall, on the eastern side. The magnitude of the abbey may be known from the dimensions of the ruins; and enough is standing to shew the stile of the architecture. The round and pointed arches occur in the doors and windows. The fine clustered Gothic, and the heavy plain Saxon pillars, stand contrasted. The walls shew excellent masonry, are in many places counter-arched, and the ruins discover a strong cement. The east window has been noble, and some of the painted glass that once adorned it, is preserved in a window in *Windermere* church. On the outside of the window, under an arched festoon, is the head of the founder, and opposite to it, that of *Maud* his Queen; both crowned, and well executed. In the south wall and east end of the church, are four seats, adorned with gothic ornaments. In these the officiating priest, with his attendants, sat at intervals, during the solemn service of high mass. In the middle space, where the first barons of *Kendal* are interred, lies a procumbent figure of a man in armour, cross legged. The chapter-house has been a noble room of sixty feet by forty five. The vaulted roof, formed of twelve ribbed arches, was supported by six pillars in two rows, at thirteen feet distance from each other. Now, supposing each of the pillars to be two feet

feet in diameter, the room would be divided into three alleys or passages of thirteen feet wide. On entrance, the middle one only could be seen, lighted by a pair of tall pointed windows at the upper end of the room; the company in the side passage would be concealed by the pillars, and the vaulted roof, that groined from those pillars, would have a truly gothic disproportioned appearance of sixty feet by thirteen. The two side alleys were lighted each by a pair of similar lights, besides another pair at the upper end, at present entire, and which illustrate what is here said. Thus, whilst the upper end of the room had a profusion of light, the lower end would be in the shade. The noble roof of this singular edifice did but lately fall in, and the entrance or porch is still standing, a fine circular arch, beautified with a deep cornice and a portico on each side. The only entire roof now remaining is of a building without the inclosure wall. It was the school-house of the abbot's tenants, and is a single ribbed arch that groins from the walls.

There is a general disproportion remarkable in gothic churches, which must have originated in some effect intended by all the architects. Perhaps to strike the mind with reverential awe at the sight of magnificence, arising from the

vastness of two dimensions, and a third seemingly disregarded. Or, perhaps such a determinate height and length was found more favourable than any other to the church song, by giving a deeper swell to the choir of chaunting monks. A remarkable deformity in this edifice, and for which there is no apparent reason or necessity, is, that the north door, which is the principal entrance, is on one side of the window above it. The tower has been supported by four magnificent arches, of which only one remains entire. They rested upon four tall pillars, whereof three are finely clustered, but the fourth is of a plain unmeaning construction,

From the abbey, if on horse back, return by *Newton*, *Stainton*, and *Adgarly*. See on the right a deep embayed coast, the islands of *Walney*, and *Foulney*, *Peel castle*, and a variety of extensive views on all sides. At *Adgarly* the new iron ore works are carried on under the old workings. The richest ore is found here in immense quantities: One hundred and forty tons have been raised at one shaft in twenty four hours. To the right you have a view of the ruins of *Gleaston-castle*, the seat of the *Flemings* soon after the conquest; which by a succession of marriages, went to *Cansfield*, then to *Harrington*, who enjoyed it six descents, after
that

that to *Benville*, and lastly to *Gray*, and was forfeited by *Henry Gray* Duke of *Suffolk*, A. D. 1559. Leaving *Urswick* behind, ascend *Birk-rig*, a rocky eminence, and from the beacon have a variety of extensive and pleasant views, of land and sea, mountains and islands. *Ulverston* appears to the north east seated under a hanging wood, and beyond them *Furness-fells*, in various shapes, form the grandest termination that can be imagined. The back view is the reverse of this. When the tide is up, you see a fine arm of the sea stretching far within land, terminated by bold rocks and steep shores. Beyond this expanse a far country is seen, and *Lancaster* town and castle in a fine point of view under a screen of high grounds, over which sable *Clougha* rears his venerable head. *Ingleborough*, behind many other mountains, has a fine effect from this station. If in a carriage, return from the abbey by *Dalton*. This village is finely situated on the crest of a rocky eminence, sloping to the morning sun. At the upper end is a square tower, where formerly the abbot held his secular court, and secured his prisoners. The *keep* is in the bottom of the tower, and a dismal dungeon. This village, being conveniently situated in a fine sporting country, is honoured with an annual hunt, begun by the late Lord *Strange*, and which is continued by his son, the truly noble Earl

Earl of *Derby*. It commences the monday after the 24th of October, and continues two whole weeks. For the better accommodation of the company, two excellent long rooms were built about four years ago, and called *Sportsman's-hall*.

Return to *Ulverston*, and from thence to the priory of *Conishead*, the paradise of *Furness*; a *Mount-Edgcumbe* in miniature, which well deserves a visit from the curious traveller. The house stands on the site of the priory of *Conishead*, at the foot of a fine eminence, and the ground falls gently from it on all sides. The slopes are planted with shrubs and trees in such a manner as to improve the elevation; and the waving woods that fly from it on each wing give it an airy and noble appearance. The south front is in the modern taste, extended by an arcade. The north is in the gothic stile, with a piazza and wings. The apartments are elegantly furnished, and the house is good and convenient. But, what recommends itself most to the curious, is a plan of pleasure ground, on a small scale, containing beauties equal in number to gardens of the greatest extent in *England*. The variety of culminated grounds, and winding slopes, comprehended within this sweet spot, furnishes all the advantage of mountains and vales, woods and water. By the
judicious

judicious management of these assemblages, the late owner performed wonders. Consulting the genius of the place he called in to aid his plan, and harmonized to his little spot, the features of a country vast in extent, and by nature highly picturesque,* whose distant parts agreeing with what was immediately near him, form a most magnificent whole. For, besides the ornamental grounds, the views from the house are both pleasing and surprizing. They are at once grand and elegant, rural and marine. On the eastern side you have a fine æstuary, spotted with rocks, isles, and peninsulas, a variety of shore, deeply indented in some places, in others composed of noble arched rocks, craggy, broken, and fringed with wood;---over these, hanging woods, intermixed with cultivated inclosures, covered with a back ground of stupendous mountains. As a contrast to this view, from the other end of the gravel walk, (between two culminating hills covered with tall wood) is seen, in fine perspective, a rich cultivated dale, divided by hedge-row trees; beyond these, hanging grounds cut into inclosures, with scattered farms, and above them all, a long range of waving pasture ground and sheep walks, shining

* The note intended for this place proving too long, it is inserted in the *Addenda*, and makes article VIII.

shining in variety of vegetation. This sweet pastoral picture is much heightened by the deep shade of the towering wooded hills, between which it is viewed. Turn to the left, the scenery is all reversed. Under a range of tall sycamores, an expanse of water bursts upon the eye, and beyond it, land just visible through the azure mist. Vessels traversing this bay are also seen in a most picturesque manner, and, from the lower windows of the house, appear sailing through the trees and approaching it till they drop anchor just under the windows. The range of sycamores has a fine effect in this sea view by breaking the line in the watery plane, and forming an elegant frame to a very excellent picture. By turning a little to the right the prospect changes. At the head of a sloping inclosure, and under the skirts of a steep wood, a sequestered cottage stands in the nicest point of beauty.

There is a great variety of pleasing views from the different meandering walks and seats in the wood: One at the hermitage, and another at the seat in the bottom of the wood, where *Utverston* and the environs make a pretty picture. From under the shrubbery (on the eastern side of the house, and from the gate at the north end of the walk, behind a swell of green hills) if the afternoon sun shine, the conical

cal summits of distant mountains are seen glistening like burnished gold, and pointing to the heavens in a noble stile. But, as this sweet spot is injured by description, I shall only add, that it is a great omission in the curious traveller, to be in *Furness*, and not to see so wonderfully pretty a place, to which nature has been so profuse in noble gifts, and where art has lent its best assistance under the regulation of an elegant fancy, and a refined taste. *

CONISTON.

From *Ulverston* to *Coniston-water*, is eight miles, either by *Penny-bridge*, or by *Lowick*, and excellent carriage road. † By *Lowick* the road is along a narrow vale, beautifully divided by
hanging

* And, where it is not too much to go on in language of a still higher kind,——

Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not chaos-like, together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd.

Pope's Windsor forest.

† Company, that return to *Ulverston* the same day, should turn off to the left near *Lowick-bridge*, to *Penny-bridge*, and have a charming view of a most beautiful bay, especially if the tide be up. It opens a little short of *Penny-bridge*, and continues to *Green*, where the slate is laid up for exportation.

hanging inclosures, and scattered farms, half way up the mountains sides, whose various heads are covered with heath, and brown vegetation. About three miles from *Ulverston*, observe a farm-house on the left, and a group of houses before you on the right.---Stop at the gate on the brow of the hill, and have a distant view of the lake, finely intersected with high crowned peninsulas. At the upper end a snow-white house is seen, under a hanging wood, and to the N. E. the lake seems to wind round the mountains feet. The whole range of *Conistone* fells is now in sight, and under them a lower sweep of dark rocks frown over the crystal surface of the lake. Advancing, on the left see *Lowick-hall*, once the seat of a family of that name. Behind this, a dismal scene of barrenness presents itself; clustered grey rocky mountains, variegated with some few stripes of heath. After crossing the outlet of the lake at *Lowick-bridge*, these dreary objects are found often intercepted by pieces of arable ground, hanging sweetly to the east, and cut into waving inclosures, with cottages prettily situated under ancient oaks, or venerable yews. The white houses, in these parts, covered with blue slate, have a neat appearance. The *thatched* cot is esteemed a more picturesque object; yet the other kind, seen under a deep green

green wood, or covered by a purple background of heath, have a pleasing effect.

Reach the south end of the lake. Here it is narrowed by rocky prominences from both sides, forming between their curvatures, a variety of pretty bays. The whole length of the lake is about six measured miles, and the greatest breadth about three quarters of a mile. The greatest depth, by report, exceeds not forty fathom. A little higher, the broadest part commences, and stretches, with small curvatures to *Water-head*. The shores are frequently indented, and one pretty bay opens after another in a variety of forms.

STATION I. A little above the village of *Nibthwaite*, the lake opens in full view. From the rock, on the left of the road, you have a general prospect of the lake upwards. This station is found by observing where you have a hanging rock over the road, on the east, and an ash-tree on the west side of the road. On the opposite shore, to the left, and close by the water's edge, are some stripes of meadow and green ground, cut into small inclosures, with some dark coloured houses under aged yew trees. Two promontories project a great way into the lake; the broadest is finely terminated by steep rocks, and crowned with wood;

wood; and both are insulated when the lake is high. Upwards, over a fine sheet of water, the lake is again intersected by a far-projecting promontory, that swells into two eminences, and betwixt them the lake is again caught; with some white houses at the feet of the mountains. And more to the right, over another headland, you catch a fourth view of the lake, twisting to the N. E. Almost opposite to this station, stands a house on the crown of a rock, covered with ancient trees, that has a most romantic appearance.

The noble scenery increases as you ride along the banks. In some places bold rocks, (lately covered with woods) conceal the lake entirely, and when the wind blows, the beating of surges is heard just under you. In other places, abrupt openings shew the lake anew, and there, when calm, its limpid surface, shining like a crystal mirror, reflects the azure sky, or its dappled clouds, in the finest mixture of nature's clare-obscure. On the western side the shore is more variegated with small inclosures, scattered cots, groves, and meadows.

The road continues along the eastern banks of the lake; here bare, there sweetly fringed with a few tall trees, the small remains of its ancient woods, that till lately cloathed the whole.

STATION

STATION II. When you are opposite to the peninsula last described, proceed through a gate on the left hand, and from the rocky eminence you have a general view of the lake both ways. To the south, a sweet bay is formed between the horns of two peninsulas, and beyond that a fine sheet of water appears, terminated by the promontories which form the straits, through which the lake has its outlet. From thence, the coast is beautifully diversified by a number of green eminences, crowned with wood; and sequestered cottages, interspersed amongst them, half concealed by yew trees, and, above them, a wave of rocky spiral mountains dressed in brown vegetation, form the most romantic scenes. Between this and a wooded eminence, a green hill, cut into inclosures to the very top, in some parts patched with rock and little groves, has a beautiful appearance; especially when contrasted with the barren scenes on one hand, and the deep shade of a waving wood on the other. At the foot of this cultivated tract, and on the margin of the lake, a few white houses, partly concealed in a grove, look like enchanted seats on fairy ground. Behind these, a barren bleak mountain frowns in sullen majesty, and down his furrowed side the *Black-beck* of *Torver* rolls his fretted torrent. Just at your feet lies the oblong rocky isle of *Peel*; and near it the dark

E points

points of half immersed rocks just shew themselves by turns. Here is the finest picture of the lake, and when it is smooth, the whole is seen reflected on the shining surface of the watery mirror. On the western side, the coast is steep rocks. The eastern side is much embayed. The high end of the lake is here in view, yet it seems to wind both ways behind the opposite promontories. The range of naked rocks, that cross the head of the lake, appear now awful from their sable hue, and behind them the immense mass of *Cove, Rydal-bead*, and many nameless mountains, have a most stupendous appearance, and seeming inaccessible height. A succession of pretty bays open to the traveller as he advances; the banks become more wooded, and more cultivation appears. On the western margin stands the lady of the lake, *Coniston-hall*, concealed in a grove of tall trees, and above it the village of the same name. It has only changed masters twice since the conquest, and has belonged to the family of *Fleming* most of the time.

STATION III. After crossing the common, where grows a picturesque yew tree on the right hand, and a small peninsula rushes into the lake on the left, crowned with a single tree, enter the grove and pass a gate and bridge that crosses a small rivulet.---Look for a fragment

ment of dark coloured rock on the margin of the lake, and near it will be found the best stand for the artist to take the finest view on the lake. Looking across the lake, by the south end of the grove that conceals *Coniston-hall*, and over the cultivated tract that rises behind it, between two swells of rocks, a cataract will meet the eye, issuing from the bosom of the mountains. The side ground, on the right, is a wooded, sloping rock, and over it the road is caught slanting along. The near fore-ground is the greatest extent of the lake; and behind the immediate mountains, the *Westmorland* fells are seen towering to the clouds. This station will be found by company coming down the lake, at the circular bay, where the road first joins the level of the water.

The next grand view is had in the boat, and from the centre of the lake, opposite to *Coniston-hall*. Looking towards the mountains, the lake spreads itself into a noble expanse of transparent water, and bursts into a bay on each side, bordered with verdant meadows, and inclosed with a variety of grounds rising in an exceedingly bold manner. The objects are beautifully diversified amongst themselves, and contrasted by the finest exhibition of rural elegance, cultivation and pasturage, waving woods and sloping inclosures, adorned by na-

ture and improved by art, under the bold sides of stupendous mountains, whose airy summits, the elevated eye cannot now reach, and which almost deny access to the human kind.

Following the line of shore from *Conistone-hall* to the upper end of the lake, the village of *Conistone* is in full view, and consists of seats, groups of houses, farms, and cots, scattered in a picturesque manner over the cultivated slope. Some are snow white, others grey; some stand forth on bold eminences at the head of green inclosures, backed with steep woods; others are pitched on swift declivities, and seem hanging in the air; some again are on a level with the lake; and all are neatly covered with blue slate, the produce of the mountains, and beautified with ornamental yews, hollies, and tall pines, or firs. This is a charming scene, when the morning sun gilds the whole with a variety of tints. In the point of beauty and centre of perspective, a white house under a hanging wood gives life to this picture. Here a range of dark rugged rocks rise abruptly, and deeply contrast the transparent surface of the lake, and the stripe of verdure that skirts their feet. The eastern shore is not less bold and embayed.*

It

* The slate brought down from the mountains is laid up here, till put on board boats that transport it to the water-foot.

It will be allowed, that the views on this lake are beautiful and picturesque, yet they please more than surprise. The hills that immediately inclose the lake are ornamental, but humble. The mountains at the head of the lake are great, noble, and sublime, without any thing that is horrid or terrible. They are bold and steep without the projecting precipice, the overhanging rock, or pendent cliff. The hanging woods, waving inclosures, and airy sites, are elegant, beautiful, and romantic; and the whole may be seen with ease and pleasure. In a fine morning, there is not a more pleasant rural ride; and then the beauties of the lake are seen to the most advantage. In the afternoon, if the sun shine, much of the effect is lost by the change of light; and such as visit it from the north lose all the charms arising from the swell of the mountains, by turning their backs upon them.

The feeder of this lake, besides the *Blackbeck* of *Torver*, is *Coniston-beck*. It descends from the mountains, or rather is precipitated, in a short course to the lake, which it enters on the western canton, in a clear stream, concealed by its banks. The lake bends away to the east, and its immediate shore is a beach of pebble and sand. This beach is adorned with a cot set under a full-topt tree.

The char here are said to be the finest in *England*. They are taken later than on *Windermere-water*, and continue longer in the spring.

'At *Water-head*,* the road to the east leads to *Ambleside*, eight miles; to *Hawkshead*, three. Ascend a steep hill surrounded with wood, and have a back view of the lake. To the north is a most awful scene of mountains heaped upon mountains, in every variety of horrid shape. Amongst them sweeps to the north a deep winding chasm darkened by overhanging rocks, that the eye cannot pierce, nor the imagination fathom; from which turn your face to the east, and you have a view of some part of *Windermere-water*. The road soon divides; the left leads to *Ambleside*, the right to *Hawkshead*, which stands under a mountain, at the upper end of a narrow valley. The church is seated on the front of an eminence that commands the vale, which is floated with *Estkwaite-water*, two miles in length, and half a mile in breadth, intersected by a peninsula from each side, jutting far into the lake,
finely

* A little to the west, and at the north end of the lake, stands the house of *George Knott Esq.*, who has made many beautiful improvements on his estate here, which, contrasted with the native rudeness of the surrounding country, have a most pleasing effect, and are well worth viewing by the curious traveller.

finely elevated, crowned with cultivation, and bordered with fringed trees and coppice wood. The lake is encompassed with a good carriage road, and over its outlet is a narrow stone bridge. On the banks are villages and scattered houses, sweetly situated under woods, and hanging grounds, enamelled with delightful verdure, and soft vegetation; all which is heightened by the deep shade of the woods, and the strong back-ground of rocky mountains. At the head of a gentle slope with a just elevation a handsome modern house, *Bell-mont*, is charmingly situated, and commands a delightful view of the lake, with all its environs.

The fish here are perch, pike, eel, and trout. No char are found in this lake, though it is connected with *Windermere*.

From *Hawkshead* to *Ambleside*, five miles; to the horse-ferry on *Windermere-water*, four miles. On horse-back this latter is the more eligible route, as it leads immediately to the centre of the lake, where all its beauties are seen to the greatest advantage.

WINDERMERE.

Windermere-water, like that of *Coniston*, is viewed to the greatest advantage by facing the mountains, which rise in grandeur on the eye, and swell upon the imagination as they are approached.

The road to the ferry is round the head of *Esthwaite-water*, through the villages of *Colt-bouse*, and *Sawreys*. Ascend a steep hill, and from its summit, have a view of a long reach of *Windermere-water*, stretching far to the south, till lost between two high promontories. The road serpentizes round a rocky mountain, till you come under a broken scar, that in some places hangs over the way, and where ancient yews and hollies grow fantastically amongst the fallen rocks. This brings you soon to

STATION I. Near the isthmus of the ferry point, observe two small oak trees that inclose the road; these will guide you to this celebrated station. Behind the tree, on the western side, ascend to the top of the nearest rock, and from thence in two views command all the beauties of this magnificent lake. But, it will be more convenient to stop short of the two trees, and ascend the west side of the rock, for here the ascent is easier, and you open the
view

view at once.---To do this, just where you cross the road, observe on the left, a sharp-edged procumbent rock; turn from that a little to the right, and gain the summit of the crag. The trees are of singular use in answering the purposes of fore-ground, and of intersecting the lake. The rock rises perpendicular from the lake, and forms a pretty bay. In front *Ramps-holme* or *Berkshire-island* presents itself in all its length, cloathed in wood. To the left the ferry point, closing with *Crow-holme*, a wooded island, forms a fine promontory. Just behind this, the mountain retiring inward, makes a semicircular bay, surrounded with a few acres of the most elegant verdure, sloping upward from the water's edge, graced with a cottage, in the finest point of view. Above it, the mountain rises in an agreeable wildness, variegated with scattered trees, and silver-grey rocks. An extent of water of twelve miles circumference, spreads itself to the north, frequently intersected with promontories, or spotted with islands. Amongst them the *Holme*, or great island, an oblong tract of thirty acres, traverses the lake in an oblique line, surrounded by a number of inferior isles, finely formed and drest in wood. The pointed dark rocks of *Curlew-crags*, appear above the water and others just concealed, give a sable hue to that part of the lake. *Rough-holme*, is a circular isle, covered
with

with trees. *Lady-holme*, where in ancient times stood an oratory, is an isle of an oval form, vested with copice wood. *Hen-holme*, is a rock covered with shrubs. *Grass-holme*, is at present shaded with a grove of oaks. And two smaller islets borrow their names from the lillies of the valley, which decorate them. These, with *Crow-bolm*, and *Berkshire-island*, form this *Archipelago*.

To the north of this magnificent scene, a glorious sheet of water expands itself to the right and left, in curves bearing from the eye; bounded on the west by the continuation of the mountain where you stand, whose bold lofty side is embellished with growing trees, shrubs, and coarse vegetation, intermixed with grey rocks, that group finely with the deep green of yews and hollies. The eastern view is a noble contrast to this, adorned with all that is beautiful, grand, and sublime. The immediate shore is much cultivated. The variety of hanging grounds are immense, consisting of woods, groves, and inclosures, all terminating in rocky uplands of various forms. It spreads out above in a beautiful variety of waving inclosures, intermixed with hanging woods, and shrubby circular spots, over-topped with wild grounds, and rocky ridges of broken mountains. In some places it swells into spacious bays, fringed with trees, whose bushy
heads

heads wave beautifully over the crystal waters. The parsonage house is seen sweetly seated under a range of tall firs. Following the same line of shore, above the east ferry point, and on the banks of the bay, the tops of the houses, and church of *Windermere* are just seen. Above that, *Bannerig*, and *Orrest-head*, rise gradually into points, cultivated to the top, and cut into inclosures. These are contrasted by the rugged crags of *Biscot-how*. *Troutbeck-Park* comes next in view, and over that *Hill-bell* rears his conic top, and *Fairfield* swells in Alpine pride, rivalled only by *Rydal's* loftier head.

The eastern coast, to the south of what has been described, is still more pleasing, in variety of little groves, interposed inclosures, and scattered houses, sweetly secreted. To the south, and from the western coast, at three miles distance, *Rawlinson's-nab*, a high crowned promontory, shoots far into the lake; and from the opposite shore, you see the *Storrs*, another wooded promontory, stretching far into the water, pointing at the rocky isle of *Ling-holme*. Over *Rawlinson's-nab* the lake spreads out in a magnificent sheet of water; and following the winding shore far to the south, it seems lost behind a promontory on the eastern side. Over two woody mountains, *Park*, and *Landen-nab*,
the

the blue summits of other distant mountains, indented in various forms, close the scene.

Return to the road, and at the gate, leading to the ferry-house, follow the path to the left, having a stone-wall on the right, untill you approach the farm-house called *Harrow*. Here a charming picture will present itself in an elegant stile. The island from this stand appears with much variety of shore; indented, and embayed; almost surrounded with islets; adorned with ancient oaks and scattered trees. Here the lake is caught a second time over the island; and the village and church of *Bowness* hang on its banks. A sweeter picture than this the lake does not furnish.---The artist will find a proper stand on the inside of the stone-wall.

Having from this station enjoyed these charming views, descend to the ferry-house, and proceed to the great island, where you will again see all that is charming on the lake, or magnificent and sublime in the environs, in a new point of view.

Of this sequestered spot Mr. *Young* speaks in rapture,* and Mr. *Pennant* has done it much honour by his description.† But alas! it is no more to be seen in that beautiful unaffected

* *Six month's tour*, Vol. 3d, page 176.

† *Tour in Scotland*, page 33.

affected state in which those gentlemen saw it. The sweet secreted cottage is no more, and the fycamore grove is fled. The present owner has modernized a fine slope in the bosom of the island into a formal garden. An unpleasing contrast to the natural simplicity and insular beauty of the place. What reason he had for adopting such a plan I shall not enquire; much less shall I treat him with abuse for executing it to his own fancy. The want of choice might justify his having a garden on the island; but, since it is now in his power to have it elsewhere, I hope it will be his pleasure, when he re-visits the place, to restore the island to its native state of pastoral simplicity, and rural elegance, by its removal. *

This

* Our author seems, with Mr. *Hutchinson*, to have had no good will to Mr. *English's* garden. But I query whether their censures be critically just. In the first place, it does not appear, that the owner considered this inclosure as a specimen of his taste; where then is the propriety of judging it by the principles of taste? If this be right, those who make the tour of the lakes will find little but blemishes in most of the rural habitations they may see in landscapes, and which are often greatly praised. For there can be but a very few of them where a moderate fancy could not tell how to make them *better*. Most probably the proprietor of the garden, like the founders of most country cottages, considered *use* as the chief object in its formation; and if so, by that test it should principally be tried. But as an *object merely*, seen from the shore
of

This island was long the property of the *Philipsons*, once a family of consequence in these parts; and Sir *Christopher Philipson*, resided upon it in the beginning of this century.

STATION

of the lake, Mr. *Hutchinson* tells us, it is *disgusting*. If I may judge of other peoples unbiassed notions by my own, I believe very few will concur with this decision. On the contrary, I believe it will attract the eye more than most other objects then in sight; and that not on account of its deformity, but from the inherent principles of taste. In the midst of simple *variegated nature*, *formal works of art* have often the most pleasing effect. They please from contrast in *form* and *colour*, and also from our being accustomed to see them in such situations. For the works of men's hands have always been found amongst the works of nature. We may be pleased, indeed, with the beauties of an intermixture of wood and lawn, but we must be better pleased, when they are accompanied with water; better still, when rocks and mountains are added to them, and highest of all, when the prospect is furnished with some useful (*right-angled* if you will) erection of brick or stone.

If this be not true, the chief reasons for raising objects of *masonry* on proper sites (attempted to be recommended in Article VIII. of the *Addenda*) will vanish, and we must condemn the taste of the most applauded landscape pictures that we see. In short, though Mr. *English's* house and garden, might both of them have been much better formed than we find them, with respect to the objects amongst which they stand, yet I cannot but think them a considerable accession to the beauties of the lake. And could one with a wish throw a bridge from shore to shore, place the uncommon row of houses near *Shap* across the island, or even conjure a city upon it, I should persuade myself
(however

STATION II. The views from this delicious spot are many and charming.---From the *South* side of the island you look over a noble extent of water, bounded in front by waves of distant mountains, that rise from the water's edge. The two ferry points form a picturesque strait; and beyond that, the *Storrs* on one side, and *Rawlinson's-nab* on the other, shooting far into the lake, form a grand sinuosity, while the intermediate shores are beautifully indented with wooded promontories, or ornamented with elegant edgings of luxuriant trees. *Berkshire*, and *Crow-holme* islands break the line in this noble expanse of water. The eastern shore discovers much cultivation; and the succeeding hills are much diversified, and strangely tumbled about. Some are laid out in grass inclosures, others cut with hedges, and fringed with trees; one is crowned with wood, and skirted with the sweetest verdure; another

(however it might vary the *character*, or deviate from certain limited and rigid conceptions of rural elegance) that, beautiful as the prospects of this lake certainly are, there is no eye but would then dwell upon them with more pleasure than it possibly can do at present. It might then become a rival to the celebrated lake of *Geneva*, which owes its principal superiority over all other lakes to its having a city at one end, and being surrounded with palaces.—Indeed I presume it will not be easy to point out an instance of natural beauty of any kind, which would not receive some advantage from the ideas of *richness*, *art*, and *contrast*.

another waves with corn, and the whole is a mixture of objects that constitute the most pleasing of rural scenes.---The upper grounds are wild and pastured with flocks:

STATION III. From the *north* side of the island the views are more sublime, and vast. The lake is here seen both ways. To the south an expanse of water spreads on both hands, and behind, you see a succession of promontories, with variety of shore, patched with islands, and the whole encircled by an amphitheatre of distant hills, rising in a noble stile. Turning to the north, the view is over a reach of the lake, six miles in length, and above one in breadth, interrupted with scattered islands of different figure and dress; which on a calm day may be seen distinctly reflected from the limpid surface of the water that surrounds them. The environs exhibit all the grandeur of Alpine scenes. The conic summits of *Langdale-pikes*,* and *Hill-bell*; the broken ridge of *Wrynose*, and the rocky point of *Kirkstone*; the overhanging cliff of *Hardknot*; the uniform mass of *Fairfield*, and *Rydal-head*, with the far extended mountains of *Troutbeck*, and *Kentmere*,---
form

* *Langdale-pikes*, *Wrynose*, and *Hardknot* are named, as being in the environs, and in the western canton of this amphitheatre, yet are in reality not seen from the island, being intercepted by a process of *Furness-fells*;

form as magnificent an amphitheatre and as grand an assemblage of mountains, dells, and chasms, as ever the fancy of *Poussin* suggested, or the genius of *Rosa* invented. The island is the centre of this amphitheatre, and in the opposite point, directly over the extremity of the lake, is *Rydal-hall*, sweetly seated for the enjoyment of these scenes, and animating the whole in return. The immediate borders of the lake are adorned with villages and scattered cots. *Calgarth*, and *Rayrig*, grace its banks.

After enjoying these internal views from the bosom of the lake, I recommend sailing down to *Rawlinson's-nab*. On the south side of it, a pretty bay opens for landing. In the course of the voyage, you should touch at the different islands in the way, where every object is varied by a change of features, in such a manner as renders them wholly new. The great island changes its appearance, and, joined with the ferry points, cuts the lake in two. The house thereon becomes an important object. The ferry-house seen under the sycamore grove, has a fine effect; and the broken cliff over it, constitutes a most agreeable picture. The greatest beauty of shore, and the finest rural scenes in nature, are found by traversing the lake; and viewing each in turn, they receive improvement from contrast.---The west-

ern side is spread with enchanting sylvan scenes; the eastern waves with all the improved glory of rural magnificence.

STATION IV. *Rawlinson's-nab*, is a peninsular rock, of a circular figure, swelling to a crown in the centre, covered with low wood: There are two of them; but it is from the crown of the interior *Nab*, you have the present surprising view of two fine sheets of water that bend different ways.

The view to the south is bounded on both sides by a bold and various shore. The hills are wooded and rough, but spotted in parts with small inclosures, and their tops burst into rocks of various shapes.

The view to the north is more beautiful: An extent of three miles of the lake, is broke into by the bold promontory, the *Storrs*, and, above that, *Berkshire-island* is charmingly placed. *Bannerig* and *Orrest-head*, rising inward from the shore in magnificent slopes, are seen from hence to great advantage. This beautiful scene is well contrasted on the opposite side, by a ridge of hanging woods, spread over wild romantic grounds, that shoot abruptly into bold and spirited projections.

Return to *Bowness*, and conclude the survey by taking Mr. *Tung*'s general view of the lake, where,

where, at one glance, you command all its striking beauties. No station can better answer the purpose, and it would here be an injustice done to the discoverer to deviate one tittle from his description.

STATION V. “ Thus having viewed the most pleasing objects from these points, let me next conduct you to a spot, where, at one glance, you command them all in fresh situations, and all assuming a new appearance. For this purpose, you return to the village, and taking the by-road to the turnpike, mount the hill without turning your head, (if I was your guide I would conduct you behind a small hill, that you might come at once upon the view) till you almost gain the top, when you will be struck with astonishment at the prospect spread at your feet, which, if not the most superlative view that nature can exhibit, she is more fertile in beauties than the reach of my imagination will allow me to conceive. It would be mere vanity to attempt to describe a scene which beggars all description; but that you may have some faint idea of the outlines of this wonderful picture, I will just give the particulars of which it consists.

“ The point on which you stand is the side of a large ridge of hills that form the eastern
F 2 boundary.

boundary of the lake, and the situation high enough to look *down* upon all the objects: A circumstance of great importance, which painting cannot imitate. In landscapes you are either on a level with the objects, or look up to them; the painter cannot give the declivity at your feet, which lessens the objects as much in the perpendicular line, as in the horizontal one. You look down upon a noble winding valley of about twelve miles long, every where inclosed with grounds, which rise in a very bold and various manner; in some places bulging into mountains, abrupt, wild, and uncultivated; in others breaking into rocks, craggy, pointed, and irregular; here rising into hills covered with the noblest woods, presenting a gloomy brownness of shade, almost from the clouds, to the reflection of the trees in the limpid water of the lake they so beautifully skirt; there waving in glorious slopes of cultivated inclosures, adorned in the sweetest manner with every object that can give variety to art, or elegance to nature; trees, woods, villages, houses, farms, scattered with picturesque confusion, and waving to the eye in the most romantic landscapes that nature can exhibit.

“ This valley, so beautifully inclosed, is floated by the lake, which spreads forth to the right and left, in one vast, but irregular expanse

panse of transparent water ; a more noble object can hardly be imagined. Its immediate shore is traced in every variety of line that fancy can imagine ; sometimes contracting the lake into the appearance of a noble winding river ; at others retiring from it, and opening into large bays, as if for navies to anchor in ; promontories spread with woods, or scattered with trees and inclosures, projecting into the water in the most picturesque stile imaginable ; rocky points breaking the shore, and rearing their bold heads above the water ; in a word, a variety that amazes the beholder.

“ But what finishes the scene with an elegance too delicious to be imagined, is, this beautiful sheet of water being dotted with no less than ten islands, distinctly comprehended by the eye ; all of the most bewitching beauty. The large one presents a waving various line, which rises from the water in the most picturesque inequalities of surface : High land in one place, low in another, clumps of trees in this spot, scattered ones in that, adorned by a farm-house on the water’s edge, and backed with a little wood, vying in simple elegance with Baromean palaces : Some of the smaller isles rising from the lake, like little hills of wood ; some only scattered with trees, and

others of grass of the finest verdure; a more beautiful variety is no where to be seen.

“ Strain your imagination to command the idea of so noble an expanse of water, thus gloriously environed, spotted with islands more beautiful than would have issued from the happiest painter. Picture the mountains rearing their majestic heads with native sublimity; the vast rocks boldly projecting their terrible craggy points; and in the path of beauty, the variegated inclosures of the most charming verdure, hanging to the eye in every picturesque form that can grace landscape, with the most exquisite touches of *la belle nature*. If you raise your fancy to something infinitely beyond this assemblage of rural elegancies, you may have a faint notion of the unexampled beauties of this ravishing landscape.”*

If the sun shine, this view of Mr. Young's can only be enjoyed early in the morning; as that on the opposite shore, behind the two oak trees, is, from a parity of circumstances, an afternoon prospect. These are the finest stations on the lake for pleasing the eye, but are by much too elevated for the purpose of the artist, who will find the picturesque points on the great island, well suited to his intention of morning and evening landscape, having com-
mand

* *Six month's Tour*, Vol. 3d, page 184.

mand of fore-ground, the objects well ascertained, grouped and disposed in the finest order of nature. A picture of the north end of the lake, taken from this island, will far exceed the fanciful production of the happiest pencil.--- This may be easily verified by the use of the convex reflecting glass.

Rawlinson's-nab is a picturesque point, either for the eye, or the pencil. You are there advanced a great way into the lake, in the midst of the finest scenes, and with a charming fore-ground.

From the low *Cat-crag*, which is a little to the south of the *Nab*, you have a view of the south end of the lake, and as far north as the great island. The ferry points, the *Storrs*, the *Nab*, and the lesser islands, are distinctly viewed in a fine order. Mr. *Engliff's* house on the island is a good object; and the beauties of the western shore to the south of the *Crag*, are only seen from thence.

To sum up the peculiar beauties of *Windermere*, its great variety of landscapes, and enchanting views, after what Mr *Young* has said of it, is unnecessary. He allowed himself time to examine this lake, and the lakes in *Cumberland*, and he describes each of them with much taste and judgment, and it is evident he gives

the preference to *Windermere*. * Yet this ought not to prejudice the minds of those who have the tour to make, against such as prefer *Derwent-water*, or *Ulls-water*. The stiles are all different, and therefore the sensations they excite will also be different; and the idea that gives pleasure or pain in the highest degree, will be the rule of comparative judgment. It will however perhaps be allowed by all, that the greatest variety of fine landscape is found at this lake †

The principal feeders of *Windermere-water* are the rivers *Rothay*, and *Brathay*. They unite their streams at the western corner of the head of the lake, below *Clappersgate*, at a place called the *Three-foot-brander*, and, after a short course, boldly enter the lake.

These stations will furnish much amusement to those who visit them; and others may perhaps

* Mr. Pennant compares it to the chief of Scotch lakes, and concludes it to be *here* what *Lomond* is *there*.

† Not one bulrush or swampy reed defiles the margin of this imperial lake. No lake has its border so well ascertained, and of such easy access. Not one, after *Lomond*, can boast of so vast a guard of mountains, with such variety and diversity of shore.

In navigating the lake upwards from the great island, the extremity appears singularly noble; its parts great and picturesque. The view of the surrounding mountains, from *Cove* to *Kirkstall*, is astonishing.

haps be occasionally found equally pleasing. And whoever is delighted with water expeditions, and entertainments, such as rowing, sailing, fishing, &c. may enjoy them here in the highest perfection.

The fish of this lake are char, trout, perch, pike, and eel. Of the char there are two varieties, the *cuse* char, and the *gelt* char; the latter is a fish that did not spawn the last season, and is on that account more delicious.

The greatest depth of the lake is opposite to *Ecclefrig-crag* 222 feet. The fall from *Newby-bridge*, where the current of the lake becomes visible, to the high water mark of the tide at *Low-wood* (distant two miles) is 105 feet. The bottom of the lake is therefore 117 feet below the high water mark of the sea.

In *Bowness* there is nothing so remarkable as some remains of painted glass in the east window of the church, that were brought from the abbey of *Furness*. *

From

* “The present remains of this window shew, that it has contained very fine colouring in its former state. The arms of *France* and *England* quartered, are well preserved at the top of the window. The design is a crucifixion, in figures as large as life. By the hands, feet, and parts remaining, it seems to have been of singular beauty. On the dexter side of the crucifixion is *St. George* slaying the dragon;—on the sinister, the *Virgin Mary*;—an uncouth assemblage.

From *Bowness* to *Ambleside*, is six miles, along the side of the lake. On the top of an eminence, a little behind *Rayrig*, * there is a fine view of the northern extremity of the lake. As you proceed along the banks, every step has importance, and the prospect becomes more and more august, exhibiting much variety of Appenine grandeur. *Langdale-pikes*, that guard the pass into *Borrowdale* on this side the *Toak*, and spiral *Hill-bell*; the overhanging crags of lofty *Rainbarrow*; the broken ridge of *Redscrees*; *Fairfield*, and *Scrubby-crag* (on whose precipitous front the eagle builds his nest, secure from the envious shepherds of the vale) with a chaos of other nameless mountains, are all in sight.

Just at the head of *Windermere*, and a little short of *Ambleside*, turn down a by-road to the left, and see the vestige of a Roman station.

It
 assemblage. Beneath, are the figures of a Knight and his lady kneeling; before whom, are a group of kneeling monks, over whose heads are wrote *W. Hartley*, *Tho. Honton*, and other names, by the breaking of the glass rendered not legible."

Hutchinson's Excursion, page 192.

* This place is said to have some resemblance of *Ferney*, on the lake of *Geneva*, the seat of the late celebrated *Voltaire*.

It lies in a meadow on a level with the lake, and, as supposed, was called the *Diētis*, where a part of the cohort *Nerviorum*, *Diētentium* was stationed. It is placed near the meetings of all the roads from *Penrith*, *Keswick*, *Ravenglass*, *Furness*, and *Kendal*, which it commanded, and was accessible only on one side.

AMBLESIDE.*

Here nothing at present is found of all that *Camden* mentions of this place. So swift is time in destroying the last remains of ancient magnificence! Roman coins and arms have been frequently found here; and in forming the turnpike road through *Rydal*, an urn was lately taken up, which contained ashes, and other Roman remains, and serves to prove that the tract of the ancient road laid that way.

In mountainous countries, cascades, waterfalls, and cataracts, are frequent, but only to be seen in high perfection when in full torrent, and that is in wet weather, or soon after it. About a mile above *Ambleside*, there is, in a place called the *Groves*, a cascade, that, though the season should be dry, merits a visit on account

* (*Amboglana*, Notit. Imper, *Diētis*, Horsley.)

count of its singular beauty, and distinguished features. It is the most curious you will see in the course of the tour. The stream here, though the water be low, is much divided, and broken by a variety of pointed dark rocks; after this, collecting itself into one torrent, it is precipitated with a horrid rushing noise into a dark gulph, unfathomable to the eye; and then, after rising in foam, it is once more dashed with a thundering noise headlong down a steep craggy channel, till it join the *Rothay* below *Ambleside*. The parts of this cataract are noble. The deep dark hue of the rocks in the gloomy bosom of a narrow glen, just visible by day, and the foaming water tinged with a hue of green caught from the trees and shrubs that wave over the fall, render this scene highly awful and picturesque.

From *Ambleside* to *Keswick*, sixteen miles of excellent mountain road, furnishes much amusement to the traveller. If the season be rainy, or immediately after rain, all the possible variety of cascades, water-falls, and cataracts, are seen in this ride; some precipitating themselves from immense heights, others leaping and bounding from rock to rock in foaming torrents, hurling huge fragments of them to the vale, that make the mountains tremble to their fall. The hollow noise swells and dies upon the ear
by

by turns. The scenes are astonishing, and the succession of them matchless. At *Rydal-hall* are two cascades worthy of notice. One is a little above the house, to which Sir *Michael le Fleming* has made a convenient path, that brings you upon it all at once. This is a mighty torrent tumbling headlong and uninterruptedly from an immense height of rock, into the rocky basin below, shaking the mountain under you with its fall, and the air above with the rebound. It is a surprising scene. This gentleman's example in opening a road to the fall, recommends itself strongly to others of this country, which abounds with so many noble objects of curiosity, and which all travellers, of the least taste would visit with pleasure, could they do it with convenience and safety.

The other cascade is a small fall of water seen through the window of the summer-house, in Sir *Michael's* orchard. The first who brought this sweet scene to light, is the elegant and learned editor of Mr. *Gray's* letters. And as no one describes these views better than Mr. *Mason*, the reader shall have the account of it in his own words. "Here nature has performed every thing in little that she usually executes in her larger scale; and on that account, like the miniature painter, seems to have finished every part of it in a studied

studied manner. Not a little fragment of a rock thrown into the basin, not a single stem of brush-wood that starts from its craggy sides, but has a picturesque meaning; and the little central current dashing down a cleft of the darkest coloured stone, produces an effect of light and shadow beautiful beyond description. This little theatrical scene might be painted as large as the original, on a canvas not bigger than those usually dropped in the opera-house."

Rydal-hall has a grand situation, at the feet of stupendous mountains (opening to the south, at the entrance of the vale, over a noble foreground) and commands a charming view of *Windermere-water*. The river *Rothay* winds thro' the vale, amidst lofty rocks and hanging woods, to join the lake. The road serpentizes upwards round a bulging rock, fringed with trees, and brings you soon in sight of *Rydal-water*; a lake about one mile in length, spotted with little isles, and which communicates, by a narrow channel, with *Grasmere-water*. The river *Rothay* is their common outlet.

Mount *Grasmere* hill, and from the top, have a view of as sweet a scene as travelled eye ever beheld. Mr. *Gray's* description of this peaceful happy vale, will raise a wish in every reader to see to primæval a place.

" The

“ The bosom of the mountains, spreading here into a broad basin, discover in the midst *Grasmere-water*; its margin is hollowed into small bays, with eminences; some of rock, some of soft turf, that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command: From the shore, a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village with a parish church rising in the midst of it: Hanging inclosures, corn fields, and meadows, green as an emerald, with their trees, and hedges, and cattle, fill up the whole space from the edge of the water: And just opposite to you is a large farm-house, at the bottom of a steep smooth lawn, embosomed in old woods, which climb half-way up the mountains sides, and discover above a broken line of crags that crown the scene. Not a single red tile, no glaring gentleman's house, or garden-wall, break in upon the repose of this little unsuspected paradise; but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty, in its neatest, most becoming attire. ” *

Mr. *Gray's* description is taken from the road descending from *Dunmail-raise*. But the more advantageous station, to view this romantic vale from, is on the south end of the western side.

Proceed

* The whole of Mr. *Gray's* journal is given in the *Addenda*, Article III.

Proceed from *Ambleside* by *Clappersgate*, along the banks of the river *Brathay*, and at *Scale-with-bridge*, ascend a steep hill called *Loughrigg*, that leads to *Grasmere*, and a little behind its summit you come in sight of the valley and lake lying in the sweetest order. Observe between two cropt ash-trees, in the stone-wall on the right hand, a few steps leading to a soft green knoll, and from its crown, you have the finest view of the vale, the lake and their environs. The island is near the centre, unless the water be very low. Its margin is graced with a few scattered trees, and an embowered hut. The church stands at a small distance from the lake, on the side of the *Rothay*, its principal feeder. On each hand spread cultivated tracts up the steep sides of surrounding mountains, guarded by *Steel-fell*, and *Seat-fandle*, which, advancing towards each other, close the view at *Dunmail-raise*. The broken head of *Holme-crag* has a fine effect, seen from this point. Descend the hill; leave the church on the right hand, and you'll presently arrive at the great road between *Ambleside* and *Keswick*. Here you have Mr. *Gray's* view, and will see the difference. Mr. *Gray* has omitted the island in his description, which is a principal feature in the scene.

This vale of peace is about four miles in circumference, and guarded at the upper end by

by *Helme-crag*; a broken pyramidal mountain, that exhibits an immense mass of Antideluvian ruins. After this, the road ascends *Dunmail-raise*, where lie the historical stones, that perpetuate the name and fall of the last King of *Cumberland*, defeated there by the Saxon monarch *Edmund*, who put out the eyes of the two sons of his adversary, and for his confederating with *Leolin*, King of *Wales*, against him, first wasted his kingdom, and then gave it to *Malcolm*, King of *Scots*, who held it in fee of *Edmund*, A. D. 944, or 945. The stones are a heap that have the appearance of a karned or barrow. The wall that divides the counties is built over them which proves their priority of time in that form.

From *Dunmail-raise*, the road is an easy descent of nine miles to *Keswick*, except on *Castlerigg*, which is somewhat quick. Leaving the vale of *Grasmere* behind, you soon come in sight of *Leatbes-water*, called also *Wythburn* or *Thirlmere-water*. It begins at the foot of *Helvellyn*, and skirts its base for the space of four miles, increased by a variety of pastoral torrents, that pour their silver streams down the mountains sides, and, then warbling join the lake. The range of mountains on the right are tremendously great. *Helvellyn* and *Catchidecam*, are the chief; and according

to the *Wythburn* shepherds, much higher than *Skiddaw*. It is, however certain, that these mountains retain snow many weeks after *Skiddaw*. But that may be owing to the steepness of *Skiddaw*'s northern side, and shivery surface, that attracts more forcibly the solar rays, than the verdant front of *Helvellyn*, and so sooner loses in (*lavanges*) its winter covering. A thousand huge rocks hang on *Helvellyn*'s brow, which have been once in motion, and are now seemingly prepared to start anew. Many have already reached the lake, and are at rest. The road sweeps through them along the naked margin of the lake. The opposite shore is beautified with a variety of crown-topp'd rocks, some rent, some wooded, others not, rising immediately from, or hanging towards the water; and all set off with a back-ground of verdant mountains, rising in the noblest pastoral stile. Its singular beauty is its being almost intersected in the middle by two peninsulas, that are joined by a bridge, in a taste suitable to the genius of the place, which serves for an easy communication among the shepherds, that dwell on the opposite banks.

At the sixth mile-post, from the top of an eminence, on the left, there is a good general view of the lake and vale; but the most picturesque

turesque point is from an eminence behind *Dalehead* house. This end is beautifully decorated with two small islands, dressed with wood, and charmingly placed. The lake terminates sweetly with a pyramidal rock, wooded to the top; and opposite to it, a silver-grey rock, hanging over its base towards the lake, has a fine effect.

The road after this leads through the narrow green vale of *Legberthwaite*, divided into small inclosures, peopled with a few cots, and nobly terminated by the romantic, castle-like rock of *St. John*. Below this, the vale contracts into a deep craggy dell, through which *Leatheswater* rolls till it joins the *Greta* at *New-bridge*, under the foot of *Tbrelkeld-fell*, a gloomy mountain of dark dun rocks, that shuts up the view of the sweet spreading vale of *St. John*.

The road now winds to the left by *Smal-thwaite-bridge*, and ascends *Naddle-fell*, by *Causeway-foot*, to *Castle-rigg*. At the turn of the hill, and within about a mile of *Keswick*, you come at once in sight of its glorious vale, with all its noble environs, and enchanting scenes, which, when Mr. Gray beheld, it almost determined him to return to *Keswick* again, and repeat his tour.

“ I left *Keswick*, says he, and took the *Amble-side* road, in a gloomy morning, and about two miles [or rather about a mile] from the town, mounted an eminence, called *Castle-rigg*, and the sun breaking out, discovered the most enchanting view, I have yet seen, of the whole valley behind me; the two lakes, the river, the mountains in all their glory; so that I had almost a mind to have gone back again.” This is certainly a most ravishing morning view of the bird’s-eye kind. For here we have, seen in all their beauty, a circuit of twenty miles; two lakes, *Derwent* and *Bassenthwaite*, and the river serpentizing between them; the town of *Keswick*, and the church of *Croftbwaite* in the central points; an extensive fertile plain, and all the stupendous mountains that surround this delicious spot.

The druid-temple, delineated in *Pennant’s Tour*, lies about half a mile to the right; but will be more conveniently seen from the *Pennine* road. Descend to

KESWICK. *

This small neat town is at present renowned for nothing so much as the lake it stands near,
and

* (*Derwentione*, Raven. Chor.)

and which is sometimes called, from the town, the lake of *Keswick*, but more properly the lake of *Derwent*; and I am inclined to think, and hope to make it appear, that the ancient name of *Keswick*, is the *Derwent Town*, or the town of *Derwent-water*. But first of the lake itself.*

The whole extent of the lake is about three miles, from north to south; the form is irregular, and its greatest breadth exceeds not a mile and a half. The best method of viewing this enchanting water, is in a boat, and from the banks. Mr. *Gray* viewed it from the banks only, and Mr. *Mason*, after trying both, prefers Mr. *Gray's* choice; and where the pleasure of rowing and sailing are out of the question, it will, in general, be found the best, on account of the fore-ground, which the boat does not furnish. Every dimension of the lake however appears more extended from its bosom, than from its banks. I shall therefore point out the favourite stations round the lake, that have often been verified.

STATION I. *Cockshot-hill* is remarkable for a general view. It is covered with a motly mixture of young wood; has an easy ascent to

G 3

the

* Some agreeable lines descriptive of this lake, by Dr. *Dalton*, may be seen in the *Addenda*, Article II.

the top, and from it the lake appears in great beauty. On the floor of a spacious amphitheatre, of the most picturesque mountains imaginable, an elegant sheet of water is spread out before you, shining like a mirror, and transparent as chrystal; variegated with islands adorned with wood, or cloathed with the softest verdure, that rise in the most pleasing forms above the watry plane. The effects all around are amazingly great; but no words can describe the surprizing pleasure of this scene, on a fine day, when the sun plays upon the bosom of the lake, and the surrounding mountains are illuminated by his refulgent rays, and their rocky broken summits invertedly reflected by the surface of the water.

STATION II. The next celebrated station is at a small distance, named *Crow-park*, which contained, till of late, a grove of oaks of immemorial growth, whose fall the bard of *Lowes-water* thus bemoans in humble plaintive numbers,

—That ancient wood, where beasts did safely rest,
 And where the crow long time had built her nest,
 Now falls a destin'd prey, to savage hands,
 Being doom'd, alas! to visit distant lands.
 Ah! what avails thy boasted strength at last?
 That brav'd the rage of many a furious blast;
 When now thy body's spent with many a wound,
 Loud groans its last, and thunders on the ground,
 Whilst hills, and dales, and woods, and rocks resound. }

This

This now shadeless pasture, is a gentle eminence not too high, on the very margin of the lake, which it commands in all its extent, and looks full into the craggy pass of *Borrowdale*. Of this station Mr. Gray speaks thus. "October 4th, I walked to *Crow-park*, now a rough pasture, once a glade of ancient oaks, whose large roots still remain in the ground, but nothing has sprung from them. If one single tree had remained this would have been an unparalleled spot; and *Smith* judged right when he took his print of the lake from hence, for it is a gentle eminence not too high, on the very margin of the water, and commands it from end to end, looking full into the gorge of *Borrowdale*. I prefer it even to *Cockshot-bill*, which lies beside it, and to which I walked in the afternoon; it is covered with young trees, both sown and planted, oak, spruce, Scotch fir, &c. all which thrive wonderfully. There is an easy ascent to the top, and the view far preferable to that on *Castle-bill*, because this is lower and nearer the lake; for I find all points that are much elevated, spoil the beauty of the valley, and make its parts, which are not large, look poor and diminutive."

STATION III. A third station, on this side, will be found by keeping along the line of shore, till *Stable-hills* be on the right, and

Wallow-crag directly over you on the left; then, without the gate, on the edge of the common, observe two huge fragments of ferruginous coloured rock, pitched into the side of the mountain by their descent. Here all that is great and pleasing on the lake, all that is grand and sublime in the environs, lie before you in a beautiful order, and natural disposition. Looking down upon the water, the four large islands appear distinctly over the peninsula of *Stable-hills*. *Lord's-island* richly dressed in wood. A little to the left, *Vicar's-isle* rises in a beautiful and circular form; *Ramps-holme* is caught in a line betwixt that and *St. Herbert's-island*, which traverses the lake in an oblique direction, and has a fine effect. These are the four most considerable islands on the lake. Under *Foe-park*, a round hill completely cloathed in wood; * two small islets,

* As one province of the *Guide* is, to point out the characteristic features, and distinguishing parts of each lake, in order to exhibit the best landscape picture to the artist, and to give the most pleasure and entertainment to the company who make the tour, the author has taken all possible care to secure these ends in his choice of stations. Yet there is one impediment attends his descriptions, which will in part prevent their permanency, and that is, the annual fall of timber and coppice-wood, and the frequent removal of the picturesque trees, which take place on the borders of the lakes. These accidents, however,

islets, interrupt the line of shore, and charm the eye in the passage from *Vicar's-isle* to *Rampsholme*. Another islet above *St. Herbert's-island*, has a similar effect. All idea of river or outlet is here excluded; but, over a neck of undulated land, finely scattered with trees, distant water is just seen behind *Lord's-island*. The white church of *Croftbwaite* is here visible under *Skiddaw*, which forms the strongest background

as they cannot be prevented, must be allowed for by the candid traveller, where he finds the original differing in these respects from the account given of it in the book.

The fall of *Crow-park*, on *Derwent-water*, has long been regretted. And the present fall of *Lord Egr—m—t's* woods has denuded a considerable part of the western border of the lake. Nor is *Mr. Gray's* beautiful description of *Foe-park* above-mentioned, to be now verified. And, alas! the waving woods of *Barrow-side*, and *Barrow-gill*, are no more.

It is true, that the painter, by the creative power of his pencil, can supply such deficiencies in the features of his landscape; but the plastic power of nature, or the careful hand of industry, directed by taste and judgment, can only make up such losses to the visitors of the lakes.

Thus much was thought proper to be subjoined in this place, as an apology, once for all, for the casual differences of this kind, that may be found between the descriptions given of these lakes in this manual, and their real appearance at any future time.

[This note is formed from matter of the author's, intended to have been prefixed, by way of advertisement, to the beginning of a new edition.]

ground. The opposite shore is bounded by a range of hills, down to the entrance of *Newland* vale, where *Cawsey-pike* and *Thornthwaite* rise in Alpine pride, out-done only by their supreme lord, *Skiddaw*. Their skirts descend in gentle slopes, and end in cultivated grounds. The whole of the western coast is beautiful beyond what words can express, and the north end exhibits what is most gentle and pleasing in landscape. The southern extremity of the lake, is a violent contrast to all this. *Falcon-crag*, an immense rock hangs over your head, and upwards, a forest of broken pointed rocks in a semicircular sweep, towering inward, form the most horrid amphitheatre that ever eye beheld in the wild forms of convulsed nature. The immediate margin of the lake, is, however, a sweet variegated shore of meadow and pasture, up to the foot of the rocks. Over a border of hedge-row trees, *Lowdore-house* is seen, under *Hallow-stone-crag*, a sloping rock, whose back is covered with soft vegetation. Beyond it appear the awful craggy rocks that conceal the pass into *Borrowdale*, and at their feet a stripe of verdant meadow, through which the *Derwent* serpentizes to the lake in silence.

The road is along *Barrowside*, on the margin of the lake, narrow, yet safe. It soon enters

ters a glade, through which the lake is sweetly seen by turns. In approaching the ruins of *Gowdar-crag*, which hangs towering forward, the mind recoils at the sight of the huge fragments of crags, piled up on both sides, which are seen through a thicket of rocks and wood. But there is nothing of the danger remaining that Mr. *Gray* apprehended here; the road being carefully kept open. Proceed by the bridge of one arch over *Park-gill*, and another over *Barrow-beck*. Here, *Gowdar-crag* presents itself in all its terrible majesty of rock, trimmed with trees that hang from its numerous fissures. Above this, is seen a towering grey rock rising majestically rude, and near it *Shuttencer*, a spiral rock, not less in height, and hanging more forward over its base. Betwixt these, an awful chasm is formed, through which the waters of *Watanlath* are hurled. This is the Niagara of the lake, the renowned cataract of *Lowdore*. To see this, ascend to an opening in the grove, directly above the mill. It is the misfortune of this celebrated water-fall to fail entirely in a dry season. The wonderful scenes, peculiar to this part, continue to the gorge of *Borrowdale*, and higher, and *Castle-crag* may be seen, in the centre of the amphitheatre, threatening to block up the pass it once defended. The village of *Grange* is under it, celebrated as well for its hospitality to Mr. *Gray*, as for its sweet
romantic

romantic site. And to affirm that all Mr. Gray says of the young farmer at *Grange* is strictly applicable to the inhabitants of these mountainous regions in general, is but common justice done to the memory of repeated favours.

—————Hail sacred flood!

May still thy hospitable swains be blest

In rural innocence; thy mountains still

Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods

For ever flourish; and thy vales look gay.

Armstrong on Heald.

On the summit of *Castle-crag*, are the remains of a fort; and much freestone, both red and white, has been quarried out of the ruins. Lately, a lead pan with an iron bow was taken out of them, and three years since two masses of smelted iron, which probably were from the bloomery at the foot of the *Stake in Borrowdale*. The fort has most likely been of Roman origin, to guard the pass and secure the treasure contained in the bosom of these mountains. The Saxons, and after them, the *Furness* monks, maintained this fort for the same purpose. All *Borrowdale* was given to the monks of *Furness*, probably by one of the *Derwent* family, and *Adam de Derwent-water*, gave them free ingress, and egress through all his lands.* The *Grange* was

* *Antiquities of Furness*, page 106.

was the place where they laid up their grain and their tythe, and also the salt they made at the salt spring, of which works there are still some vestiges remaining below *Grange*. The area of the castellum from east to west, is about 70 yards; from south to north, about 40 yards.

STATION IV. From the top of *Castlecrag*, in *Borrowdale*, there is a most astonishing view of the lake and vale of *Keswick*, spread out to the north in the most picturesque manner. From the pass of *Borrowdale* is distinctly seen, every bend of the river, till it joins the lake; the lake itself, spotted with islands; the most extraordinary line of shore, varied with all the surprising accompaniments of rock and wood; the village of *Grange* at the foot of the *crag*, and the white houses of *Keswick*, with *Croftwaite*, church at the lower end of the lake; behind these much cultivation, with a beautiful mixture of villages, houses, cots, and farms, standing round the skirts of *Skiddaw*, which rises in the grandest manner, from a verdant base, and closes this prospect in the noblest stile of nature's true sublime. From the summit of this rock the views are so singularly great and pleasing, that they ought never to be omitted. The ascent is by one of the narrow paths cut in the side of the mountain, for carrying down the slate, that is quarried on its top.

The

The view to the north, or the vale of *Keswick* is already described; that to the south lies in *Borrowdale*. The river is seen winding upward from the lake, through the rugged pass, to where it divides and embraces a triangular vale, completely cut into inclosures of meadow, enamelled with the softest verdure, and fields waving with fruitful crops. This truly secreted spot is completely surrounded by the most horrid, romantic mountains that are in this region of wonders; and whoever omits this *coup d'oeil*, hath probably seen nothing equal to it.

The views here taken in the glass, when the sun shines, are amazingly fine.

This picture is reversed from the summit of *Lat-rigg*.

Mr. *Gray* was so much intimidated with the accounts of *Borrowdale*, that he proceeded no farther than *Grange*. But no such difficulties as he feared are now to be met with. The road into *Borrowdale* is improved since his time, at least as far as necessary for any one to proceed to see what is curious. It serpentizes through the pass above *Grange*; and, though upon the edge of a precipice that hangs over the river, it is nevertheless safe. This river brings no mixture of mud from the mountains
of

of naked rock, and runs, in a channel of slate and granite, as clear as crystal. The water of all the lakes in these parts is clear; but the *Derwent* only is pellucid. In it the smallest pebble is seen at a great depth nearly as in the open air.

The rocky scenes in *Borrowdale* are most fantastic, and the entrance rugged. One rock elbows out, and turns the road directly against another. *Bowdler-stone*, on the right, in the very pass, is a mountain of itself, and the road winds round its base.* Here rock riots over rock, and mountain intersecting mountain, forms one grand semicircular sweep. Extensive woods deck their steep sides; trees grow from pointed rocks, and rocks appear like trees. Here the *Derwent*, rapid as the *Rhone*, rolls his crystal streams through all this labyrinth of embattled obstacles. Indeed, the scenes here are so sublimely terrible; the assemblage of magnificent objects so stupendously great, and the arrangement so extraordinarily curious, that they must excite the most sensible feelings of wonder, and surprise, and at once impress the mind with reverential awe, and admiration.

The most gigantic mountains that form the outline of this tremendous landscape, and in-
close

* This loose stone is of a prodigious bulk. It lies like a ship on its keel, and is nearly as large as a first-rate man of war.

close *Borrowdale*, are *Eagle-crag*, *Glaramara*, *Bull-crag*, and *Serjeant-crag*. On the front of the first, the bird of *Jove* has his annual nest, which the dalesmen are careful to rob, but not without hazard to the assailant, who is let down from the summit of this dreadful rock by a rope of twenty fathoms, or more, and who is obliged to defend himself from the attacks of the parent birds during his descent. The devastation made on the fold, in the breeding season, by one eyrie, is computed at a lamb a day, besides the carnage made on the *feræ naturâ*. *Glaramara* is a mountain of perpendicular naked rock, immense in height, and much broken. It appears in the western canton and outline of the picture. *Bull-crag* and *Serjeant-crag* are in the centre, and their rugged sides concealed with hanging woods.

The road continues good to *Rosthwaite*, the first village in this romantic region, where it divides. That on the right leads to the *wad-mires*, and to *Ravenglass*; that on the left, to *Hawkshead*. Amidst these tremendous scenes of rocks and mountains, there is a peculiar circumstance of consolation to the traveller, that distinguishes this from other mountainous tracts, where the hills are divided by bogs and mosses, often difficult to pass, which is, that the mosses here, are on the tops of the mountains,

tains, and a way over, or round them is never very difficult to find. The inhabitants of the dales are served with turf-fuel from these mosses, and the manner of procuring it is very singular: A man carries on his back a sledge to the top of the mountain, and conducts it down the most awful descents, placing himself before it to prevent its running amain. For this purpose, a narrow furrow is cut in the mountain's side, which serves for a road to direct the sledge, and to pitch the conductor's heel in.---A sledge holds one half of what a horse can draw on good road.

The mountains here are separated by wooded glens, verdant dells, and fertile vales, which, besides forming a pleasing contrast, relieve the imagination with delightful ideas, that the inhabitants of these rude regions, are far removed from the want of necessaries of life for themselves, their herds and flocks, during the exclusion months from the rest of the community, by the winter snows. About *Rosbwaite*, in the centre of the dale, fields wave with crops, and meadows are enamelled with flowery grass. This little delightful *Eden* is marked with every degree of industry by the laborious inhabitants, who partake of nothing of the ferocity of the country they live in. For they are hospitable, civil, and communicative, and readily and

H

cheerfully

cheerfully give assistance to strangers who visit their region. On missing a tract I was directed to observe, I have been surprised by the dale-lander, from the top of a rock, waving me back and offering me a safe conduct through all the difficult parts, and who blushed at the mention of a reward. Such is the extensive influence of virtue in the minds of those that are least acquainted with society. *

The shepherds are only conversant in the traditional annals of the mountains, and with all the secrets of the mysterious reign of chaos, and old night; and they only can give proper information concerning their *arcana*: For others who live almost within the shadow of these mountains, are often ignorant of their names.

Return to *Keswick* by *Grange*, and, if the sun shine in the evening, the display of rock on the opposite shore, from *Castle-rock* to *Wallow-crag*,

* In parts so sequestered from the world, the vulgar language (as well as manners) may be supposed to continue very little altered from what it has been for many ages, and to be what was once generally used through the country. And, in order a little to gratify the curiosity of the reader, in Article IX. of the *Addenda* may be seen a specimen of the common *Cumberland* dialect; and in Article X. a few remarks are made respecting the provincial words current within the limits of this tour.

X.

low-crag, is amazingly grand. The parts are the same as in the morning ride, but the dispositions entirely new. The chrystal surface of the lake, reflecting waving woods and rocks, backed by the finest arrangement of lofty mountains, intersecting and rising above each other in great variety of forms, are scenes not to be equalled elsewhere. The whole ride down the western side is pleasant, though the road is but indifferent.

Whoever chuses an Alpine journey, of a very extraordinary nature, may return through *Borrowdale* to *Ambleside*, or *Hawkshead*. A guide will be necessary from *Rostbwaite* over the *Stake* of *Borrowdale* (a steep mountain so called) to *Langdale* chapel. The ride is the wildest that can be imagined, for the space of eight miles. * Above the cultivated tract, the

H 2

dale

* Every part of nature has something to recommend it to the observation of the susceptible and ingenious. A walk, or ride, on the summits of mountains, will afford a species of ideas, which though often neither of the social nor luxuriant kind, will nevertheless greatly affect and entertain. The large unvariegated features of these hills, their elevation, and even their desolate appearance, are all sources of the sublime. And, in a publication of this kind, a word or two respecting their nature, and characteristic properties seems as requisite, as on several other subjects which are here discussed at some length.

The

dale narrows, but the skirts of the mountains are covered with the sweetest verdure, and have once waved with aged wood. Many large roots still remain, with some scattered trees.

Just

The mountains among which these lakes are situated, are formed in general of *two* sorts of rock, or stone. The most prevailing kind is a *blue rag*, and, where it appears, the pasturage which is found among it is generally inclined to be mossy, lingy, and wet. These particulars, and a number of swampy patches, or pits of turbary, give the face of these mountains a ratherly savage and depressing look; and the indisposition of their soils readily to imbibe the waters which fall in rains is the occasion of the number of temporary cataracts which channel their sides.

The other kind of hills consist of *limestone*; and though generally of inferior height, their surface is infinitely more pleasing. They are perfectly dry, and the bent, or grass, which covers their glades is peculiarly fine. Where this is not found, the bare rocks take place, and appear in every fantastic form, which may be supposed to have arisen from some violent concussion, to which the earth has heretofore been subjected. But, the *whiteness* and *neatness* of these rocks take off every idea of horror that might be suggested by their bulk, or form. From the nature of the soil, and the number of communicating clefts of the rocks underground, they become soon dry after the heaviest rains; and though they discover no streams of water issuing from their sides, a number of the most pellucid ones imaginable are seen bubbling out among the inclosures round their bases. On these accounts the face of such hills always appears singularly lightsome and cheerful. And, on a fine summer day, there is little doubt but that the curious stranger would find a walk or ride on their summits (though

Just where the road begins to ascend the *Stake*, are said to be the remains of a bloomery, close by the water-fall on the left; but no tradition relates at what time it was last worked.

H 3

This

(though consisting of nothing but stone and turf) attended with uncommon pleasure. If he be of a poetical turn, he will see some of the serenest haunts for the shepherd, that ever fancy formed: If of a philosophic turn, he may be equally delighted with contemplating several evident signs of the *Mosaic deluge*, and of the *once-soft-state* of the calcareous matter which is now hardened into rock.—But our limits will not permit us to pursue the subject.

The greatest quantity of limestone hills contained in this tour, lie within the district bounded by *Kendal*, *Witherslack*, *Kellet*, and *Hutton-roof*. And the most beautiful of them, as seen at a distance, are *Farlton* and *Arnside knots*, *Witherslack-scar*, and *Warton-crag*. The two first have their highest parts, which are neatly rounded, covered in a great measure with small fragments of limestone (called *shilow*) which gives them, at all times, an uncommon and beautiful appearance. But at the latter end of the year, when the foliage of the copses on their sides, and the grass which is interspersed along their glades near their tops, have gained an olive hue, no objects of the kind can appear more elegantly coloured. *Farlton-knot*, especially, at that time of the year, as seen from *Burton* church-yard, exhibits a brightness and harmony of colouring, which could little be expected to result from a mixture of grass, wood, and stone.

A travelling party desirous of being gratified with the pleasure of one of these rides may have it in perfection by going upon *Farlton-knot*, from *Burton* through *Claythrop*,

This I could never verify from any visible remains. The mineral was found in the mountains, and the wood used in smelting had covered their steep sides. The mass of iron found on *Castle-crag*, were probably smelted here. Cataracts and water-falls abound on all sides. A succession of water-falls will meet you in the ascent up the *Stake*, and others will accompany you down the most dreadful descent into *Langdale*. The scenes on the *Borrowdale* side are in part sylvan and pastoral. On the side of *Langdale* entirely rocky. The *Stake* exhibits a miniature of very bad Alpine road across a mountain, just not perpendicular, and about five miles over. The road makes many traverses so close, that at every flexure it seems almost to return into itself, and such as are advancing in different traverses, appear to go different ways. In descending the *Stake* on the *Langdale* side, a cataract accompanies you on the left, with all the horrors of a precipice. *Langdale-pike*, called *Pike-a-stickle*, and *Steel-pike*, is an inaccessible pyramidal rock, that commands the whole. Here nature seems to have discharged all her useless load

throp, or traversing the heights of *Warton-crag*; both of which mountains, besides the particulars here mentioned, afford very extensive views, including part of the ocean, of a country abounding with agreeable images of rural nature.

load of matter and rock, when form was first impressed on chaos. *Pavey-ark* is a hanging rock, 600 feet in height, and under it is *Stickle-tarn*; a large basin of water, formed in the bosom of the rock, and which pours down in a cataract at *Millbeck*. Below this, *Whitegill-crag* opens to the centre a dreadful yawning fissure. Beyond *Langdale* chapel, the vale becomes more pleasing, and the road is good to *Ambleside*, or *Hawkshead*, by *Scalewith-bridge*.

Mr. Gray was much pleased with an evening view under *Crow-park*.---“ In the evening (says he) I walked alone down to the lake, by the side of *Crow-park*, after sun-set, and saw the solemn colouring of the night draw on, the last gleam of sun-shine fading away on the hill tops, the deep serene of the waters, and the long shadows of the mountains thrown across them, till they nearly touched the hithermost shore. At a distance were heard the murmurs of many water-falls not audible in the day time; I wished for the moon, but she was dark to me and silent,

Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.”

STATION V. This view is seen to much greater advantage from the side of *Swinside*, a little before sunset, where the vale and both the lakes are in full view, with the whole extent of rocky shore of the upper, and the flex-

ures of the lower lake. And when the last beams of the sun rest on the purple summit of *Skiddaw*, and the deep shade of *Wytbop's* wooded brows is stretched over the lake, the effect is amazingly great.

STATION VI. From *Swinside*, continue the walk by *Foe-park*. This is a sweet evening walk, and had the sun shone out, Mr. Gray would have perceived his mistake in being here in the morning. "October 5th, (he writes) I walked through the meadows and corn fields to the *Derwent*, and crossing it, went up *How-hill*, it looks along *Bassenthwaite-water*, and sees at the same time the course of the river, and part of the upper lake, with a full view of *Skiddaw*: Then I took my way through *Portingale* village to the park (*Foe-park*) a hill so called, covered entirely with wood; it is all a mass of crumbling slate; passed round its foot between the trees and the edge of the water, and came to a peninsula, that juts out into the lake, and looks along it both ways; in front rises *Wallow-crag* and *Castle-hill*, the town, the road to *Penrith*, *Skiddaw*, and *Saddle-back*.--- After dinner walked up *Penrith* road, &c."

STATION VII. Another select station for a morning view is on *Lat-rigg*, a soft green hill, that interposes between the town and
Skiddaw.

Skiddaw. The ascent is by *Monks-hall*, leaving *Ormatbwaite* on the left, and following the mountain road about due east, till you approach the gate in the stone-wall inclosure; then slant the hill to the right, looking towards *Keswick*, till you gain the brow of the hill, which exhibits a fine terrace of verdant turf, as smooth as velvet. Below you rolls the *Greeta*, and, in its course, visits the town before it joins the *Derwent*, where it issues from the lake, and then their united streams are seen meandering through the vale, till they meet the floods of *Bassenthwaite*, under the verdant skirts of *Wythop* brows.

The prospect to the south is the reverse of that from *Castle-crag*. The view is full into the rocky jaws of *Borrowdale*, through which the *Derwent* is seen pouring his chrystal stream, and, after winding through some verdant meadows which skirt the rocky coast, joining the lake at *Lowdore*. The lake itself is seen in its full extent, on all sides, with variety of shore, and its bosom spotted with diversity of islands. *Castle-crag* in *Borrowdale*, stands first of all the forest of embattled rocks, whose forked heads reared to the sky, shine in the sun like spears of burnished steel. In the rear, *Langdale-pike*, advancing to the clouds his cone-like head, overlooks them all. What charms the eye in
wandering

wandering over the vale, is, that not one streight line offends. The roads all serpentine round the mountains, and the hedges wave with the inclosures. Every thing is thrown into some path of beauty, or agreeable line of nature. But to describe every picturesque view, that this region of landscape presents, would be an endless labour. And did language furnish expression to convey ideas of the inexhaustible variety that is found in the many grand constituent objects of these magnificent scenes, the imagination would be fatigued with the detail, and description weakened by redundancy. It is more pleasing to speculative curiosity to discover of itself the differences among such scenes as approach the nearest in likeness, and the agreement between such as appear most discordant, than to be informed of them. This sport of fancy, and exercise of taste arising from self-information, has the greatest effect on the mind, and the province of the Guide is chiefly to point out the station, and leave to the company the enjoyment of reflection, and the pleasures of the imagination.

Return to the gate, and enter the inclosure. Proceed, as soon as you can, to the right, having the wall at some distance, till you arrive at the brink of a green precipice; there you will be entertained with the noise of the rapid *Greeta*
(roaring

(roaring through a craggy channel) that in a run of two miles exhibits an uncommon appearance, forming twelve or more of the finest bends and serpentine curves that ever fancy pencilled. The point for viewing this uncommon scene, is directly above the bridge, which hangs gracefully over the river. The town of *Keswick* appears no where to greater advantage than from this station. *Helvellyn*, in front, overlooks a vast range of varied hills, whose rocky sides are rent with many fissures, the paths of so many rills and roaring cataracts, that echo through the vales, and swell the general torrent. To the east, *Crofs-fell* is discerned, like a cloud of blue mist, hanging over the horizon. In the middle space *Mell-fell*, a green pyramidal hill, is a singular figure. The eye wandering over *Castle-rigg*, will discover the druid-temple on the southern side of the *Penrith* road. Return to the path that leads down the ridge of the hill to the east, and, arrived at a gate that opens into a cross road, descend to the right, along the precipitous bank of a brawling brook, *Glenderaterra-beck*, that is heard tumbling from the mountain, and concealed by the woods that hang on its steep banks. In the course of the descent, remark *Threlkeld-pike*, browned with storms, and rent by a dreadful wedge-like rock, that tends to the centre. There are many pastoral cots, and
rural.

rural seats, scattered round the cultivated skirts of this side of the mountains of *Skiddaw* and *Saddle-back*, sweetly placed and picturesque. The northern side is less hospitable, being more precipitous, and much concealed in shade. From the bridge, the road leads to *Tbrelkeld*, and falls into the *Penrith* road, four miles from *Keswick*. The last mentioned brook *Glenderaterra*, divides *Skiddaw* from *Saddle-back*, called here *Tbrelkeld-fell*. From the front of Mr. *Wren's* house, the eye will be delighted with the vale of *St. John*, sweetly spread out in rural beauty between two ridges of hills, *Lothwaite* and *Naddle-fells*, which in appearance join together just behind the *Castle-rocks*. These, in the center point of view, have the shew of magnificent ruins. A river is seen on both sides the vale, lengthening its course in meanders, till it meets *Tbrelkeld-water*, or *Glenderamackin-beck*, at *New-bridge*, where it takes the name of *Greeta*. This picture is improved at the brow of the hill, on the western side of the house. Here the *Greeta* is seen from the bridge, running under the hill where you stand, and on the right, coming forth in a fine deep-channelled stream, between steep wooded banks. In a field on the left, near the second mile-post, stands conspicuous, the above-mentioned wide circus of rude stones, the awful monument of the barbarous superstition which enslaved the minds

minds of ancient times. Mr. *Pennant* has in his possession an excellent drawing of these druidical remains. *

STATION VIII. Another station remains, and which ought to be an evening one, in the vicarage garden. Mr. *Gray* took it in his glass from the horsing-block, and speaks of it thus: "From hence I got to the parsonage a little before sun-set, and saw in my glass a picture, that if I could transmit to you and fix it in all the softness of its living colours, would fairly sell for a thousand pounds. This is the sweetest scene I can yet discover in point of pastoral beauty; the rest are in a sublimer stile."

The leading parts of this picture are, over a rich cultivated fore-ground, the town of *Keswick* seen under a hill, divided by grass inclosures, its summits crowned with wood. More to the east, *Castle-rigg* is sweetly laid out, and over it sweeps in curves the road to *Ambleside*. Behind that, are seen the range of vast mountains descending from *Helvellyn*. On the western side, the chaos of mountains heaped on mountains, that secret the vale of *Newland*, make their appearance, and over them *Cawsey-pike* presides. Leaving these, the eye meets a well-wooded hill on the margin of the lake, shining in all the beauties of foliage, set off with every

* Done by Mr. *John Walker*, of *Keswick*.

every advantage of form. Next, a noble expanse of water, broken just in the centre by a large island dressed in wood; another cultivated and fringed with trees; and a third with a hut upon it, stript of its ornamental trees, by the unfeeling hand of avarice.* On the eastern side, a bold shore, steep and wooded to the water's edge, is perceived, and, above these, rise daring rocks in every horrid shape. Also a strange mixture of wood and rock succeed one another to the southern extremity of the lake, where the grand pyramidal *Castle-crag* commands the whole. The western shore is indented with wooded promontories down to *Foe-park*, the hill first described on the lower margin of the lake, and the mountains all round rise immediately from its edge, but those that form the outline to the south, are very much broken, and hence more picturesque.---These are the parts of the scene Mr. *Gray* says are the sweetest he ever saw in point of pastoral beauty. But whoever takes this view from *Ormatbwaite*, in a field on the western side of the house, will be convinced of Mr. *Gray's* loss in want of information

* This *third* is *Vicar's-island*, which if our author had seen since it was purchased, built, and improved, by *J. Pocklington Esq.* he would have described it with pleasure, as we have reason to hope, if this ingenious gentleman live to finish his well-laid plans, this island will be the most beautiful spot in the whole compass of the tour.

mation. For the very spot he stood upon is there in the centre of the fore-ground, and makes a principal object in the pastoral part of the picture he praises so highly.

Sailing round the lake opens a new province for landscape. Mr. *Gray* neglected it, and Mr. *Mason* thinks he judged well. Messrs. *Young* and *Pennant* tried it, and admired it. Dr. *Brown* prefers sailing, and advises landing on every promontory, and anchoring in every bay.* The transparent beauty of the lake is only seen in the boat, and it is very surprising. The bottom resembles a mosaic pavement of party-coloured stone. The fragments of spar at the depth of seven yards, either shine like diamonds, or glitter in diversity of colour; and such is the purity of the water, that no mud or ooze defiles its bottom. Mr. *Pennant* navigated the lake. and as his description is more compressed than any other, and gives a distinct idea of its appearances, I shall here subjoin it.

“ The views on every side are very different: Here all the possible variety of Alpine scenery is exhibited, with all the horror of precipice, broken crag, overhanging rock, or insulated pyramidal hills, contrasted with others whose smooth

* The whole of Dr. *Brown's* descriptive letter is inserted in the *Addenda*, Article I.

smooth and verdant sides, swelling into immense aerial heights, at once please, and surprise the eye.

“ The two extremities of the lake afford most discordant prospects: The southern is a composition of all that is horrible; an immense chasm opens, whose entrance is divided by a rude conic hill, once topt with a castle, the habitation of the tyrant of the rocks; beyond, a series of broken mountainous crags, now patched with snow, soar one above the other, overshadowing the dark winding deep of *Borrowdale*. In the recesses are lodged variety of minerals, &c.

“ But the opposite, or northern view, is in all respects a strong and beautiful contrast. *Skiddaw* shews its vast base, and bounding all that part of the vale, rises gently to a height that sinks the neighbouring hills; opens a pleasing front, smooth and verdant, smiling over the country like a gentle generous lord, while the fells of *Borrowdale* frown on it like a hardened tyrant.

“ Each boundary of the lake seems to take part with the extremities, and emulates their appearance: The southern varies in rocks of different forms, from the tremendous precipice of *Lady's-leap*, the broken front of *Falcon's-nest*,
to

to the more distant concave curvature of *Low-dore*, an extent of precipitous rock, with trees vegetating from their numerous fissures, and the foam of a cataract precipitating amidst.

“ The entrance into *Barrowdale* divides the scene, and the northern side alters into milder forms; a salt spring, once the property of the monks of *Furness*, trickles along the shore; hills (the resort of shepherds) with downy fronts, and lofty summits, succeed, with wood clothing their bases to the water’s edge.

“ Not far from hence the environs appear to the navigator of the lake, to the greatest advantage, for, on every side mountains close the prospect, and form an amphitheatre almost matchless.

“ The isles that decorate this water are finely disposed, and very distinct; rise with gentle and regular curvatures above the surface, consist of verdant turf, or are planted with various trees. The principal is *Lord’s-island*, above five acres, where the *Ratcliff* family had some time its residence, and from this lake took the title of *Derwent-water*.

“ *St Herbert’s-isle* was noted for the residence of that saint, the bosom friend of *St. Cuthbert*, who wished, and obtained his desire
I of

of departing this life on the same day, hour, and minute, with that holy man.*

“ The water of *Derwent-water*, is subject to violent agitations, and often without any apparent cause, as was the case this day; the weather was calm, yet the waves ran a great height, and the boat was tossed violently with what is called a bottom wind. ”

Dr. *Brown* recommends as a conclusion of the tour of this lake, that it be viewed by moon-light. “ He says, a walk by still moon-light (at which time the distant water-falls are heard in all the variety of sound) among these enchanting dales, opens a scene of such delicate beauty, repose and solemnity, as exceeds all description. ”

An expedition of this kind depends much upon the choice of time in making the tour. It is better a little before, than after the full moon. If the evening be still, the voices of the water-falls are re-echoed from every rock and cavern, in all their variety of sound.

The

* “ In the register of Bishop *Appleby*, in the year 1374, there is an indulgence of forty days to every of the inhabitants of the parish of *Croftbwaite*, that should attend the vicar to *St. Herbert's-island* on the 13th of April, yearly, and there to celebrate mass in memory of *St. Herbert*. ”

Nicolson's Cumberland, page 86.

The setting sun tips the mountain's top with the softest refulgence; and the rising moon with her silver rays just continues in vision the glories of its base. The surface of the lake, that in the day reflects the azure sky, the deep green woods, or hoar-coloured rocks, is now a sable mirror, studded with the reflected gems of the starry heavens; a plain on which are pencilled by the moon, the faint outlines and shadows of the hills, behind which she labours. All now is in faint light, grave shade, or solemn darkness, which apparently increases the vastness of the objects, and enwraps them in a solemn horror, that strikes the mind of the beholder with reverential awe, and pleasing melancholy.*

I 2

The

* Here the reader's mind may be fitly prepared for the perusal of the following beautiful night-piece of Dr. Brown, preserved to us by Mr. Cumberland, in the dedication of his *Ode to the sun*.

Now sunk the sun, now twilight sunk, and night
 Rode in her zenith; not a passing breeze
 Sigh'd to the grove, which in the midnight air
 Stood motionless, and in the peaceful floods
 Inverted hung: For now the billow slept
 Along the shore, nor heav'd the deep, but spread
 A shining mirror to the moon's pale orb,
 Which, dim and waning, o'er the shadowy cliffs,
 The solemn woods and spiry mountain tops,
 Her glimmering faintness threw: Now every eye,
 Oppress'd with toil, was drown'd in deep repose;
 Save

The characteristic of this lake is, that it retains its form viewed from any point, and never assumes the appearance of a river.

The fish here are trout, perch, pike, and eel.

BASSENTHWAITE WATER.

Having seen the glory of *Keswick*, the beauties of the lake, and wonders of the environs, there remains a pleasant ride to *Ouse-bridge*, in order to visit the lake of *Bassenthwaite*. Messrs. *Gray* and *Pennant* took the ride, but did not see the beauties of the lake, either for want of time or proper information.

Mr. *Pennant* says, "Pass along the vale of *Keswick*, and keep above *Bassenthwaite-water*, at a small cultivated distance from it: This lake is a fine expanse of four miles in length, bounded on one side by high hills, wooded in many

Save that the unseen shepherd in his watch,
Propt on his crook, stood list'ning by the fold,
And gaz'd the starry vault and pendant moon;
Nor voice nor sound broke on the deep serene,
But the soft murmur of swift-gushing rills,
Forth-issuing from the mountain's distant steep,
(Unheard till now, and now scarce heard) proclaim'd
All things at rest, and imag'd the still voice
Of quiet whispering to the ear of night.

many places to their bottoms; on the other side, by the fields and the skirts of *Skiddaw*.

“ From Mr. *Spedding's* of *Armatbwaite*, at the low extremity of the lake, you have a fine view of the whole. ”

Mr. *Gray* allowed himself more time for particulars. “ October 6th, he says, went in a chaise, eight miles, along the east side of *Bassenthwaite-water* to *Ouse-bridge*, pronounced *Ews-bridge*, it runs directly along the foot of *Skiddaw*. Opposite to *Wythope-brows*, clothed to the top with wood, a very beautiful view opens down to the lake, which is narrower and longer than that of *Keswick*, less broken into bays, and without islands; at the foot of it, a few paces from the brink, gently sloping upwards, stands *Armatbwaite*, in a thick grove of Scotch firs, commanding a noble view directly up the lake. At a small distance behind this, a ridge of cultivated hills, on which, according to the *Keswick* proverb, *the sun always shines*; the inhabitants here, on the contrary, call the vale of *Derwent-water*, the *Devil's Chamber-pot*, and pronounce the name of *Skiddaw-fell*, which terminates here, with a sort of terror and aversion. *Armatbwaite-house* is a modern fabrick, not large, and built of dark red stone.”

But the singular beauties of this lake remain yet unnoticed, viz. the grand sinuosity of three noble bays.

STATION I. From *Armatbwaite*, the lower bay is in full display; a fine expanse of water, spreading itself both ways behind a circular peninsula (*Castle-how*) that swells in the middle, and is crowned with wood. In former times it has been surrounded by water, from the lake on one side, and the assistance of a brook that descends from *Embleton*, on the other. The accessible parts have been defended by trenches one above another. The upper part must have been occupied with building, as the vestiges of ruins are visible; and, like other such places in this region, they were probably secured by the first inhabitants, as places of difficult access, and of easy defence. From the bottom of the bay, some waving inclosures rise to the side of a green hill, and some scattered houses are seen at the upper end of a fine slope of inclosures. The banks of the lake are fringed with trees, and under them the chrystal water is caught in a pleasing manner. At the north west corner the *Derwent* issues from the lake, and is spanned by a handsome stone-bridge of three arches. The whole western boundary is the noble range of wooded hills, called *Wytkop-brows*. On the eastern shore, the lake retires behind a peninsula, that rushes far into the water, and on its extreme point a solitary oak, waving to every wind, is most

most picturesque. This is *Scarenefs*. The coast upward is a fine cultivated tract to the skirts of *Skiddaw*. Far to the south, *Wallow-crag* with all the range of rock, and broken craggy mountains in *Borrowdale*, are seen in fine perspective; and on their outline the spiral point of *Langdale-pike* appears blue as glass. The deep green woods of *Foe-park*, and golden front of *Swin-side*, form a pleasing termination.

STATION II. Return to the road by *Scarenefs*, and descend from the house to the oak tree, on the extremity of the promontory. The lake is here narrowest but immediately spreading itself on both hands, forms two semi-circular bays. That on the right is a mile across; the bay on the left is smaller; the shore on both sides is finely variegated with low wood and scattered bushes, as is more especially the peninsula itself. The upper bay is perfectly circular and finely wooded. In front, *Wythop-brows* rise swift from the water's edge. The extremity of some inclosures, are picturesquely, seen just over the wood, with part of a cottage. The village of *Wythop* lies behind it in an aerial site. A grass inclosure, scooped in the bottom of the hanging wood, and under it a cot, on the very brink of the lake, stands sweetly. The views downward are fine; the banks high and woody to the bridge, of

which two arches are in sight. Behind it a white house is charmingly placed. More to the right, at the head of a gentle slope, in the very centre of view, stands *Armathwaite*, winged with groves; and behind, at a small distance, are deep hanging woods, and over them, spreading far to the right and left, a great reach of cultivated grounds. This termination is rich and pleasing to the eye. The view to the south is as on the upper lake, much softened by distance. In the afternoon, if the sun shine, the appearance of the silver-grey rocks, glistening through the green woods that hang on their fissures, is most elegant. Behind, an appendix of *Skiddaw* rises in rude form; and over it, this chief of mountains frowns in Alpine majesty.---This view is also well seen from the house of *Scareness*.

STATION III. The next remarkable promontory is *Bradness*, a round green hill, that spreading itself into the lake, forms a bay, with *Bowness* to the south. The best general view of the lake is from the crown of this hill, behind the farm house. Here you look over three bays finely formed. Nothing can be imagined more elegant than the sinuosity of this side, contrasted with the steep shore and lofty woods of the opposite. The view upwards

wards is not less charming, being indented and wooded to the water's edge.

If these views are taken beginning with *Bradnefs*, then, from *Scarenefs* take the road to *Bassenthwaite-halls*, (a few houses so called) and from the road on the north side of the village, called *Rakes*, you have a very fine view of a rich cultivated tract, stretching along the banks of the lake, and spreading itself upwards to the skirts of *Skiddaw*. The elevation is such, that every object is seen complete, and every beauty distinctly marked. The lake appears in its full magnitude, shaded by a bold wooded shore on the west, and graced by a sweet spreading vale on the east, that terminates in a bold stile under the surrounding mountains. The sloping ground to the bridge is charming, and the far extended vales of *Embleton* and *Isle* lie in fine perspective. The river *Derwent* has his winding course through the latter.

ANTIQUITIES. *Caer-mot* is about two miles further to the north, on the great road to old *Carlisle* and *Wigton*. It is a green high crowned hill, and on its skirt, just by the road side, are the manifest vestiges of a square encampment, inclosed with a double foss, extending from east to west 120 paces, and from south to north 100 paces. It is subdivided into several cantonments, and the road from *Keswick*
to

to old *Carlisle* has crossed it at right angles. Part of the *agger* is visible where it issues from the north side of the camp, till where it falls in with the line of the present road. It is distant about ten miles from *Keswick*, as much from old *Carlisle*, and is about two miles west of *Ireby*.

Camden proposes *Ireby* for the *Arbeia* of the Romans, where the *Bercarii Tigrinenses* were garrisoned, but advances nothing in favour of his opinion. The situation is such as the Romans never made choice of for a camp or garrison, and there remain no vestiges of either. By its being in a deep glen, among surrounding hills, where there is no pass to guard, or country to protect, a body of men could be of no use. On the northern extremity of the said hill of *Caer-mot* are the remains of a beacon, and near it the vestiges of a square encampment, enclosed with a foss and rampart of 60 feet by 70. This camp is in full view of *Blatumbulgi* (*Bowness*) and *Olenacum* (old *Carlisle*) and, commanding the whole extent of the *Solway-frith*, would receive the first notice from any frontier station, where the *Caledonians* might make an attempt to cross the frith, or had actually broke in upon the province; and notice of this might be communicated by the beacon on *Caer-mot* to the garrison at *Keswick*, by the watch

watch on *Castle-crag* in *Borrowdale*. The garrison at *Keswick* would have the care of the beacon on the top of *Skiddaw*; the mountain being of the easiest access on that side. By this means the alarm would soon become general, and the invaders either terrified into flight, or else the whole country soon be in arms to oppose them.

Whether these camps are the *Arbeia*, I pretend not to say, but that they were of use to the *Romans*, is evident; and what the *Britons* thought of them, is recorded in the name they have conferred on the hill, where they are situated.

The larger camp has no advantage of site, and is but ill supplied with water. The ground is of a spongy nature, and retains wet long, and therefore could only be occupied in the summer months. They seem to have the same relation to old *Carlisle* and *Keswick*, as the camp at *Whitbarrow* has to old *Penrith* and *Keswick*.

From *Caer-mot* descend to *Ouse-bridge*, and return to *Keswick* up the western side of the lake. Every lover of landscape should take this ride in the afternoon; and if the sun shine, it is exceedingly pleasant. The road branches off from the great road to *Cockermouth* a little below the bridge, and leads through the wood,
and

and round *Castle-how*. In some places it rises above the lake a considerable height, and the water is agreeably seen at intervals through a screen of low wood, that decks its banks. Then the road descends to the level of the water, and presents you with a variety of surprising views in different styles, that shew themselves in an agreeable succession, as the eye wanders in amazement along the lake.

STATION IV. At *Beck-wythop*, the lake spreads out to a great expanse of water, and its outlet is concealed by *Castle-how*. The immediate shore is lined with rocks, that range along banks completely dressed in low wood, and over them *Wythop-brows* rise almost perpendicular. The opposite shore is much variegated, and deeply embayed by the bold promontories of *Scarenefs*, *Bownefs*, and *Bradnefs*. Just opposite to you, a little removed from the margin of the lake, and under a range of wood, see the solitary church of *Bassenthwaite*. Its back-ground is gloomy *Ullock*; a descendant hill of parent *Skiddaw*, robed in purple heath, trimmed with soft verdure. The whole cultivated tract between the mountains and the lake is seen here in all its beauty, and *Skiddaw* appears no where of such majestic height as from this point, being seemingly magnified by the accompaniment of the lesser hills that surround its base. Over

Over the northern extremity of this expanse of water, the ground rises in an easy slope, and in the point of beauty *Armathwaite* is seated, queen of the lake, on which she smiles in graceful beauty. On each hand are hanging woods. The space between displays much cultivation, and is divided by inclosures, waving up the farms seen under the skirts of *Caermot*, the crown-topt hill, that closes this scene in the sweetest and most elegant manner possible. If the sun shine you may be entertained here, for hours with a pleasing variety of landscapes. All the views up the lake, are in a stile great and sublime. They are seen in the bosom of the lake softened by reflection, but to the glass is reserved the finished picture, in the truest colouring, and most just perspective. As you come out of the wood at the gate leading to the open space, there is a magnificent bird's-eye view of *Keswick*, in the centre of a grand amphitheatre of mountains. Proceeding along the banks of the lake, the road leads through *Thornthwaite*, and *Portinscale* to *Keswick*.

A morning ride up the vale of *Newland* to

BUTTERMERE.

This ride remains hitherto unnoticed, though one of the most pleasing and surprising in the environs

environs of *Keswick*. Company who visit the vale of *Keswick*, and view its lake from *Castlerigg*, *Lat-rigg*, *Swin-side*, and the vicarage, imagine inaccessible mountains only remain beyond the line of this amazing tract. But whoever takes a ride up *Newland* vale, will be agreeably surprised with some of the finest solemn pastoral scenes, they have yet beheld. Here present themselves an arrangement of vast mountains, entirely new, both in form and colouring of rock; large hollow craters scooped in their bosoms, once the seeming seats of raging liquid fire, though at present overflowing with the purest water, that foams down the craggy brows; other woods ornament their base, and other lakes clear as the *Derwent*, lie at their feet. The softer parts of these scenes, are verdant hills patched with wood, spotted with rock, and pastured with herds and flocks.

The ride is along *Swin-side*; and having turned the brow of the hill, and past the first houses through which the road leads, observe at the gate on the right, a view down a narrow vale, which is pleasing in a high degree.

The road continues winding through a glade, along the side of a rapid brook, that tumbles down a stony channel, with water as clear as chrystal. At the hedge-row-tree, under *Rowlingend* (a brawny mountain) turn and have a new and pleasing view of the vale of *Keswick*.
The

The road has then a gentle ascent, and the rivulet is heard murmuring below. At the upper end of the cultivated part of the vale, a green pyramidal hill, divided into waving inclosures, looks down the vale upon *Keswick*, &c. The verdant hills on each side terminate in rude awful mountains, that tower to the skies in a variety of grotesque forms; and on their murky furrowed sides hangs many a torrent. Above *Gasgadale*, the last houses in *Newland*, no traces of human industry appear. All is naked solitude and simple nature. The vale now becomes a dell, the road a path. The lower parts are pastured with a motly herd; the middle tract is assumed by the flocks, the upper regions (to man inaccessible) are abandoned to the birds of *Jove*. Here untamed nature holds her reign in solemn silence, amidst the gloom and grandeur of dreary solitude. *

The

* And here the following exclamation of young *Edwin* may be properly recalled to the reader's remembrance.

Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
 And woo the weary to profound repose,
 Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
 And whisper comfort to the man of woes!
 Here innocence may wander, safe from foes,
 And contemplation soar on seraph wings.
 O Solitude, the man who thee foregoes,
 When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
 Shall never know the source whence real grandeur springs.

Beattie's Minstrel, B. 2d.

X.

The morning sun beaming on the blue and yellow mountains sides, produces effects of light and shade, the most charming that ever a son of *Apelles* imagined. In approaching the head of *Newland-hawse*, on the left, a mountain of purple-coloured rock presents a thousand gaping chasms, excavated by torrents that fall into a basin, formed in the bosom of the mountain, and from thence precipitating themselves over a wall of rock, become a brook below. In front is a vast rocky mountain, the barrier of the dell, that opposes itself to all further access. Among the variety of waterfalls that distinguish this awful boundary of rock, one catches the eye at a distance, that exceeds the boasted *Lowdore*, in height of rock, and unity of fall, whilst the beholder is free from all anxiety of mind in the approach. Not one pebble, or grain of sand offends, but all is nature in her sweetest trim of verdant turf, spread out to please her votaries.

Whoever would enjoy, with ease and safety, Alpine views, and pastoral scenes in the sublime stile, may have them in this morning-ride.

The road, or rather tract, becomes now less agreeable than it was, for a few roods, not from any difficulty there is in turning the finest mountain turf into good road at a small expence, but from the inattention of the dalemen,

men, who habituate themselves to tread in the tract made by their flocks and wish for nothing better. It will not be labour lost to walk a few roods here, and see a new creation of mountains, as unlike those left behind, as the *Andes* are to the *Alps*. The contrast is really striking, and appears at once on the summit of the hill. On the right, at the head of a deep green dell, a naked furrowed mountain of an orange hue, has a strange appearance amongst his verdant neighbours, and sinks, by his height, even *Skiddaw* itself.

Descend the tract on the left, and you soon have in sight the highest possible contrast in nature. Four spiral towering mountains, dark, dun, and gloomy at noon-day, rise immediately from the western extremity of the deep narrow dell, and hang over *Buttermere*. The more southern is by the dalesmen, from its form, called *Hay-rick*; the more pyramidal, *High-crag*; the third *High-steel*; and the fourth, from its ferruginous colour, *Red-pike*. Between the second and third, there is a large crater, that, from the parched colour of the conical mountains in whose bosom it is formed, appears to have been the focus of a volcano in some distant period of time, when the cones were produced by explosion. At present it is the reservoir of water that feeds the roaring cataract you see in the

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descent

descent to *Buttermere*. Here all is barrenness, solitude and silence, only interrupted by the murmurs of a rill, that runs unseen in the narrow bottom of a deep dell.* The smooth verdant sides of the vast hills on the right, have many furrows engraven in their sides by the winter rains; and the sable mountains in front, present all the horrors of cloven rock, broken cliff, and mountain streams tumbling headlong. Some traces of industry obtruding themselves at the foot of the glen, disturb the solemn solitude, with which the eye and mind have been entertained, and point out your return to society,

* There is one curious spectacle, often seen by the shepherd, on the tops of these mountains, which the traveller may never chance to see, but which is so happily delineated in the following stanza, that he may the less regret it. What I mean is, the effects of mists, which frequently involve every object round the bases of these eminences, and which, in the district of *pointed hills* just described, must be experienced in the greatest perfection.

And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to climb,
 When all in mist the world below was lost.
 What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
 Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
 And view th' enormous waste of vapour, tost
 In billows lengthning to th' horizon round,
 Now scoop'd in gulphs, with mountains now emboss'd,
 And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
 Flocks, herds, and water-falls, along the hoar profound!

Minstrel, B. 1st,

X.

ciety; for you now approach the village of *Buttermere*, which is situated betwixt the lakes, and consists of sixteen houses. The chapel here is very small, the stipend not large, for, though twice augmented with the queen's bounty, it exceeds not twenty pounds per ann. This is one of the cures Mr. *Pennant* mentions; but the perquisites of the clog-shoes, harden-fark, whittle-gate, and goose-gate, have no better support than in some ancient, and, probably, *idle* tale.

The life of the inhabitants is purely pastoral. A few hands are employed in the slate quarries; the women spin woollen yarn, and drink tea. Above the village you have a view of the upper lake, two miles in length, and short of one in breadth. It is terminated on the western side by the ferruginous mountain already mentioned. A stripe of cultivated ground adorns the eastern shore. A group of houses, called *Gatesgarth*, is seated on the southern extremity, under the most extraordinary amphitheatre of mountainous rocks that ever eye beheld. Here we see *Honister-crag* rise to an immense height, flanked by two conic mountains, *Fleetwith* on the eastern, and *Scarf* on the western side. A hundred mountain torrents form never failing cataracts that thunder and foam down the centre of the rock, and form the lake below.

Here the rocky scenes and mountain landscapes are diversified and contrasted with all that aggrandizes the object in the most sublime stile, and constitute a picture the most enchanting of any in these parts.

Mr. *Gray's* account of *Barrowside*, and his relation of *Borrowdale*, are hyperboles; the sports of fancy he was pleased to indulge himself in. A person that has crossed the *Alps* or *Appenines*, will meet here with only miniatures of the huge rocks and precipices, the vast hills, and snow-topt mountains he saw there. And though he may observe much similarity in the stile, there is none in the danger. *Skiddaw*, *Helvellyn*, and *Catchidicam*, are but dwarfs when compared with mount *Maudite* above the lake of *Geneva*, and the guardian mountains of the *Rhone*. If the roads in some places be narrow and difficult, they are at least safe. No villainous banditti haunt the mountains; innocent people live in the dells. Every cottager is narrative of all he knows; and mountain virtue, and pastoral hospitality are found at every farm. This constitutes a pleasing difference betwixt travelling here and on the continent, where every inn-holder is an extortioner, and every voiturin an imposing rogue.

The space betwixt the lakes is not a mile, and consists of pasture and meadow ground.

The

The lower lake, called *Crummock-water*, soon opens after you leave the village, and pass through an oaken grove. A fine expanse of water sweeps away to the right under a rocky promontory, *Randon-knot*, or *Buttermere-hawse*. The road then serpentizes round the rock, and under a rugged pyramidal craggy mountain. From the crest of this rock, the whole extent of the lake is discovered. On the western side, the mountains rise immediately from the water's edge, bold and abrupt. Just in front, between *Blea-crag* and *Mell-break* (two spiral hills) the hoarse resounding noise of a water-fall is heard across the lake, concealed within the bosom of the cliff, through which it has forced its way, and when viewed from the foot of the fall, is a most astonishing phænomenon.

This lake is beautified with three small isles. One, of rock, lies just before you. The whole eastern shore is diversified with bays, the banks with scattered trees, and a few inclosures, terminated by a hanging wood. At the foot of the lake a high crowned hill pushes forward, fringed with trees, and sweetly laid out with inclosures. And above it, on a cultivated slope, is the chapel of *Lowes-water*, surrounded with scattered farms. Behind all, *Low-fell* raises his verdant front; a sweet contrast to his murky neighbours, and a

K 3
pleasing

pleasing termination, either as seen from the top of this rock, or from the bosom of the lake.

The chain of pyramidal mountains on each side of this narrow vale, are extremely picturesque. They rise from distinct bales, and swell into the most grotesque forms of serrated, or broken rocks.

These lakes are of a much greater depth than *Derwent-water*, and this may be the only reason why they have char, and some others have not. The char in the summer months retire to the deeps, probably to avoid the heat. The water here is clear, but not so transparent as the lake of *Derwent*. The outlet is at the north east corner, by the river *Cocker*, over which is a handsome stone-bridge of four arches. This lake is four miles in length, and in some places almost half a mile over.

LOWES - WATER.

Proceed from the bridge by *High-crofts*, to *Lowes-water*. Having passed through a gate that leads to the common, the lake spreads out before you, a mile in length, and of an equal breadth of about a quarter of a mile. The extremities are rivals in beauty of hanging woods, little groves, and waving inclosures,
with

with farms seated in the sweetest points of view. The south end is overlooked by lofty *Mellbreak*, at whose foot a white house, within some grass inclosures, under a few trees, stands in the point of beauty. The eastern shore is open, and indented with small bays, but the opposite side is more pleasing. *Carling-knot* presents a broad pyramidal front of swift ascent, covered with soft vegetation, and spotted with many aged solitary thorns. On each side the outlines wave upward in the finest manner, terminating in a cone of grey rock, patched with verdure.

This lake, in opposition to all the other lakes, has its course from north to south, and under *Mellbreak* falls into *Crummock-water*. It is of no great depth, and without char; but it abounds, as all the others do, in fine trout, &c.

An evening view of both lakes, is from the side of *Mellbreak*, at the gate, under a coppice of oak, in the road to *Ennerdale*. Nothing exceeds, in composition, the parts of this landscape. They are all great, and lie in fine order of perspective. If the view be taken from the round knoll at the lower end of the lake, the appearance of the mountains that bound it is astonishing. You have *Mellbreak* on the right, and *Grafmere* on the left, and betwixt

them, a stupendous amphitheatre of mountains, whose tops are all broken and dissimilar, and of different hues, and their bases skirted with wood, or cloathed with verdure. In the centre point of this amphitheatre, is a huge pyramidal broken rock, that seems with its figure, to change place as you move across the foreground, and gives much variety to the scenes, and alters the picture at every pace. In short, the picturesque views in this district are many, some mixt, others purely sublime, but all surprise and please. The genius of the greatest adepts in landscape might here improve in taste and judgment; and the most enthusiastic ardor for pastoral poetry, and painting, will here find an inexhaustible source of scenes and images.

When the roads to *Ennerdale* and *West-water* are improved, they may be taken in this morning ride.

From the bridge at the foot of the lake, ascend the road to *Brackenthwaite*. At the ale-house, *Scale-bill*, take a guide to the top of the rock, above Mr. *Bertie's* woods, and have an entirely new view of *Crummock-water*. The river *Cocker* is seen winding through a beautiful, and rich cultivated vale, spreading far to the north, variegated with woods, groves, and hanging grounds, in every pleasing variety.

The

The most singular object in this vale of *Lorton* and *Brackentwaite*, is a high crown-topped rock, that divides the vale, and raises a broken craggy head over hanging woods, that skirt the sloping sides, which are cut into waving inclosures, and varied with groves and patches of coppice wood. To the west, a part of *Lowes-water* is seen, under a fringe of trees at *High-cross*. Behind you, awful *Grasmere* (the *Skiddaw* of the vale) frowns in all the majesty of furrowed rock, cut almost perpendicularly to the center by the water-falls of ages. The swell of a cataract is here heard, but entirely concealed within the gloomy recess of a rocky dell, formed by the rival mountains, *Grasmere* and *Silver-side*. At their feet lie the mighty ruins, brought down from the mountains by the memorable water-spout, that deluged all the vale in September, 1760.*

After

* I don't know whether an account of the effects of this storm has been published; but the following description of a similar one which happened in *St. John's vale*, given as the most authentic that has yet appeared, by a native of the place, may here merit a perusal.

In the evening of the 22d of August, 1749, that day having been much hotter than was ever known in these parts, a strange and frightful noise was heard in the air, which continued for some time, to the great surprise of the inhabitants; sounding over them like a strong wind, though they could not perceive it. This was succeeded
by

After this, the mountains become humble hills, and terminate the sweet vale, that stretches from the feet of *Black-crag* and *Carlme-knot*, and

by the most terrible claps of thunder, and incessant flashes of lightening breaking over their heads. At the same time the clouds poured down whole torrents of water on the mountains to the east, which in a very little time swelled the channels of their rivulets and brooks, so as to overflow every bank, and overwhelm almost every obstacle in their way. In a moment they deluged the whole valley below, and covered with stones, earth, and sand, many acres of fine cultivated ground. Several thousands of huge fragments of broken rocks were driven by the impetuosity of these dreadful cataracts, into the fields below, and such was their bulk that some of them were more than ten horses could move, and one fairly measured nineteen yards in circumference. A corn-mill, dwelling-house, and stable, all under one roof, lay in the tract of one of these currents, and the mill from the one end, and the stable from the other, were both swept away; leaving the little habitation standing in the middle, rent open at both ends, with the poor old miller in bed, who was ignorant of the matter till he rose next morning, to behold nothing but ruin and desolation. His mill was no more; and instead of seeing green ground in the vale below, all was covered with large stones, and rubbish, four yards deep, and among which one of the mill-stones was irrecoverably lost. The old channel of the stream too was entirely choked up, and a new one cut open on the other side of the building, through the middle of a large rock, four yards wide, and nine deep.—Something similar to this happened at several other places in the neighbourhood, for the space of two miles, along *Legberthwaits*, and *Fornside*, but happily, through the providence of the Almighty, no person's life was lost.

and spreads itself into a country watered by the *Cocker*.

The ride down this vale is pleasant. All the scenes are smiling, rich, and rural. Every dalelander appears to be a man of taste, and every village, house, and cot, is placed in the choicest site, and decorated in the neatest manner, and stile of natural elegance. Not one formal avenue, or streight lined hedge, or square fish-pond, offends the eye in all this charming vale. The variety of situation gives diversity of views, and a succession of pleasing objects creates the desire of seeing.

The back view is under a wooded hill, near the fifth mile-post, and is fine. Here return up the great road to *Keswick*.

From *Keswick* to *Penrith*, seventeen miles of very good road, through an open wild country.

ANTIQUITIES. Upon *Hutton-moor*, and on the north side of the great road, may be traced the path of the Roman way, that leads from old *Penrith*, or *Plumpton-wall*, in a line almost due west, to *Keswick*. Upon the moor are the traces of a large encampment that the road traverses. And a little beyond the eighth mile-

mile-post, on the left, at *Whitbarrow*, are strong vestiges of a square encampment. The Roman road beyond that, is met with in the inclosed fields of *Whitbarrow*, and is known by the farmers, from the opposition they meet with in plowing across it. After that, it is found entire on the common called *Graystock-low-moor*; and lately they have formed a new road on the agger of it. It proceeds in a right line to *Graystock* town, where it makes a flexure to the left, and continues in a line to *Blencow*; it is then found in a plowed field, about 200 yards to the north of *Little-Blencow*, pointing at *Coach-gate*; from thence it passes on the north side of *Kellbarrow*, and through *Cow-close*, and was discovered in making the new turn-pike road from *Penrith* to *Cockermouth*, which it crossed near the toll-gate. From thence it stretches over *Whitrigg* in a right line, is visible on the edge of the wood at *Fairbank*, and in the lane called *Low-street*. From thence it points through inclosed land, to the south end of the station, called *Plumpton-wall*, and old *Penrith*. ---It crossed the brook *Petteral*, at *Topin-holme*.

In the year 1772, near *Little-Blencow*, in removing a heap of stones, two urns were taken up, about two feet and a half high, made of very coarse earth, and crusted on both sides with a brown clay, the tops remarkably wide,
and

and covered with a red flat stone. Besides ashes and bones, each urn had a small cup within it, of a fine clay, in the shape of a tea-cup. One was pierced in the centre of the bottom part. The place where they were taken up is called *Loddon-bow*, within 20 yards of the road between *Penrith* and *Skelton*, and about 200 yards from the Roman road, and four miles from the station. Also on the banks of the *Petteral*, a few roods from the south corner of the station, a curious altar was lately found. It was three feet four inches in height, and near sixteen inches square. It had been thrown down from the upper ground, and the corners broken off in the fall. The front has been filled with an inscription; the letters short and square, but not one word remains legible. On the right hand side is the *patera*, with a handle, and underneath the *secespita*. On the opposite side is the *ampula*, and from its lip a serpent or viper descends in waves. The back part is rude, as if intended to stand against a wall. The emblems are in excellent preservation. *

The

* This curious altar, after being some time in the possession of the Rev. Mr. *James* of *Arthuret*, was lately removed to *Netherby*, where it now makes one in Dr. *Graham's* valuable collection of antiques.

The castrum is 168 paces from south to north, by 110 within the foss; which was also surrounded with a stone-wall. The stones have been removed to the fence-wall on the road side, and being in *Plumpton*, is called *Plumpton-wall*.

The station is a vast heap of ruins, of stone building. The walls are of great thickness and cemented. The town has surrounded the station, except on the side of the *Pettral*. But whether the station took its name from the river, as being upon its banks, and was called the *Pettriana*, or whether the station gave name to the river, (which is perhaps the least probable) let him who can determine.

The station is twelve miles and three quarters from *Carlisle*; five and a quarter from *Penrith*; about seven from *Brougham-castle*; and about eighteen from *Keswick*, where an intermediate station must have been, between *Ambleside* and *Moresby*, and between old *Penrith* and *Moresby*, having *Caer-mot* between it and old *Carlisle*, and *Papcastle* between it and *Moresby*. The summer station would be on *Castle-hill*, and the winter station on the area of the present town of *Keswick*, or on some convenient place betwixt the conflux of the rivers *Greeta* and *Derwent*. And it is more probable that the *Derwentione* of the *Chorographia* was here, than at *Papcastle*,

Papcastle, which comes better in for the *Pam-pocalio* of the same *Choragraphia*. A station here would be an efficacious check on any body of the enemy that might cross the estuaries, above or below *Boulness*; and pass the watch there, and the garrisons at old *Carlisle*, *Ellenborough*, *Papcastle*, and *Morelby*; for it was impossible for any body of men to proceed to the south but by *Borrowdale* or *Dunmail-raise*, and a garrison at *Keswick* commanded both these passes. The watch at *Caer-mot* would give the alarm to that on *Castle-crag*, in the pass of *Borrowdale*, and the sentinel on *Castlet-head* that overlooks *Keswick*, would communicate the same to the garrison there; so it is apparently impossible that any body of men could pass that way unnoticed or unmolested. But if they attempted a rout on the northern side of *Skiddaw*, and over *Hutton-moor* to *Patterdale*, the watch at *Caer-mot* was in sight, both of old *Carlisle* and *Keswick*, and the garrison of the latter might either pursue, or give notice to *Whitbarrow* and *Ambleside*, to meet them in the pass at the head of *Patterdale*, called *rkston*, which is so steep, narrow and crowded with rocks, that a few veteran troops would easily stop the career of a tumultuous crowd. If they made good the pass, and turned to the east before the *Romans* arrived, they would in that case be harassed in the rear, till they arrived at *Kendal*,
where

where the watchmen from *Water-crook* would be ready to receive them, and then they would be attacked in front and rear. That the Romans have had engagements at *Kirkston* pass, is evident from the Roman arms that were lately found in the adjoining moss, and the many heaps of stones collected thereabouts, which have the appearance of barrows.

These are the only passes amongst the mountains, that a body of *Caledonians* could attempt in their way to the south, and these could not be secured without a station at *Keswick*; and that could not be more advantageously placed, than where the town now stands, on the meeting of the roads from the surrounding stations; all being about an equal distance from it, and at such a distance as rendered a station there necessary, and the several castellums, on *Castle-crag*, and *Castle-bill*, and *Castlet*, useful in giving notice, in order to guard these important posts. That no vestige is now visible of a station ever being there, nor any notice taken of it by *Camden*, *Horsley*, and others, nor even a traditional record of its existence, are seeming difficulties, which put the negative on what has been advanced. But this may only prove, that the place had been defaced at an early period, when no care was taken to preserve the memory of such remains,

and

and that the town occupies the whole area of the station, and that the station had been placed within the site of the town, probably in the lower part, facing the pass of the *Greta*. In the wheel of the *Greta*, in a meadow peninsulated by the river, just below the town, and called *Goats field* there are vestiges of a foss, but too imperfect to draw a conclusion from, in favour of the station. The ground round the town is very fertile, and has been long enough cultivated to destroy any remains of it, and what have been accidentally discovered may be gone into oblivion, and no change happening in the town itself to occasion new discoveries, farther proofs may still be wanting. If *Camden* visited *Keswick*, he was satisfied with the then present state of the "little town, which King *Edward I.* made a market." The face of the country only drew his attention. That *Horsley* never visited these parts is evident, from his mistaken account of the road from *Plumpton-wall* to *Keswick*, which he says passed through *Graystock-park*. This, had he but seen the face of the country, he could never have imagined. His mistake and *Camden's* silence, gave occasion to a regular survey of the said road, and finding the military roads from *Papcastle*, *Ellenborough*, *Morelby*, *Ambleside*, and *Plumpton*, all to coincide at *Kes-*

L. wick

wick; for this and the other reasons already assigned, it appeared evident that a station must be some where near. The *Castle-bill* above *Keswick*, is a faithful record of the existence of a station in this country. Here was the seat of the ancient lords of the manor of *Derwent-water*, probably raised on the ruins of the Roman fortress: But after the heiress of that family was married to *Ratcliff's*, the family seat was removed into *Northumberland*, and the castle went to ruins; and with the stones thereof the *Ratcliffs* built a house of pleasure in one of the islands in *Derwent-water*. * The name *Castle-bill* being more ancient than the last erection is still retained. At *Ambleside*, when I enquired for the Roman station, a few years ago, no person could inform me of it, till one considering my description, answered, It is the castle. The station at *Plumpton* is called by the same name; and at *Kendal*, the castellum that overlooks the station, is also called the *Castle-steads*. So here the *Castle bill*, was probably the place of the summer station, but being a fruitful tract, and much plowed, I have not been able to trace any appearance of a foss, or vallum, and therefore the whole must rest upon the necessity, or at least on the expediency, of a station here---Since the above

was

* *Nicolson's history of Cumberland*, page 86.

was written, an urn with other remains were turned up by the plow, in a field below the town, and said to be Roman. *

ULLS - WATER.

Those who do not chuse to go as far as *Penrith*, may, near the eighth mile-post turn off to the right (leaving *Mell-fell*, a round green hill, on the left) to *Matterdale*, and proceed into *Gowbarrow-park*, which will bring them upon *Ulls-water*, about the middle part of it, where it is seen to great advantage. But here it must be observed that some of the principal beauties of the lake, and the sweetest pastoral scenes, are entirely lost by this rout. *Dunmallet*, the greatest ornament of the lake, with the whole of the first great bend cannot here be seen, and much of the dignity of the lake is thereby lost. It is therefore better to ride on to the gate on the right, that leads to *Dacre*, and

L 2

over

* Our author's predilection for antiquities will perhaps by some be thought no recommendation to his book. Others, however, will no doubt consider the accounts he has given us of that kind very well worth the room they occupy. And should the proofs here offered of a Roman station at *Keswick* (and which the author always considered as one of the best parts of his performance) not appear fully satisfactory, they must at least be owned to be very ingenious.

X.

over *Dacre* common, to the foot of *Dunmallet*. By this course, every part of the lake will be viewed to the greatest advantage.

Mr *Gray's* choice of visiting this lake was from *Penrith*, up the vale of *Eamon*. "A grey autumnal day, (he writes) went to see *Ulls-water*, five miles distant; soon left *Keswick* road, and turned to the left through shady lanes along the vale of *Eamon*, which runs rapidly on near the way, rippling over the stones; to the right, *Dalemain* a large fabrick of pale red stone, with nine windows in front, and seven on the side. Further on, *Hutton St. John*, a castle-like old mansion of Mr. *Huddleston's*. Approach *Dunmallet*, a fine pointed hill, covered with wood. Began to mount the hill, and with some toil gained the summit. From hence saw the lake opening directly at my feet, majestic in its calmness, clear and smooth as a blue mirror, with winding shores, and low points of land, covered with green inclosure, white farm houses looking out among the trees, and cattle feeding. The water is almost every where bordered with cultivated lands, gently sloping upwards, from a mile to a quarter of a mile in breadth, till they reach the feet of the mountains, which rise very rude and awful with their broken tops on either hand. Directly in front, at better than three miles distance,

Place-fell.

Placc-fell, one of the bravest amongst them, pushes its bold broad breast into the midst of the lake, and forces it to alter its course, forming first a large bay to the left, and then bending to the right. Descended *Dunmallet* by a side avenue, only not perpendicular, and came to *Barton-bridge* over the *Eamon*. Then walked through a path in the wood, round the bottom of the hill, came forth where the *Eamon* issues out of the lake, and continued my way along the western shore, close to the water, and generally on a level with it; it is nine miles long, and at widest under a mile in breadth. After extending itself three miles and a half in a line to the south west, it turns at the foot of *Placc-fell*, almost due west, and is here not twice the breadth of the *Thames* at *London*. It is soon again interrupted by the root of *Helvellyn*, a lofty and very rugged mountain, and spreading again turns off to the south east, and is lost among the deep recesses of hills. To this second turning I pursued my way, about four miles along its borders, beyond a village scattered among trees, and called *Water-millock*. Here Mr. Gray leaves us, and the greatest part of the lake unseen, and its most picturesque parts undescribed. For the last bend of the lake is spotted with rocky isles, deeply indented with wooded promontories on

one side, and rocks on the other, from which result many a truly pleasing picture.

ANTIQUITIES. Before you quit the top of *Dunmallet*, observe the vestiges of its former importance in the remains of a Roman fort. An area of 110 paces by 37, surrounded with a foss, is yet visible, and stones of the rampart still peep through the grass. The well that supplied the guard kept here, was but lately filled up with stones. This fort must have been of much consequence in guarding the lake and commanding the pass, and in maintaining a connection between the garrisons of *Ambleside* and *Brougham*, it being five or six miles distant from the latter, and nineteen from the former. There are also strong vestiges of a square fort on *Soulby-fell*, which communicates with this and the camp at *Whitbarrow*.

Opposite to *Watermillock*, a cataract descends down the front of *Swarth-fell*, in *Martindale* forrest. At *Skelling-nab*, a bold promontory, the lake is contracted to a span, but it soon spreads itself again both ways, forming a variety of sweet bays and promontories. After a reach of three miles, it winds, with a grand sweep, round the smooth breast of *Place-fell*, and making a turn directly south, advances with equal breadth towards *Patterdale*. The
western

western shore is various. Drawing near the second bend, the mountains strangely intersect each other. Behind many wooded hills, rises *Stone-cross-pike*, and over ail, steep *Helvellyn* shews his toveraign head. On the western side *Tew-crag*, a noble pile of rock, fronts *Place-fell*, where its streams tumble in a catara&t to the lake. *Gowbarrow park* opens with a grand amphitheatre of shining rock, the floor of which is spread with soft green pasture, once shaded with ancient oaks, to which many decayed roots bear witness. Scattered thorns, trees, and bushes vary the ground, which is pastured with flocks, herds of cattle, and fallow deer. The road winds along the margin of the lake, and at every turn presents the finest scenes that can be imagined. At the upper end of *Gowbarrow-park*, the last bend of the lake, which is by much the finest, opens, scattered with small rocky islands. The shores are bold, rocky, wooded, and much embayed. Pass *New-bridge*, and the road winds up a steep rock, having the lake underneath you on the left. From the top, you have a view under the trees, both up and down the lake. *Martindale-fell*, a naked grey rock, on the opposite shore, rises abruptly from the water, to an Alpine height, and with an astonishing effect. The rock you stand upon hangs over the lake, which seems blue and unfathomable to the eye.

An island in the middle space has a beautiful appearance. This is the most romantic, striking, and terrible situation upon the lake, especially if the wind blow the surges of the water against the rock below you. The shores on both sides upward are very pleasing, and the little decorating isles are scattered in the most exquisite taste, and delightful order. The ride along the banks, since the repair of the road, is charming.

The upper end terminates in sweet meadows, surrounded on the right by towering, rocky hills, broken and wooded. *Martindale-fell* is the opposite boundary, skirted here with hanging inclosures, cots, and farms.

The principal feeders of this lake are *Grysdale-beck*, on the western corner, and *Goldrill-beck*, which descends from *Kirkston fell*. They enter it in a freer manner than the feeder of *Derwent* does, and make a much finer appearance at their junction.

From the bridge in *Patterdale*, *Goldrill-beck* serpentizes sweetly through the meadows, and falls easily into the lake about the middle of the vale. *Glencoinn-beck*, descending from *Helvellyn*, joins the lake at the bridge which unites the counties of *Westmerland* and *Cumberland*.

There is, from the top of the rock above the inn, a very charming view of the last bend
of

of the lake, which constitutes one of the finest landscapes on it, and takes in just enough for a delightful picture. The nearest fore-ground is a fall of inclosures. A rocky wooded mountain that hangs over *Patterdale-house* (called *Martinaale fell*) is in a proper point of distance on the right. Steep rocks, and shaggy woods hanging from their sides, are on the left. *Gowbarrow-park* rises in a fine stile from the water edge for the back-ground, and a noble reach of water, beautifully spotted with rocky isles, charmingly disposed, with perpetual change of rocky shore, fill the middle space of this beautiful picture.

This lake is of a depth sufficient for breeding char, and abounds with variety of other fish. Trout of thirty pounds weight and upwards, are said to be taken in it.

The water of the lake is very clear, but has nothing of the transparency of *Derwent*, and is inferior to *Buttermere* and *Crummock-water* also in this respect. The stones in the bottom, and along the shores, are coated with mud.

Mr. Gray viewed this lake, in the same manner as that at *Keswick* proceeding along its banks, and facing the mountains, judging that the idea of magnitude and magnificence were thereby increased, and the whole set off with every advantage of fore-ground. But this lake viewed from any height except *Dunmallet*,
also

also loses much of its dignity, as a lake, from the number of its flexures, and juttings out of promontories; it nevertheless retains the appearance of a magnificent river ingulphed in rocks.

The bold winding hills, the intersecting mountains, the pyramidal cliffs, the bulging, broken, rugged rocks, the hanging woods, and the tumbling, roaring cataract, are parts of the sublimer scenes presented in this surprising vale. The cultivated spots wave upward from the water in beautiful slopes, intersected by hedges, decorated with trees in the most pleasing manner; mansions, cottages, and farms, placed in the sweetest situations, are the rural parts, and altogether form the most delightful and charming scenes. The accompaniments of this lake are disposed in the most picturesque order, bending round its margin, and spreading upwards in craggy rocks and mountains, irregular in outline; yet they are certainly much inferior in sublimity, and horrible grandeur to the environs of *Keswick*, and the dreadful rocks in *Borrowdale*. But in this opinion we have Mr. *Cumberland* against us, who, having visited the other lakes in dark unfavourable weather, when nothing could be seen besides weeping rocks, flooded roads, and watery plains, darkened by sable clouds, that hovered

hovered over them and concealed their variegated shores,---entertained an unfavourable idea of them; and being more fortunate in a fine day, in that part of the tour, where he visited *Ulls-water*, he attuned his lyre in honour of this enchanting lake, and sung its charms in preference not only to *Windermere*, *Grasmere*, and the vale of *Keswick*, but he also raises it above the pride of *Lomond*, and the marvellous *Killarney*.

Our bard in the sweet ode alluded to, represents himself upon the banks of the lake of *Ulls-water*, bemoaning the hardness of his fate, in being deprived of a fine day for his view, when the sun beaming forth, blessed him with a full display of all the beauties of this enchanting lake. In gratitude for so special a favour, in a true poetic rapture, he dedicates this ode to the God of Day, and commemorates his partiality to the lake of *Patterdale* in the following harmonious numbers.

Me turbid skies and threat'ning clouds await,
Emblems alas! of my ignoble fate.

But see the embattled vapours break,
Disperse and fly,
Posting like couriers down the sky;
The grey rock glitters in the glassy lake;
And now the mountain tops are seen
Frowning amidst the blue serene;

The

The variegated groves appear,
 Deckt in the colours of the waning year;
 And, as new beauties they unfold,
 Dip their skirts in beaming gold.
 Thee, savage *Wyburn*, now I hail,
 Delicious *Grafsmere's* calm retreat,
 And stately *Windermere* I greet,
 And *Keswick's* sweet fantastick vale:
 But let her naiads yield to thee,
 And lowly bend the subject knee,
 Imperial lake of *Patrick's* dale,
 For neither Scottish *Lomond's* pride,
 Nor smooth *Killarney's* silver tide,
 Nor ought that learned *Poussin* drew,
 Or dashing *Rosa* flung upon my view,
 Shall shake thy sovereign undisturbed right,
 Great scene of wonder and sublime delight!

Hail to thy beams, O sun! for this display,
 What, glorious orb, can I repay?
 —The thanks of an unprostituted muse.*

The navigators of this lake find much amusement by discharging guns, or small cannon, at certain stations. The effect is indeed truly curious. For the report is reverberated from rock to rock, promontory, cavern, and hill, with every variety of sound, now dying away upon the ear, and again returning like peals of thunder, and thus re-echoed seven times distinctly.

* *Ode to the sun*, page 18. The whole of this ode is inserted in the *Addenda*, Article IV.

tinctly.*---Opposite to *Watermillock* is one of those stations.

The higher end of the lake is fourteen miles from *Penrith*, and ten from *Ambleside* of good turnpike road, save only at *Styboar-crag* where

* This effect is thus *poetically* described by Mr. *Hutchinson*.

““Whilst we sat to regale, the barge put off from shore to a station where the finest echoes were to be obtained from the surrounding mountains. The vessel was provided with six brass cannon mounted on swivels;—on discharging one of these pieces, the report was echoed from the opposite rocks, where by reverberation it seemed to roll from cliff to cliff, and return through every cave and valley, till the decreasing tumult gradually died away upon the ear.

—The instant it had ceased, the sound of every distant water-fall was heard, but for an instant only; for the momentary stillness was interrupted by the returning echo on the hills behind; where the report was repeated like a peal of thunder bursting over our heads, continuing for several seconds, flying from haunt to haunt, till once more the sound gradually declined;—again the voice of water-falls possessed the interval—till, to the right, the more distant thunder arose upon some other mountain, and seemed to take its way up every winding dell and creek, sometimes behind, on this side, or on that, in wondrous speed running its dreadful course; when the echo reached the mountains within the line and channel of the breeze, it was heard at once on the right and left, at the extremities of the lake.—In this manner was the report of every discharge re-echoed seven times distinctly.”

Excursion to the Lakes, page 65.

where it is cut into the rock that awfully overhangs it, and is too narrow.

Above *Goldrill-bridge* the vale becomes narrow and poor, the mountains steep, naked, and rocky. Much blue slate of an excellent kind, is excavated out of their bowels. The ascent from the lake to the top of *Kirkstun* is easy, and there are many water-falls from the mountains on both sides. From the top of *Kirkstun* to *Ambleside* the descent is quick. Some remarkable stones near the gorge of the pass, are called *High-trough*.

After what we have seen, the only lake that remains to be visited in this course is

H A W S - W A T E R.

This is a pretty morning ride from *Penrith*, or it may be taken in the way to *Shap*, or from *Shap* and return to *Kendal*. There is also a road from *Pooley-bridge*, over the mountain to *Ponten* vale, a beautiful secreted valley.

Ascending the road from *Pooley-bridge* to the south, from the brow of the common, you have a grand general view of *Ulls-water*, with all its winding shore and accompaniments of woods, rocks, mountains, bays and promontories, to the entrance of *Patterdale*. To the north east
you

you look down on *Pooly-bridge*, and the winding of the river guides the eye to a beautiful valley, much ornamented with plantations, in the midst of which *Dalemmain* is seated, queen of the vale of *Eamon*. Turning south, proceed by *White-raise*, a large karn of stones, and near it, are the remains of a small circus; ten stones of which are still erect. A little further on, are the vestiges of a larger one, of 22 paces by 25. All the stones, except the pillar, are removed. It stands on the south side of the circus; and the place is called *Dovack-moor*. Here the vale of *Ponton* opens sweetly to the view, ascending to the south, and spreading upwards in variety of daleland beauty. At the bridge the road turns to the right, and soon brings you upon *Haws-water*.

Mr. *Young* is the first that says any thing in favour of this sweet but unfrequented lake.

“ The approach to the lake is very picturesque: You pass between two high ridges of mountains, the banks finely spread with inclosures; upon the right, two small beautiful hills, one of them covered with wood; they are most pleasingly elegant. The lake is a small one, above three miles long, half a mile over in some places, and a quarter in others; almost divided in the middle by a promontory of inclosures, joined only by a strait, so that it
con-

sists of two sheets of water. The upper end of it is fine, quite inclosed, with bold, steep, craggy rocks and mountains; and in the centre of the end, a few little inclosures at their feet, waving upward in a very beautiful manner. The south side of the lake is a noble ridge of mountains, very bold and prominent down to the water's edge. They bulge out in the centre in a fine, bold, pendant, broad head, that is venerably magnificent: And the view of the first sheet of the lake losing itself in the second, among hills, rocks, woods, &c. is picturesque. The opposite shore consists of inclosures rising one above another, and crowned with craggy rocks." *

The narrowest part, by report, is 50 fathom deep, and a man may throw a stone across it. *Thwaite-force*, or *fall*, is a fine cataract on the right; and opposite to it, the first sheet of water is lost among the rocks and wood, in a beautiful manner. *Bleak-bow crag*, a ruinous rock, and over it, *Castle-crag*, a staring shattered rock, have a formidable appearance; and above all is seen *Kidstow-pike*, on whose summit the clouds weep into a crater of rock, that is never empty. On the eastern side a front of prominent rock bulges out in a solemn naked mass and a waving cataract descends the furrowed side

* *Six month's Tour*, vol 3d, page 168.

side of a soft green hill. The contrast is fine. ---At *Bleak-bow-crag* there is a pleasing back view.

Above the chapel all is hopeless waste and desolation. The little vale contracts into a glen, strewed with the precipitated ruins of mouldring mountains, and the destruction of perpetual water-falls.

Kendal is fourteen miles from the chapel, and whoever chutes an Alpine ride may proceed to it up this vale. From the chapel to the top of the mountain, is three miles, and the descent into *Longfledale* is as much more. In approaching the mountain, *Harter-fell* scowls forward in all the terrific grandeur of hanging rock. As you advance, a yawning chasm appears to divide it upwards from the base, and within it, is heard the hoarse noise of ingulphed waters. The tumult of cataracts and water-falls on all sides; adds much to the solemnity of these tremendous scenes. The path soon becomes winding, steep, and narrow, and is the only possible one across the mountain. The noise of a cataract on the left accompanies you during the ascent. On the summit of the mountain, you soon come in sight of *Longfledale*, *Lancaster* sands, &c. and in the course of your descent you will presently be accompanied with a cataract, on the right. The

M

road

road traverses the mountain as on the other side, but is much better made, and wider, on account of the slate, taken from the sides of these mountains, and carried to *Kendal*, &c. The water-falls on the right are extremely curious. You enter *Longfleddale* between two shattered rocky mountains. That on the left, *Crowbarrow*, is not less terrible to look up at, when under it, than any rock in *Barrowside* or *Borrowdale*, and it has covered a much larger space with ruins. Here is every possible variety of water-falls and cataracts; the most remarkable of which is on the left. Over a most tremendous wall of rock, a mountain torrent, in one unbroken sheet, leaps headlong one hundred yards and more. The whole vale is narrow; the hills rise swift on each hand; their brows are wooded; their feet covered with grass, or cultivated, and their summits broken. The road along the vale is tolerable, and joins the great road at *Watch-yate*, about four miles from *Kendal*.

Haws-water may be taken the first in the morning, and then cross the mountains by the road to *Pocky-bridge* for *Ulls-water*, and return in the evening to

PENRITH.

PENRITH.*

So much is already said of this town, that little remains new to be added here. The situation is pleasant and open to the south. It is tolerably well built, and rather a genteel than a trading town. The town's people are polite and civil, and the inns commodious and well served.

Saving the few resident families, the life of this town is its being a thorough-fare, for although it be seated in the midst of a rich and fruitful country, no manufacturers have been induced to fix here. Before the interest of the sister kingdoms became one, *Penrith* was a place of uncertain tranquillity, and too precarious for the repose of trade and manual industry; being better circumstanced for a place of arms and military exercise. Yet since this happy change of circumstances, no more than one branch of tanning, and a small manufacture of checks have taken place. This must be owing either to want of attention in people of property, or of industry in the inhabitants. The latter is not to be supposed; for the spirit of agriculture, introduced by the gentlemen of the environs, is in as flourishing a way amongst the farmers of this neighbourhood,

M 2

* (*Bereda*, Rav. Chor. *Vereda*, Anton. Inter.)

hood, as in other parts of the kingdom. The superfluities of the market are bought up for *Kendal*, where much of that produce is wanting which superabounds here.

The most remarkable objects at *Penrith* are the beacon, on the summit of the hill above the town, and the awful remains of a royal fortress, on the crest of the rising ground that commands the town. It is supposed to be an erection of *Henry VI.* out of the ruins of a more ancient structure called *Mayburgh*; but this is not very probable, since stones are easier quarried here than they could be got there. But as popular records have generally some fact to rest upon, and some truth in the bottom, so some facings and other principal stones taken from *Mayburgh*, might give rise to the tradition. There might also have been a strong hold here in the time of the *Romans*. At present the buildings are ruins in the last stage. One stone-arched vault only remains, that from its situation, appears to have been the *keep*, now no longer terrible since the border service ceased, and a mutual intercourse of trade and alliance happily took place of national reprisals, and family feuds.

The antiquity of this town is supposed to be found in its name, being of British derivation, from *Pen* and *Rhudd*, signifying, in that language,

language, a red head or hill; and such is the colour of the hill above the town, and the ground and stones around it. But, with respect to situation, it may as well be derived from *Pen*, the head, and *Rbyn*, a promontory, and so be referred to the beacon hill. But it may be judged a more honourable etymon to derive the name from *Pen* and *Rhydd*, of *Rhyddbau*, to make free, and it might be said that on account of special service or fidelity to the Roman government, the *Britons* of this town were emancipated from the abject slavery, that the nation in general were subjected to by their tyrannical masters. This, in their own language, might be *Penrhydd*, and pronounced by the *Britons*, as by the *Welsh* at this day, *Penrith*. However this may be, it has been the happiness of this town, to remain a royal franchise through all the ages of feudal servitude; at least ever since the reign of *Edward I.* without the incumbrance of a charter, and it is now peaceably governed by the steward of the honours, and a free jury. The honours of both town and castle belong to the Duke of *Portland*.

In the church-yard are some sepulchral monuments, which have long been the subject of antiquarian speculation, not yet decided. Thus much is evident that the pillars are of one stone, formed like the ancient spears; the

shafts round, for about seven feet high; above that, they appear to be square, and to have terminated in a point. They are about ten feet high, stand parallel to the church, distant from each other fifteen feet. The space between is inclosed with circular stones, by some conjectured to represent boars. There remains visible, on the upper part of the pillars, some ornamental work, but no inscription or figures appear at present, and the stones are so much fretted by time, that it rests upon meer conjecture to affirm there ever were any. They probably mark the tomb of some great man, or family, before the custom was introduced of interring within churches, and are probably British, or if not, must be Saxon.

There are many pleasing rides in the environs of *Penrith*; most of them lead to curious remains of ancient monuments, or to modern rural improvements. In *Whinfield-park* are the *Countess-pillar*, the *White-hart-tree*, and the *Three-brothers-tree*: The first particular is a filial tribute of *Ann* Countess Dowager of *Pembroke*, to the memory of her pious mother, *Mary* Countess Dowager of *Cumberland*; and the trees are the remains of large aged oaks, that have long outlived their own strength. One of them is upwards of nine yards in circumference. *Brougham* castle is an awful ruin,
the

the *Brovoniacum* of the *Romans*, and since that, the bulwark of *Westmorland* on that side, and the pride of its earls, for many descents. In the roof of a gallery is a stone with a Roman sepulchral inscription, much defaced. At *Little-Salkeld* is the largest druidical circle in the northern parts. Near *Eamont-bridge* is *Arthur's round-table*, and at a small distance from it, is *Mayburgh*, both of remote antiquity, and doubtful use. The first may be presumed to have been a place of public exhibition for martial exercises, and the latter has the circumstances of a British fort; but the rude pillar inclines some to believe it the remains of a druid temple. It is entirely formed of loose stones and pebbles, collected from the adjacent rivers and fields. That the height has once been great, may be collected from the vast breadth of the base, encreased by the fall of stones from the top. It incloses a circular area of 80 yards or more, and near the middle stands a red stone, upwards of three yards high. The entrance is on the eastern side, and opens to a sweet view of *Brougham-house*, to which the rude pillar, when whitened, (and of this Mr. *Brougham* is very careful) is a fine obelisk. If the name of this very extraordinary monument was *Brein-gwin*, then Mr. *Pennant*, from *Rowland*, has pointed out the use of "a supreme consistory of druidical administration,

as the British name imports." But if the present name be a Saxon corruption of the ancient name, which probably was *Myfrion*, by the Saxons pronounced *Maybirion*, or *Maybir*, and to bring it still nearer to their own language, *Mayburgh*, then this conjecture being admitted, it will signify a place of study and contemplation.* Such places the druids had, and were the public schools destined for the colloquial instruction of pupils in mysteries of religion, and the arcana of civil government. Druidical remains are frequent in this neighbourhood, and many of them similar; but *Mayburgh* is such a stupendous and singular construction, that it must have been designed for some extraordinary use.

From the beacon the views are many, all extensive and vast. The eye is in the centre of a plain inclosed with a circle of stupendous mountains of various forms. The plain is adorned with many ancient towns, and more ancient castles, stations, and castellums, where the Roman eagle long displayed her wings; but which are now possessed by a happier people, who enjoy, with freedom, all the refinements of liberal taste, and flourishing industry.

Haws-water may be conveniently visited from *Penrith*, returning from it by the ruins of *Shap* (or

* *Mona antiqua*, page 84.

(or *Hepe*) abbey, to *Shap*. The remains of this ancient structure are inconsiderable, yet picturesque. A square tower with piked windows, is the chief part of the ruins, and does honour to the reign of King *John*, when it was built for canons of the præmonstratensian order, that had been first placed near *Prestonpatrick* in *Kendal*, by *Thomas* son of *Gespatrik*.

This abbey was dedicated by the first founder to *St. Mary Magdalene*, and he endowed it with a large portion of his lands, in *Preston* in *Kendal*. His son translated it to *Magdalene* vale, near *Shap*, and further endowed it with the lands of *Karel*, or *Karlswath*. *Robert de Veteripont* (*Vipont*) first Lord of *Westmorland*, confirmed the precedent grants, and added to that of *Matilda* his mother, and *Ive* his brother, the tithes of all his mills, and of the game killed in all his lands, in *Westmorland*. This grant is dated on Saturday, April 24, in the 13th of King *John*.

From this sequestered spot continue the route to the village of *Shap*, a proper place for refreshment, before you face *Shap* fells, a dreary melancholy tract of twelve miles.* On the east

* This elevated tract being pretty near the centre of *Westmorland*, and where we may suppose its *Genius* most likely to sit enthroned, it may afford the reader a seasonable

east side of the road, soon after you leave the village, observe a double range of huge granites, pitched in the ground, and at some distance from each other, leading to circles of small stones

sonable amusement to peruse in this place a little ode addressed to that imaginary being, by a late elegant bard, when on one of his visits to his native country.

Ode to the Genius of Westmorland.

Hail hidden Power of these wild groves,
These uncouth rocks, and mountains grey!
Where oft, as fades the closing day,
The family of Fancy roves.

In what lone cave, what sacred cell,
Cœval with the birth of time,
Wrapt in high cares, and thought sublime,
In awful silence dost thou dwell?

Oft in the depth of winter's reign,
As blew the bleak winds o'er the dale;
Moaning along the distant gale,
Has fancy heard thy voice complain.

Oft in the dark wood's lonely way,
Swift has she seen thee glancing by;
Or down the summer evening sky,
Sporting in clouds of gilded day.

I caught from thee the sacred fire,
That glow'd within my youthful breast,
Those thoughts too high to be express'd,
Genius, if thou did'st once inspire;

O pleas'd

stones, and encreasing the space between the rows as they approach the circles, where the avenue is about 27 paces wide. They are supposed to have run quite through the village, and terminated in a point. It has long embarrassed the antiquaries, what to call this very uncommon monument of ancient date. Mr. *Pennant* has given a plausible explanation of it from *Olaus Magnus*, and supposes the rows of granites to be the recording stones of a Danish victory obtained on the spot, and the stony circles to be grateful tributes to the memory of consanguineous heroes slain in the action.

There is at a small distance to the east from these stones a spring, called *Shap-spaw*, in smell and taste like that of *Harrowgate*, and much frequented by the people of the country for scorbutic complaints, and eruptions of the skin. Leaving this gloomy region of black moors and shapeless mountains behind you, you approach a charming vale, which Mr. *Young* in his elegant manner describes thus,

“ After

O pleas'd accept this votive lay,
That in my native shades retir'd,
And once, once more by thee inspir'd,
In gratitude I pay.

See *Langborne's Effusions of Friendship and Fancy*,
Vol. I. Let. 25.
X.

“ After crossing this dreary tract, the first appearance of a good country is most exquisitely fine; about three miles from *Kendal*, you at once look down from off this desolate country upon one of the finest landscapes in the world; a noble range of fertile inclosures richly enamelled with most beautiful verdure: And coming to the brow of the hill have a most elegant picturesque view of a variegated tract of waving inclosures, spreading over hills, and hanging to the eye in the most picturesque and pleasing manner that fancy can conceive. Three hills in particular are overlooked, cut into inclosures in a charming stile, of themselves forming a most elegant landscape, and worthy the imitation of those who would give the embellishments of art to the simplicity of nature.”

The station from whence this description is taken, is about the midway between the third and fourth mile-stone, on the top of a rock on the east side of the road, called *Stone-crag*, which cannot be mistaken. The three hills referred to in the description, are on the near ground of the landscape. There are many beautiful hills and knolls scattered about the valley; some cultivated, others covered with wood, or shining in the softest verdure. But the most remarkable one for picturesque form, is an oval green hill crowned with the ruins of
a castle;

a castle; it divides the valley, and overlooks a town hanging on the side of a steep mountain; This is

KENDAL.*

The approach to it from the north is pleasant. A noble river, the *Kent*, is discovered flowing briskly through fertile fields, and visiting the town in its whole length. It is crossed by a bridge more venerable than handsome, where three great roads coincide, from *Sedburgh*, *Kirkby-Stephen*, and *Penrith*. The main street leading from the bridge slopes upwards to the centre of the town, and contracts itself into an inconvenient passage, where it joins another principal street, which falls with a gentle declivity both ways, and is a mile in length, and of a spacious breadth. Was an area for a market-place opened at the incidence of these two streets, it would give the town a noble appearance. The entrance from the south is by another bridge, which makes a short awkward turn into the suburbs, but after that, the street opens well, and the town has a chearful appearance.

Here is a workhouse for the poor, which for neatness and œconomy, exceeds most of the kind.

* (*Concangium*, Not. Imp.)

kind in the kingdom. * The principal inns are genteel, commodious, and plentifully served.

The objects most worthy of notice here are the manufactures. The chief of these are of Kendal-cottons (a coarse woollen cloth) of linseys, and of knit worsted stockings. Also a considerable tannery is carried on in this town. The lesser manufactures are, of fish-hooks, of waste silk, (which is received from *London*, and after scouring, combing, and spinning, is returned) and of wool cards, in which branch considerable improvements have been made by the curious machines invented here for that purpose. There are other articles of industry well worth seeing; as the mills for scouring, fulling, and frizing cloth, for cutting and rasping dying wood, &c. But what is most to the credit of this place, is, that notwithstanding many inconveniencies, which this town has ever laboured under, the manufactures have all along continued to flourish, and have of late years been greatly increased by the spirit and industry of the inhabitants. These manufactures are particularly noticed so early as the reign of King *Richard II.* and *Henry IV.* when special laws were enacted for the better regulation of the *Kendal* cloths, &c. When

* There has also been lately erected near the middle of this town, butcher's shambles said to be the neatest and most convenient of any in the north of *England*.

When *William* the conqueror gave the barony of *Kendal* to *Ivo de Taillebois*, the inhabitants of the town were villain-tenants of the baronial lord; but one of his successors emancipated them, and confirmed their burgages to them by charter. Queen *Elizabeth*, in the 18th year of her reign, erected it into a corporation, by the name of aldermen and burgeses; and afterwards King *James* I. incorporated it with a mayor, 12 aldermen, and 24 burgeses.

Mr. *Gray's* description of this town is equally injurious to it and his memory; but his account of the church and castle is worth transcribing. "Near the end of the town stands a handsome house of Colonel *Wilson's*, and adjoining to it, the church, a very large gothic fabric, with a square tower; it has no particular ornaments, but double isles, and at the east end four chapels or choirs." Mr. *Gray's* account then proceeds to the inside of the church,* which

† The following epitaph, composed for himself by Mr. *Ralph Tyrer*, vicar of *Kendal* (who died in 1627) and placed in the choir, may be worth the reader's perusal, on account of its quaintness, and yet uncommon historical precision.

London bred mee, Westminster fed mee,
 Cambridge sped mee, my sister wed mee,
 Study taught mee, Living fought mee,
 Learning brought mee, Kendal caught mee,

Labour

which he describes with his usual accuracy and ease. Speaking of the four chapels or choirs, he says; "there is one of *Parrs*, another of the *Stricklands*, the third is the proper choir of the church, and the fourth of the *Bellinghams*, a family now extinct. The *Bellinghams* came into *Westmorland* before the reign of *Henry VII.* and were seated at *Burneside*. † In the reign of King *Henry VIII.* *Adam Bellingham* purchased of the King the 20th part of a knight's fee in *Helsington*, parcel of the possession of *Henry Duke of Richmond*, and of Sir *John Lumley* (Lord *Lumley*) which his father *Thomas Bellingham* had farmed of the crown; he was succeeded by his son *James Bellingham*, who erected the tomb, in the *Bellingham's* chapel. There is an altar tomb of one of them (viz *Adam Bellingham*) dated 1577, with a flat brass arms and quarterings; and in the window their arms alone, argent, a hunting horn sable, strung gules. In the *Strickland's* chapel are several modern monuments, and

Labour pressed mee, Sicknefs distressed mee,
 Death oppressed mee, the Grave possessed mee,
 God first gave mee, Christ did save mee,
 Earth did crave mee, and heaven would have mee.

X.

† In the reign of King *Edward II.* *Richard Bellingham* married *Margaret* daughter and heiress of *Gilbert Burnishead*, of *Burnishead*, Knt. near *Kendal*.

and another old altar tomb, not belonging to the family: On the side of it a fess dancette between ten billets deincourt. This tomb is probably of *Ralph D'Aincourt*, who in the reign of King *John* married *Helen*, daughter of *Anselm de Furness*, whose daughter and sole heir *Elizabeth D'Aincourt* was married to *William*, son and heir of *Sir Robert de Stirkland*, of great *Stirkland*, knight, 2^d of *Henry III.* The son and heir was *Walter de Stirkland*, who lived in the reign of *Edward I.* was possessed of the fortunes of *Anselm de Furness* and *D'Aincourt* in *Westmorland*, and erected the above tomb, to the memory of his grandfather *Ralph D'Aincourt*. The descendants of the said *Walter de Stirkland* have lived at *Sizergh*, in this neighbourhood ever since, and this chapel is the family burial place. In *Parr's* chapel is a third altar tomb in the corner, no figure or inscription, but on the side, cut in stone, an escutcheon of *Rofs of Kendal*, three water-budgets, quartering *Parr*, two bars in a bordure engrailed; 2^{dly}, an escutcheon, vaire, a fess for marmion; 3^{dly}, an escutcheon, three chevrons braced, and a chief, which I take for *Fitzbugh*: At the foot is an escutcheon, surrounded with the garter, bearing *Rofs* and *Parr* quarterly, quartering the other two before-mentioned. I have no books to look in, therefore cannot say whether this is Lord *Parr* of

N

Kendal,

Kendal, Queen *Catharine's* father, or her brother the Marquis of *Northampton*. Perhaps it is a cenotaph for the latter, who was buried at *Warwick*, 1571."

The castle he describes thus. "The remains of the castle are seated on a fine hill on the side of the river opposite to the town; almost the whole inclosure wall remains, with four towers, two square and two round, but their upper parts and embattlements are demolished: It is of rough stone and cement, without any ornament or arms, round, inclosing a court of the like form, and surrounded by a moat; nor ever could it have been larger than it is, for there are no traces of out-works. There is a good view of the town and river, with a fertile open valley through which it winds."

Had Mr. *Gray* ascended from the end of *Stramongate-bridge* to the castle, which was the only way to it when in its glory, and is the easiest at present, he would have observed a square area that had been fortified with a deep moat, and connected to the castle by a draw-bridge, where was probably the base-court. The stones now are entirely removed and the ground levelled, "and laughing *Ceres* reassumes the land." The present structure was undoubtedly raised by the first barons of *Kendal*, and probably on the ruins of a Roman station;

tion; this being the most eligible site in the country for a summer encampment, and at a small distance from *Water-crook*. There are still some remains of a dark red freestone used in facings, and in the doors and windows, that have been brought from the environs of *Penrith*, more probably by the *Romans*, than by either the Saxon or Norman lords. Fame says this castle held out against *Oliver Cromwell*, and was battered from the *Castle-law-hill*, but this is not so probable, as that its present ruinous state is owing to the jealousy of that usurper.

There is a most pleasant morning ride of five miles, down the east side of the river. *Water-crook* is one mile distant on the right, close by the side of the *Kent*. This is the *Concangium* of the *Romans*, where a body of the *Vigilatores* (or watchmen) kept guard, and was the intermediate station betwixt the *Ditlis* at *Ambleside*, and the garrison at *Overborough*. The line of the fofs may be still traced, though much defaced by the plow. Altars, coins, and inscribed stones have been found here. And in the wall of the barn, on the very area of the station, is still legible the inscription, preserved by *Mr. Horsley*, * to the memory of two freed-men, with an imprecation against any one who should contaminate

N 2

their

* *Brit.* page 300.

their sepulchre, and a fine to the fiscal. There is also an altar without an inscription, and a *Silenus* without a head. At a small distance is a pyramidal knoll crowned with a single tree called *Sattury*, where probably something dedicated to the God *Saturn* has stood. Pass through the village of *Nailand*; and on the crest of a green hill on the left, called *Helm*, are the vestiges of a castellum called *Castle-steads*, which during the residence of the watchmen at *Water-crook*, corresponded (by smoke in the day, and flame in the night) with the garrison at *Lancaster*, by the beacon on *Warton-crag*. There is a house at a distance to the north, called *Watch-house*, where Roman coins have been found.

Proceed through *Sedgwick*, * and fall in with the course of the river at *Force-bridge*, and from the crown of it have a very singular romantic view of the river both ways, working its passage in a narrow deep channel of rocks, hanging over it in variety of forms, and streaming a thousand rills into the flood. The rocks in the bottom are strangely excavated into deep holes of various shapes, which when the river is low remain full of water, and from their depth, are black as ink. The bridge is one bold arch supported by the opposite rocks,
of

* Near this place large works for the manufactory of gunpowder have been lately erected.

of unknown antiquity. A mantle of ivy veils its ancient front, and gives it a most venerable appearance. If you ride down the west side of the river from the bridge, as far as the forge, to see the water-fall of the whole river, let it be remembered that the stream is much impaired in beauty since the forge was erected. And if, from the end of the uppermost house, you look up between two trees in the midst of the channel you will see the whole body of the river issuing from a fable cavern, and tumbling over a rock, of height just sufficient to convert it into froth as white as snow, and behind it, the arch of the bridge is partly caught in a disposition that forms a very uncommon assemblage of picturesque beauties. This is seen in highest perfection when the stream is full. Return to the bridge, and ride down the east side of the river to *Levens-park*. ---If you are not supplied with a key from *Kendal*, the keeper must be applied to.

Here is one of the sweetest spots that fancy can imagine. The woods, the rocks, the river, the grounds, are rivals in beauty of stile, and variety of contrast. The bends of the river, the bulging of rocks over it, under which in some places it retires in haste, and again breaks out in a calm and spreading stream, are match-

less beauties. The ground in some places is bold, and hangs abruptly over the river, or falls into gentle slopes, and easy plains. All is variety with pleasing transition. Thickets cover the brows; ancient thorns, and more ancient oaks, are scattered over the plain, and clumps, and solitary beach trees of enormous size, equal, if not surpass any thing the *Chiltern-hills* can boast. The park is well stocked with fallow-deer. The side of the *Kent* is famous for petrifying springs, that incrust vegetable bodies, as moss, leaves of trees, &c: There is one in the park, called the dropping well.

At a small distance is *Hinckley*, where the *Romans* had a camp. Within the park is *Kirkstead*, mentioned by *Camden* as a place frequented by the *Romans*, yet nothing of late belonging to that people has been discovered at either place. *Levens-house*, was the seat of a family of that name for many ages, then of *Redman* for several descents; afterwards it came to *Bellingham*, and *Adam*, or his son *James Bellingham* gave it the present form in the reign of *Queen Elizabeth*, and in taste of carvings in wood attempted to outdo his cotemporary, *Walter Strickland Esq.* of *Sizergh*. After *Bellingham* it came to *Colonel Graham*, and from

from his daughter by marriage to the ancestor of the late noble possessor. *

Return by *Levens-bridge* to *Kendal*, five miles. Have a new view of the valley, and the east side of *Kent*. At the park-gate have a charming view of *Sizergh*, shewing itself to the morning sun, and appearing to advantage from an elevated site under a bold and wooded background. The tower was built in the reign of *Henry III.* or *Edward I.* by Sir *William Strickland*, who had married *Elizabeth*, the general heir of *Ralph D'Aincourt*. This is evident from an escutcheon cut in stone on the west side of the tower, and hung cornerwise, *D'Aincourt* quartering *Strickland*, three escalop shells, the crest, on a close helmet, a full topt holly-bush. The same are the arms of the family at this time, and this has been their chief residence ever since. †

N 4

Before

* The Earl of *Suffolk*.—The gardens belonging to this seat are ratherly curious in the old style, and said to have been planned by the gardeners of *James II.* who resided here with Colonel *Graham* during some part of the troubles of his royal master.

† *Sizergh-hall* is a venerable old building, in a pleasant situation, formed like the rest in ancient time, for a place of defence. The tower is a square building, defended by two square turrets and battlements. One of them is over the great entrance, and has a guard room capable of containing ten or a dozen men with embrasures. The winding stair-case terminates in a turret, which defends the other entrance.

Burn's Westmorland.

Before you leave *Kendal* visit the *Castle-law-bill*. This is an artificial mount, that overlooks the town and faces the castle, and surpasses it in antiquity, being one of those hills called *Laws*, where in ancient times distributive justice was administered. From its present appearance it seems to have been converted to different purposes, but though well situated as a watch upon the castle, it could never be a proper place to batter it from, as is commonly reported.

To *Lancaster*, by *Burton in Kendal* (*Coscium*, Rav. Chor.) is 22 miles. Observe on the left before you reach *Burton*, *Farleton-knot*, a beautiful naked, limestone mountain, said to resemble much in form the rock of *Gibraltar*.

Between *Burton* and *Lancaster*, see *Dunald-mill-hole*, * a subterraneous cavern, with a brook running through it, and many curious petrifications in stile and kind like those in *Derbyshire*.

LANCASTER—

Finis chartæque viæque.

* This place is particularly described in Article V. of the following *Addenda*.

A VIEW

A VIEW OF THE
HEIGHT OF THE MOUNTAINS.

SEEN IN THIS TOUR,

And the most remarkable ones in other parts of the world.

TAKEN FROM THE LATEST SURVEYS.

Heights of mountains above the level of the sea.

By Mr. Waddington, A. D. 1770.

	<i>Feet.</i>
Snowdon in Wales - - - - -	3456
Whernside - - - - -	4050
Pendle-hill - - - - -	3411
Pennygant - - - - -	3930
Ingleborough - - - - -	3987

By Mr. Donald.

Helvellyn - - - - -	3324
Skiddaw - - - - -	3270
Crofs-fell - - - - -	3390
Saddleback - - - - -	3048

In North Britain.

Pennant's Tour in Scotland, 1769.

Ben-lomond - - - - -	3240
Benevish - - - - -	4350
Ben-y-bourd, still higher. *	

Laghin-

* From its summit to the sea is a quick descent of seventy miles,

Laghin-y-gair.

Feet.

Benewewish. †

Heights above the level of the Mediterranean sea.

By M. T. Bourrit.

Lake of Geneva at the lower passage of the Rhone - - - - -	1194
Summit of Dole, the highest mountain of Jura - - - - -	5400
Valley of Chamouni, in Savoy - - -	3363
Ridge de Brevin, a Glacier in the val- ley of Chamouni - - - - -	8847
Valley of Mountainvert, in Savoy -	5595
Abbey of Sixt, ibid: - - - - -	2391
Summit of Grenier - - - - -	8346
Summit of Grenairon - - - - -	8874
Summit of Buet - - - - -	9945
Mount Blanc - - - - -	15243
Mount Ætna - - - - -	12000

Heights above the level of the ocean.

Highest part of the Table, at the Cape of Good Hope - - - - -	3459
Pike Rucio, in the island of Madeira -	5067
Pike Teneriffe - - - - -	13197
The same according to Dr. Heberden in Madeira - - - - -	15396
Summit	

† The last three mountains are never without snow.

Feet.

Summit of Cotopaxi, in the province of Quito, according to Don Antonio de Ulloa	- - - - -	19929
Carambour under the equator	- -	18000
Chimboraco	- - - - -	19320
Petchincha	- - - - -	14580
Carafon	- - - - -	14820

From this survey of mountains it appears that *Whernside* is the highest in *South Britain*, yet below the point of permanent snow. It has been observed by the French academicians, that amongst the *Cordilleras*, in the province of *Quito*, *Petchincha* and *Carafon* are the highest accessible mountains, and that all of greater heights are vested with eternal snow.

On the *Glaciers* snow is permanent at a much inferior height; and where the sun's rays fall more oblique, less height is found the boundary between temporary and eternal snow. But no mountain in *South Britain* touches the zone of barrenness, that intervenes between this region and the limits of vegetation. Sheep pasture the summits of *Snowdon*, *Helvellyn*, and *Skiddaw*, and barrenness only prevails where rock and precipice are the invincible obstacles to vegetation.

ROADS

R O A D S

From LANCASTER to the LAKES.

Miles.

- Lancaster.
- 3 Hest-bank.
- 9 Over Lancaster-fands to Carter-house.
- 2 Cartmel church-town, or Flookburgh.
- 2 Holker-gate.
- 3 Over Ulverston-fands to Carter-house.
- 1 Ulverston.
- 12 Dalton, Furness abbey, and back to Ulverston.
- 4 Penny-bridge.
- 2 Lowick-bridge.
- Or 5 from Ulverston to Lowick-bridge.
- 2½ Through Nibthwaite, to Coniston Water-foot.
- 6 Coniston Water-head
- 3 Hawkshead.
- 5 To Ambleside.
- Or 4 to the ferry on Windermere-water.
- 1 Bowness across Windermere-water.
- 7 Ambleside.
- 2 Rydal.
- 2 Grasmere:
- 2½ Dunmail-raise-stones.

3¼ Dale-

- 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ Dale-head.
- 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ Castle-rigg.
- 1 Kefwick
- 3 Lowdore water-fall.
- 1 Grange.
- 1 Bowdar-stone, Castle-hill.
- 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Rosthwaite.
- 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Seathwaite.
- 9 Kefwick.
- 8 Down Bassenthwaite-water, by Bowness,
Bradness, Scareness to Armathwaite.
- 9 Up the other side of the lake to Kefwick.
- 5 Galsgadale.
- 3 Buttermere.
- 6 Down Crummock-water to Lorton.
- 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ Kefwick.
- 4 Threlkeld.
- 6 Whitbarrow.
- 1 Penruddock.
- 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ Penrith.
- 5 Dunmallet, at the foot of Ulls-water,
and Pooley-bridge.
- 9 Water-millock, Gowbarrow-park, Airy-
bridge, to the head of Ulls-water.
- 9 Ambleside.
- Or 14 to Penrith.
- 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ By Lowther, Askham, and Bampton to
Haws-water.
- 15 From the head of Haws-water through
Long-fleddale, to Kendal,

Or

Or 5 to Shap, by Rosgil and Shap abbey:

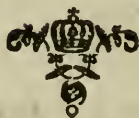
7 Hawse-foot.

8 Kendal.

10 Down the east side of Kent to Levens-
park, and return to Kendal by Sizergh.

21 Burton in Kendal.

21 Lancaster.



A D D E N D A.

A. D. E. N. D. A.

A D D E N D A.

IT having been judged, that the principal detached pieces, which have appeared on the subject of the *lakes*, by esteemed writers, if collected together might accommodate the reader, and contribute to the chief purpose of this manual,—they are here subjoined in the order they were first published, along with some other connected articles, and similar descriptions, which relate to the same country. X.

A R T I C L E I.

DR. BROWN'S LETTER,

DESCRIBING THE VALE AND LAKE OF KESWICK.

IN my way to the north from *Hagley*, I passed thro' *Dovedale*; and to say the truth, was disappointed in it. When I came to *Buxton*, I visited another or two of their romantic scenes; but these are inferior to *Dovedale*. They are but poor miniatures of *Keswick*; which exceeds them more in grandeur than I can give you to imagine; and more, if possible, in beauty than in grandeur.

Instead of the narrow slip of valley which is seen at *Dovedale*, you have at *Keswick* a vast amphitheatre, in circumference above twenty miles. Instead of a meagre rivulet, a noble living lake, ten miles round, of an oblong form, adorned with a variety of wooded islands. The rocks indeed of *Dovedale* are finely wild, pointed, and irregular; but the hills are both little and unanimated;
O and

and the margin of the brook is poorly edged with weeds, morafs, and bushwood.—But at *Keswick*, you will on one fide of the lake, fee a rich and beautiful landfcape of cultivated fields, rifing to the eye, in fine inequalities, with noble groves of oak, happily difperfed; and climbing the adjacent hills, fhade above fhade, in the moft various and picturesque forms. On the oppofite fhore, you will find rocks and cliffs of ftupendous height, hanging broken over the lake in horrible grandeur, fome of them a thoufand feet high, the woods climbing up their fteep and fhaggy fides, where mortal foot never yet approached. On thefe dreadful heights the eagles build their nefts; a variety of water-falls are feen pouring from their fummits, and tumbling in vaft fheets from rock to rock in rude and terrible magnificence: while on all fides of this immense amphitheatre the lofty mountains rife round, piercing the clouds in fapes as fpiry and fantaltic, as the very rocks of *Dovedale*.—To this I muft add the frequent and bold projection of the cliffs into the lake, forming noble bays and promontories: in other parts they finely retire from it, and often open in abrupt chafms or clefts, thro' which at hand, you fee rich and cultivated vales, and beyond thefe at various diftance, mountain rifing over mountain; among which, new profpects prefent themfelves in mift, till the eye is loft in an agreeable perplexity:

Where active fancy travels beyond fenfe,
And pictures things unfeen.——

Were I to analyfe the two places into their conflituent principles, I fhould tell you, that the full perfection of *Keswick* confifts of three circumftances, *beauty*, *horror*, and *immensity* united; the fecond of which is alone found in *Dovedale*. Of beauty it hath little: nature having left it almoft a defart: neither its fmall extent, nor the diminutive and lifelefs form of the hills admit magnificence.—But to give you a complete idea of thefe three perfections, as they are joined in *Keswick*, would require the united
powers

powers of *Claude*, *Salvator*, and *Poussin*. The first should throw his delicate sunshine over the cultivated vales, the scattered cots, the groves, the lake, and wooded islands. The second should dash out the horror of the rugged cliffs, the steeps, the hanging woods, and foaming waterfalls; while the grand pencil of *Poussin* should crown the whole, with the majesty of the impending mountains.

So much for what I would call the *permanent* beauties of this astonishing scene. Were I not afraid of being tiresome, I could now dwell as long on its *varying* or *accidental* beauties. I would sail round the lake, anchor in every bay, and land you on every promontory and island. I would point out the perpetual change of prospect: the woods, rocks, cliffs, and mountains, by turns vanishing or rising into view: now gaining on the sight, hanging over our heads in their full dimensions, beautifully dreadful; and now by a change of situation, assuming new romantic shapes, retiring and lessening on the eye, and insensibly losing themselves in an azure mist. I would remark the contrast of light and shade, produced by the morning and evening sun; the one gilding the western and the other the eastern side of this immense amphitheatre; while the vast shadow projected by the mountains buries the opposite part in a deep and purple gloom, which the eye can hardly penetrate: the natural variety of colouring which the several objects produce is no less wonderful and pleasing; the ruling tints in the valley being those of azure, green, and gold, yet ever various, arising from an intermixture of the lake, the woods, the grass, and corn-fields: these are finely contrasted by the grey rocks and cliffs; and the whole heightened by the yellow streams of light, the purple hues, and misty azure of the mountains. Sometimes a serene air and clear sky disclose the tops of the highest hills: at others you see the clouds involving their summits, resting on their sides, or descending to their base, and rolling among the vallies, as in a vast furnace.—

When the winds are high, they roar among the cliffs and caverns, like peals of thunder: then too the clouds are seen in vast bodies sweeping along the hills in gloomy greatness, while the lake joins the tumult and tosses like a sea. But in calm weather the whole scene becomes new: the lake is a perfect mirror; and the landscape in all its beauty, islands, fields, woods, rocks, and mountains are seen inverted and floating on its surface.—I will now carry you to the top of a cliff, where if you dare approach the ridge, a new scene of astonishment presents itself, where the valley, lake, and islands, seem lying at your feet, where this expanse of water appears diminished to a little pool amidst the vast immeasurable objects that surround it; for here the summits of more distant hills appear beyond those you had already seen; and rising behind each other in successive ranges and azure groups of craggy and broken steeps, form an immense and awful picture, which can only be expressed by the image of a tempestuous sea of mountains.—Let me now conduct you down again, to the valley, and conclude with one circumstance more, which is, that a walk by still moon-light (at which time the distant water-falls are heard in all their variety of sound) among these enchanting dales, opens a scene of such delicate beauty, repose, and solemnity, as exceeds all description.

A R T I C L E II.

EXTRACT FROM

DR. DALTON'S DESCRIPTIVE POEM,

ENUMERATING THE BEAUTIES OF THE LAKE OF
KESWICK. *

———T O nature's pride,
Sweet *Keswick's* vale, the muse will guide.
The muse, who trod th' enchanted ground,
Who sail'd the wond'rous lake around,
With you will haste once more to hail
The beaut'ous brook of *Borrowdale*.

From savage parent gentle stream!
Be thou the muse's favourite theme:
O soft insinuating glide
Silent along the meadow's side,
Smooth o'er the sandy bottom pass
Resplendent all through fluid glass,
Unless upon thy yielding breast
Their painted heads the lillies rest,
To where in deep capacious bed,
The widely liquid lake is spread.

Let other streams rejoice to roar
Down the rough rocks of dread *Lowdore*,
Rush raving on with boist'rous sweep,
And foaming rend the frightened deep,
Thy gentle genius shrinks away,
From such a rude unequal fray;
Through thine own native dale, where rise
Tremendous rocks amid the skies,
Thy waves with patience slowly wind,
Till they the smoothest channel find,

O 3

Soften

* First printed in 1755.—See *Pearce's Collection of Poems*.

Soften the horrors of the scene,
And through confusion flow serene.

Horrors like these at first alarm,
But soon with savage grandeur charm,
And raise to noblest thoughts the mind:
Thus by thy fall, *Lowdore*, reclin'd,
The craggy cliff, impendent wood,
Whose shadows mix o'er half the flood,
The gloomy clouds, which solemn sail,
Scarce lifted by the languid gale,
O'er the cap'd hill, and darken'd vale;
The ravening kite, and bird of Jove,
Which round the aerial ocean rove,
And, floating on the billowy sky,
With full expanded pinions fly,
Their fluttering or their bleating prey
Thence with death-dooming eye survey;
Channels by rocky torrents torn,
Recks to the lake in thunder born,
Or such as o'er our heads appear
Suspended in their mid career,
To start again at his command,
Who rules fire, water, air, and land,
I view with wonder and delight,
A pleasing, though an awful sight:
For, seen with them, the verdant isles
Soften with more delicious smiles,
More tempting twine their op'ning bow'rs,
More lively glow the purple flow'rs,
More smoothly slopes the border gay,
In fairer circles bends the bay,
And last, to fix our wand'ring eyes,
Thy roofs, O *Keswick*, brighter rise,
The lake and lofty hills between,
Where giant *Skiddaw* shuts the scene.

A R T I C L E III.

MR. GRAY'S JOURNAL,

IN A LETTER TO DR. WHARTON, OCTOBER 18th 1769,
PUBLISHED IN THE MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE BY
MR. MASON.

I Hope you got safe and well home after that trouble-some night. * I long to hear you say so. For me I have continued well, been so favoured by the weather, that my walks have never once been hindred till yesterday (that is a fortnight and three or four days, and a journey of more than 300 miles.) I am now at *Aston* for two days. To-morrow I go to *Cambridge*. *Mason* is not here; but Mr. *Alderson* receives me. According to my
O 4 promise,

* Dr. *Wharton*, who had intended to accompany Mr. *Gray* to *Kestwick*, was seized at *Brough* with a violent fit of his asthma, which obliged him to return home. This was the reason that Mr. *Gray* undertook to write the following journal of his tour for his friend's amusement. He sent it under different covers; I give it here in continuation. It may not be amiss, however, to hint to the reader, that if he expects to find elaborate and nicely-turned periods in this narration, he will be greatly disappointed. When Mr. *Gray* described places, he aimed only to be exact, clear, and intelligible; to convey peculiar, not general ideas, and to paint by the eye, not the fancy. There have been many accounts of the *Westmorland* and *Cumberland* lakes, both before and since this was written, and all of them better calculated to please readers, who are fond of what they call fine writing: Yet those who can content themselves with an elegant simplicity of narrative, will, I flatter myself, find this to their taste; they will perceive it was written with a view, rather to inform than surprise; and, if they make it their companion when they take the same tour, it will enhance their opinion of its intrinsic excellence; in this way I tried it myself before I resolved to print it.

promise, I send you the first sheet of my journal, to be continued without end.

Sept. 30. A mile and a half from *Brough*, where we parted, on a hill lay a great army * encamped: To the left opened a fine valley with green meadows and hedgerows, a gentleman's house peeping forth from a grove of old trees. On a nearer approach appeared myriads of cattle and horses in the road itself, and in all the fields round me, a brisk stream hurrying cross the way, thousands of clean healthy people in their best party-coloured apparel: Farmers and their families, esquires and their daughters hailing up from the dales and down the fells from every quarter, glittering in the sun, and pressing forward to join the throng. While the dark hills, on whose tops the mists were yet hanging, served as a contrast to this gay and moving scene, which continued for near two miles more along the road, and the crowd (coming towards it) reached on as far as *Appleby*. On the ascent of the hill above *Appleby* the thick hanging wood, and the long reaches of the *Eden*, clear, rapid, and full as ever, winding below, with views of the castle and town, gave much employment to the mirror: † but now the sun was wanting and the sky overcast. Oats and barley cut every where, but not carried in. Passed *Kirbythore*, Sir *William Dalston's* house at *Accorn-bank*, *Whinfield-park*, *Hartborn-castl*, *Countess-pillar*, *Brougham-castle*, Mr. *Brown's* large new house; crossed the *Eden* and the *Ement* with its green vale, and dined at three o'clock with Mrs. *Buchanan*

* There is a great fair for cattle kept on the hill near *Brough* on this and the preceding day.

† Mr. *Gray* carried usually with him on these tours a plano-convex mirror of about four inches diameter on a black foil, and bound up like a pocket-book. A glass of this sort is perhaps the best and most convenient substitute for a camera obscura, of any thing that has hitherto been invented, and may be had of any optician.

Buchanan at *Penrith*, on trout and partridge. In the afternoon walked up *beacon-hill*, a mile to the top, and could see *Ulls-water* through an opening in the bosom of that cluster of broken mountains, which the *Dr.* well remembers, *Whinfield* and *Lowther parks*, &c. and the craggy tops of an hundred nameless hills: These lie to the west and south. To the north, a great extent of black and dreary plains. To the east, *Crooks-fell*, just visible through mists and vapours hovering round it.

Oct. 1. A grey autumnal day, the air perfectly calm, and mild, went to see *Ulls-water*, five miles distant; soon left the *Keswick* road, and turned to the left through shady lines along the vale of *Emont*, which runs rapidly on near the way, rippling over the stones; to the right is *Dalemain*, a large fabrick of pale red stone, with nine windows in front and seven on the side, built by *Mr. Hassell*; behind it a fine lawn surrounded by woods, and a long rocky eminence rising over them: A clear and brisk rivulet runs by the house to join the *Emont*, whose course is in sight and at a small distance. Further on appears *Hutton St. John*, a castle-like old mansion of *Mr. Huddleston*. Approached *Dunmallet*, a fine pointed hill covered with wood, planted by old *Mr. Hassell* before mentioned, who lives always at home, and delights in planting. Walked over a spongy meadow or two, and began to mount the hill through a broad straight green alley among the trees, and with some toil gained the summit. From hence saw the lake opening directly at my feet, majestic in its calmness, clear and smooth as a blue mirror, with winding shores and low points of land covered with green inclosures, white farm-houses looking out among the trees, and cattle feeding. The water is almost every where bordered with cultivated lands, gently sloping upwards from a mile to a quarter of a mile in breadth, till they reach the feet of the mountains, which rise very rude and awful with their broken tops on either hand. Directly in front at better than three miles distance, *Place-fell*, one of the bravest among them,

them, pushes its bold broad breast into the midst of the lake, and forces it to alter its course, forming first a large bay to the left, and then bending to the right. I descended *Dunmallet* again by a side avenue, that was only not perpendicular, and came to *Barton-bridge* over the *Emont*; then walking though a path in the wood round the bottom of the hill, came forth where the *Emont* issues out of the lake, and continued my way along its western shore close to the water, and generally on a level with it. Saw a cormorant flying over it and fishing. The figure of the lake nothing resembles that laid down in our maps: It is nine miles long; and at widest under a mile in breadth. After extending itself three miles and a half in a line to south-west, it turns at the foot of *Place-fell* almost due west, and is here not twice the breadth of the *Thames* at *London*. It is soon again interrupted by the root of *Helvellyn*, a lofty and very rugged mountain, and spreading again turns off to the south-east, and is lost among the deep recesses of the hills. To this second turning I pursued my way about four miles along its border beyond a village scattered among trees and called *Watermillock*, in a pleasant grave day, perfectly calm and warm, but without a gleam of sunshine; then the sky seeming to thicken, and the valley to grow more desolate, and the evening drawing on, I returned by the way I came to *Penrith*.

Oct. 2. I set out at ten for *Keswick*, by the road we went in 1767; saw *Greystock* town and castle to the right, which lie about three miles from *Ullswater* over the fells; passed through *Penriddock* and *Threlkeld* at the foot of *Saddleback*, whose furrowed sides were gilt by the noon-day sun, whilst its brow appeared of a sad purple from the shadow of the clouds as they sailed slowly by it. The broad and green valley of *Gardies* and *Lowside*, with a swift stream glittering among the cottages and meadows, lay to the left, and the much finer but narrower valley of *St. John's* opening into it: *Hill-top*, the large though low mansion of the *Gaskarths*, now a farm-house, seated on an eminence

eminence among woods, under a steep fell, was what appeared the most conspicuous, and beside it a great rock, like some ancient tower nodding to its fall. Passed by the side of *Skiddaw* and its cub, called *Lat-rig*; and saw from an eminence, at two miles distance, the vale of *Elysium* in all its verdure; the sun then playing on the bosom of the lake; and lighting up all the mountains with its lustre. Dined by two o'clock at the *Queen's head*, and then straggled out alone to the parsonage, where I saw the sun set in all its glory.

Oct. 3. A heavenly day; rose at seven, and walked out under the conduct of my landlord to *Borrowdale*; the grass was covered with a hoar-frost, which soon melted and exhaled in a thin bluish smoke; crossed the meadows, obliquely catching a diversity of views among the hills over the lake and islands, and changing prospect at every ten paces. Left *Cockshut* (which we formerly mounted) and *Castle-hill*, a loftier and more rugged hill behind me, and drew near the foot of *Wallaw-crag*, whose bare and rocky brow cut perpendicularly down above 400 feet (as I guess, though the people called it much more) awfully overlooks the way. Our path here tends to the left, and the ground gently rising and covered with a glade of scattering trees and bushes on the very margin of the water, opens both ways the most delicious view that my eyes ever beheld. Opposite are the thick woods of Lord *Egremont* and *Newland* valley, with green and smiling fields embosomed in the dark cliffs; to the left the jaws of *Borrowdale*, with that turbulent chaos of mountain behind mountain, rolled in confusion; beneath you and stretching far away to the right, the shining purity of the lake reflecting rocks, woods, fields, and inverted tops of hills, just ruffled by the breeze, enough to shew it is alive, with the white buildings of *Keswick*, *Crosthwaite* church, and *Skiddaw* for a back-ground at a distance. Behind you the magnificent heights of *Wallaw-crag*: Here the glass played its
part

part divinely; the place is called *Carf-clofe-reeds*; and I chose to set down these barbarous names, that any body may enquire on the place and easily find the particular station that I mean. This scene continues to *Barrowgate*, and a little farther, passing a brook called *Barrow-beck*, we entered *Borrowdale*: The crags named *Lowdore-banks* begin how to impose terribly over your way, and more terribly when you hear that three years since an immense mass of rock tumbled at once from the brow, and barred all access to the dale (for this is the only road) till they could work their way through it. Luckily no one was passing by at the time of this fall; but down the side of the mountain, and far into the lake, lie dispersed the huge fragments of this ruin in all shapes and in all directions; Something farther we turned aside into a copse, ascending a little in front of *Lowdore* waterfall; the height appeared to be about 200 feet, the quantity of water not great, though (these three days excepted) it had rained daily in the hills for near two months before: But then the stream was nobly broken, leaping from rock to rock, and foaming with fury. On one side a towering crag that spired up to equal, if not overtop the neighbouring cliffs (this lay all in shade and darkness:) On the other hand a rounder, broader, projecting hill shagged with wood, and illuminated by the sun, which glanced sideways on the upper part of the cataract. The force of the water wearing a deep channel in the ground, hurries away to join the lake. We descended again and passed the stream over a rude bridge. Soon after we came under *Gowdar-crag*, a hill more formidable to the eye, and to the apprehension, than that of *Lowdore*; the rocks at top deep-cloven perpendicularly, by the rains, hanging loose and nodding forwards, seem just starting from their base in shivers. The whole way down, and the road on both sides is strewed with piles of the fragments strangely thrown across each other, and of a dreadful bulk; the place reminds me of those passes in the *Alps*, where the guides tell

tell you to move on with speed, and say nothing, lest the agitation of the air should loosen the snows above, and bring down a mass that would overwhelm a caravan, I took their counsel here and hastened on in silence.

Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda, e passa.

The hills here are clothed all up their steep sides with oak, ash, birch, holly, &c. some of it has been cut forty years ago, some within these eight years; yet all is sprung again, green, flourishing, and tall, for its age, in a place where no soil appears but the staring rock, and where a man could scarce stand upright: here we met a civil young farmer overseeing his reapers (for it is now oat harvest) who conducted us to a neat white house in the village of *Grange*, which is built on a rising ground in the midst of a valley; round it the mountains form an awful amphitheatre, and through it obliquely runs the *Derwent* clear as glass, and shewing under its bridge every trout that passes. Beside the village rises a round eminence of a rock covered intirely with old trees, and over that more proudly towers *Castle-crag*, invested also with wood on its sides, and bearing on its naked top some traces of a fort, said to be Roman. By the side of this hill, which almost blocks up the way, the valley turns to the left and contracts its dimensions till there is hardly any road but the rocky bed of the river. The wood of the mountains increases, and their summits grow loftier to the eye, and of more fantastic forms; among them appear *Eagle's-cliff*, *Dove's-nest*, *Whitedale-pike*, &c. celebrated names in the annals of *Keswick*. The dale opens about four miles higher till you come to *Seathwaite* (where lies the way mounting the hills to the right that leads to the wadd-mines;) all farther access is here barred to prying mortals, only there is a little path winding over the fells, and for some weeks in the year passable to the dalesmen; but the mountains know well that these innocent people will not reveal the mysteries of their ancient kingdom, "the reign of *Cbaos* and

and *Old Night*:" only I learned that this dreadful road, dividing again, leads one branch to *Ravenglass*, and the other to *Hawthhead*.

For me, I went no farther than the farmer's (better than four miles from *Keswick*) at *Grange*; his mother and he brought us butter that *Sizerab* would have jumped at, though not in a lordly dish, bowls of milk, thin oat-cakes and ale; and we had carried a cold tongue thither with us. Our farmer was himself the man, that last year plundered the eagle's eyrie; all the dale are up in arms on such an occasion, for they lose abundance of lambs yearly, not to mention hares, partridges, grouse, &c. He was let down from the cliff in ropes to the shelf of the rock on which the nest was built, the people above shouting and hallooing to fright the old birds, which flew screaming round, but did not dare to attack him. He brought off the eaglet (for there is rarely more than one) and an addle egg. The nest was roundish, and more than a yard over, made of twigs twisted together. Seldom a year passes but they take the brood or eggs, and sometimes they shoot one, sometimes the other, parent; but the survivor has always found a mate (probably in *Ireland*) and they breed near the old place. By his description I learn that this species is the *Erne*, the vulture *Albicilla* of *Linnaeus*, in his last edition, (but in yours *Falco Albicilla*) so consult him and *Pennant* about it.

We returned leisurely home the way we came; but saw a new landscape; the features indeed were the same in part, but many new ones were disclosed by the mid-day sun, and the tints were intirely changed; take notice this was the best, or perhaps the only day for going up *Skiddaw*, but I thought it better employed; it was perfectly serene, and hot as midsummer.

In the evening I walked alone down to the lake, by the side of *Crow-park*, after sunset, and saw the solemn colouring

ing of the night draw on, the last gleam of sunshine fading away on the hill tops, the deep serene of the waters, and the long shadows of the mountains thrown across them, till they nearly touched the hithermost shore. At a distance were heard the murmurs of many water-falls, not audible in the day-time; I wished for the moon; but she was dark to me and silent,

Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.

OE. 4. I walked to *Grow-park*, now a rough pasture once a glade of ancient oaks, whose large roots still remain in the ground, but nothing has sprung from them. If one single tree had remained, this would have been an unparallel'd spot; and *Smith* judged right when he took his print of the lake from hence, for it is a gentle eminence, not too high, on the very margin of the water, and commanding it from end to end, looking full into the gorge of *Borrowdale*. I prefer it even to *Cockshot-bill* which lies beside it, and to which I walked in the afternoon; it is covered with young trees both sown and planted, oak, spruce, Scotch-fir, &c. all which thrive wonderfully. There is an easy ascent to the top, and the view far preferable to that on *Castle-hill* (which you remember) because this is lower and nearer to the lake; for I find all points that are much elevated, spoil the beauty of the valley, and make its parts, which are not large, look poor and diminutive. * While I was here a little shower fell, red clouds came marching up the hills from the east, and part of a bright rainbow seemed to rise along the side of *Castle-hill*.

From

* The picturesque point is always thus low in all prospects: A truth, which though the landscape painter knows, he cannot always observe; since the patron who employs him to take a view of his place, usually carries him to some elevation for that purpose, in order, I suppose, that he may have more of him for his money. Yet when I say this, I would not be thought to mean that a drawing should

From hence I got to the parsonage a little before sunset, and saw in my glass a picture that if I could transmit to you, and fix it in all the softness of its living colours, would fairly sell for a thousand pounds. This is the sweetest scene I can yet discover in point of pastoral beauty; the rest are in a sublimer stile.

Oct 5. I walked through the meadows and corn-fields to the *Derwent*, and crossing it went up *How-hill*; it looks along *Bassenthwaite-water*, and sees at the same time the course of the river, and a part of the upper lake, with a full view of *Skiddaw*: Then I took my way through *Portingscale* village to the *Park*, a hill so called, covered entirely with wood; it is all a mass of crumbling slate. Passed round its foot between trees and the edge of the water, and came to a peninsula that juts out into the lake, and looks along it both ways; in front rises *Wallaw-crag* and *Castle-hill*, the town, the road to *Penrith*, *Skiddaw*, and *Saadieback*. Returning met a brisk and cold north-eastern blast, that ruffled all the surface of the lake, and made it rise in little waves that broke at the foot of the wood. After dinner walked up the *Penrith* road two miles, or more, and turning into a corn-field to the right, called *Castle-rig*, saw a druid circle of large stones, 108 feet in diameter, the biggest not eight feet high, but most of them still erect; they are fifty in number. † The valley of *St. John's* appeared in sight, and the summits of *Catbedecam* (called by *Camaen*, *Cassicand*) and *Helvellyn*, said to be as high as *Skiddaw*, and to rise from a much higher base.

Oct.

should be made from the lowest point possible; as for instance, in this very view, from the lake itself, for then a fore-ground would be wanting. On this account, when I sailed on *Derwent-water*, I did not receive so much pleasure from the superb amphitheatre of mountains around me, as when, like *Mr. Gray*, I traversed its margin; and therefore think he did not lose much by not taking boat.

† See this piece of antiquity more fully described, with a plate annexed, by *Mr. Pennant* in his second tour to *Scotland* in 1772, p. 33.

Oct. 6. Went in a chaise eight miles along the east side of *Bassenthwaite-water* to *Ouse-bridge* (pronounced *Ews-bridge*;) the road in some part made, and very good, the rest slippery and dangerous cart-road, or narrow rugged lanes, but no precipices; it runs directly along the foot of *Skiddaw*. Opposite to *Widhope-brows*, cloathed to the top with wood, a very beautiful view opens down to the lake, which is narrower and longer than that of *Keswick*, less broken into bays, and without islands. * At the foot of it, a few paces from the brink, gently sloping upwards, stands *Armathwaite* in a thick grove of Scotch firs, commanding a noble view directly up the lake: At a small distance behind the house is a large extent of wood, and still behind this a ridge of cultivated hills, on which, according to the *Keswick* proverb, *the sun always shines*. The inhabitants here on the contrary, call the vale of *Derwent-water*, *the Devil's chamber pot*, and pronounce the name of *Skiddaw* fell, which terminates here, with a sort of terror and aversion. *Armathwaite-house* is a modern fabrick, not large, and built of dark-red stone, belonging to Mr. *Spedding*, whose grandfather was steward to old Sir *James Lowther*, and bought this estate of the *Himers*. The sky was overcast and the wind cool; so after dining at a public house, which stands here near the bridge, (that crosses the *Derwent* just where it issues from the lake) and sauntering a little by the water side, I came home again. The turnpike is finished from *Cockermouth* hither, five miles, and is carrying on to *Penrith*: several little showers to day. A man came in who said there was snow on *Gross-fell* this morning.

Oct. 7. I walked in the morning to *Crow-park*, and in the evening up *Penrith* road. The clouds came rolling
P up

* It is somewhat extraordinary that Mr. *Gray* omitted to mention the islands on *Derwent-water*; one of which, I think they call it *Vicar's-island*, makes a principal object in the scene. See *Smith's* view of *Derwent water*.

up the mountains all round very dark, yet the moon shone at intervals. It was too damp to go towards the lake. To-morrow I mean to bid farewell to *Keswick*.

Botany might be studied here to great advantage at another season, because of the great variety of soils and elevations, all lying within a small compass. I observed nothing but several curious lichens, and plenty of gale or Dutch myrtle perfuming the borders of the lake. This year the wadd-mine had been opened, which is done once in five years; it is taken out in lumps sometimes as big as a man's fist, and will undergo no preparation by fire, not being fusible; when it is pure, soft, black, and loose-grained, it is worth sometimes thirty shillings a pound. There are no char ever taken in these lakes, but plenty in *Buttermere-water*, which lies a little way north of *Borrowdale*, about Martinmas, which are potted here. They sow chiefly oats and bigg here, which are now cutting and still on the ground; the rains have done much hurt: yet observe, the soil is so thin and light, that no day has passed in which I could not walk out with ease; and you know I am no lover of dirt. Fell mutton is now in season for about six weeks; it grows fat on the mountains, and nearly resembles venison. Excellent pike and perch, here called bass: Trout is out of season; partridge in great plenty.

Oct. 8. I left *Keswick* and took the *Ambleside* road in a gloomy morning; and about two * miles from the town mounted an eminence called *Castle-rigg*, and the sun breaking out, discovered the most enchanting view I have yet seen of the whole valley behind me, the two lakes, the river, the mountains all in their glory; so that I had almost a mind to have gone back again. The road in some few parts is not completed, yet good country road, through sound but narrow and stony lanes, very safe in broad day light. This is the case about *Causeway-foot*,
and

* Rather a mile.

and among *Naddle-fells* to *Langthwaite*. The vale you go in has little breadth; the mountains are vast and rocky, the fields little and poor, and the inhabitants are now making hay, and see not the sun by two hours in a day so long as at *Keswick*. Came to the foot of *Helvellyn*, along which runs an excellent road, looking down from a little height on *Leatbes-water* (called also *Thirlmere*, or *Wyburn-water*) and soon descending on its margin. The lake looks black from its depth, and from the gloom of the vast crags that scowl over it, though really clear as glass; it is narrow, and about three miles long, resembling a river in its course; little shining torrents hurrying down the rocks to join it, but not a bush to overshadow them, or cover their march; all is rock and loose stones up to the very brow, which lies so near your way, that not above half the height of *Helvellyn* can be seen.

Next I passed by the little chapel of *Wyburn*, out of which the Sunday congregation were then issuing; soon after a beck near *Dunmail-raise*, where entered *Westmorland* a second time; and now began to see *Holm-crag*, distinguished from its rugged neighbours, not so much by its height as by the strange broken outlines of its top, like some gigantic building demolished, and the stones that composed it flung across each other in wild confusion. Just beyond it, opens one of the sweetest landscapes that art ever attempted to imitate. The bosom of the mountains spreading here into a broad basin discovers in the midst *Grafsmere-water*; its margin is hollowed into small bays, with bold eminences; some of rock, some of turf, that half-conceal, and vary the figure of the little lake they command: from the shore, a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village with the parish church rising in the midst of it: hanging inclosures, corn-fields and meadows green as an emerald, with their trees and hedges, and cattle, fill up the whole space from the edge of the water: And just opposite to

you is a large farm-house at the bottom of a steep smooth lawn, embosomed in old woods which climb half way up the mountains side, and discover above them a broken line of crags that crown the scene. Not a single red tile, no gentleman's flaring house, or garden walls, break in upon the repose of this little unsuspected paradise; but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty, in its neatest most becoming attire.

The road winds here over *Grasmere* hill, whose rocks soon conceal the water from your sight; yet it is continued along behind them, and contracting itself to a river, communicates with *Rydal-water*, another small lake, but of inferior size and beauty; it seems shallow too, for large patches of reeds appear pretty far within it. Into this vale the road descends. On the opposite banks large and ancient woods mount up the hills; and just to the left of our way stands *Rydal-hall*, the family seat of Sir *Michael le Fleming*, a large old-fashioned fabrick, rounded with wood: Sir *Michael* is now on his travels, and all this timber far and wide, belongs to him. Near the house rises a huge crag, called *Rydal-head*, which is said to command a full view of *Windermere*, and I doubt it not; for within a mile, that the lake is visible even from the road: as to going up the crag, one might as well go up *Skiddaw*.

I now reached *Ambleside*, eighteen miles from *Keswick*, meaning to lie there: but on looking into the best bed-chamber, dark and damp as a cellar, grew delicate, gave up *Windermere* in despair, and resolved I would go on to *Kendal* directly, fourteen miles farther.* The road in general, fine turnpike, but some parts (about three miles in all) not made, yet without danger.

For

* By not staying a little at *Ambleside*, Mr. *Gray* lost the sight of two magnificent cascades: the one not half a mile behind the inn, the other down *Rydal-crag*, where Sir *Michael le Fleming* is now making a path-way to the top of it. These, when I saw them, were

For this determination I was unexpectedly well-rewarded: for the afternoon was fine, and the road, for the space of full five miles, ran along the side of *Windermere*, with delicious views across it, and almost from one end to the other. It is ten miles in length, and at most a mile over, resembling the course of some vast and magnificent river; but no flat marshy grounds, no oser-beds, or patches of scrubby plantations on its banks: at the head two vallies open among the mountains; one, that by which we came down, the other *Langdale*, in which *Wrynose* and *Hardknot*, two great mountains, rise above the rest: From thence the fells visibly sink, and soften along its sides; sometimes they run into it (but with a gentle declivity) in their own dark and natural complexion: oftener they are green and cultivated, with farms interspersed, and round eminences, on the border covered with trees: towards the south it seemed to break into large bays, with several islands and a wider extent of cultivation. The way rises continually, till at a place called *Orrest-head* it turns south-east, losing sight of the water.

P 3

Passed

were in full torrent; whereas *Lowdore* water-fall, which I visited in the evening of the very same day, was almost without a stream. Hence I conclude that this distinguished feature in the vale of *Keswick*, is like the most northern rivers, only in high beauty during bad weather. But his greatest loss was in not seeing a small water-fall, visible only through the window of a ruined summer-house in Sir *Michael's* orchard. Here nature has performed every thing in little that she usually executes on her larger scale; and on that account, like the miniature painter, seems to have finished every part of it in a studied manner; not a little fragment of rock thrown into the basin, not a single stem of brushwood that starts from its craggy sides but has its picturesque meaning; and the little central stream dashing down a cleft of the darkest coloured stone, produces an effect of light and shadow beautiful beyond description. This little theatrical scene might be painted as large as the original, on a canvas not bigger than those usually dropped in the opera-house.

[There is a cascade at *Nunnery*, near *Kirkoswald* in *Cumberland*, much in the same stile as this. The accompaniments are as beautiful, the basin larger, and the perpendicular fall 28 feet.]

Passed by *Ings* chapel and *Staveley*; but I can say no farther, for the dusk of the evening coming on, I entered *Kendal* almost in the dark, and could distinguish only a shadow of the castle on a hill, and tender grounds spread far and wide round the town, which I mistook for houses. My inn promised sadly, having two wooden galleries, like *Scotland*, in front of it: it was indeed an old ill-contrived house, but kept by civil sensible people; so I stayed two nights with them, and fared and slept very comfortably.

Oct. 9. The air mild as summer, all corn off the ground, and the sky-larks singing aloud (by the way, I saw not one at *Keswick*, perhaps, because the place abounds in birds of prey.) I went up the castle hill; the town chiefly consists of three nearly parallel streets, almost a mile long; except these, all the other houses seem as if they had been dancing a country-dance, and were out: there they stand back to back, corner to corner, some up hill, some down, without intent or meaning. Along by their side runs a fine brisk stream, over which there are three stone-bridges; the buildings (a few comfortable houses excepted) are mean, of stone, and covered with a bad rough-cast.* Near the end of the town stands a handsome house of Colonel *Wilson's*, and adjoining to it the church, a very large gothick fabrick, with a square tower: it has no particular ornaments but double ayles, and at the east end four chapels or choirs; one of the *Parrs*, another of the *Stricklands*; the third is the proper choir

[* The accounts of things given by *hasty* travellers are generally inaccurate, and often injudicious. As to the principal streets of *Kendal* they are neither three in number, nor nearly parallel. They are but two. One about a mile in length, and another of about half a mile. These streets contain indeed but few elegant houses; they are however on the whole as open and well built as in most other towns. As to the *bad rough-cast*, our author speaks of, judges of rough-cast, have always supposed this country no way deficient either in its materials, or in the manner of laying it on.]

choir of the church, and the fourth of the *Bellinghams*, a family now extinct. There is an altar tomb of one of them dated 1577, with a flat brass, arms and quarterings; and in the window their arms alone, arg. a hunting horn, sab. strung gules. In the *Stricklands'* chapel several monuments, and another old altar tomb, not belonging to the family: On the side of it a fess dancetty between ten billets deincourt. In the *Parr's* chapel is a third altar tomb in the corner, no figure or inscription, but on the side cut an escutcheon, of *Rofs of Kendal* (three water budgets) quartering *Parr*, (two bars in a bordure engrailed;), 2dly, an escutcheon, vair, a fess for marmion; 3dly, an escutcheon, three chevronels braced, and a chief (which I take for *Fitzburgh*;) at the foot is an escutcheon, surrounded with the garter, bearing *Rofs* and *Parr* quarterly, quartering the other two before mentioned. I have no books to look in, therefore cannot say whether this is the Lord *Parr* of *Kendal*, Queen *Catharine's* father, or her brother the Marquis of *Northampton*: Perhaps it is a cenotaph for the latter, who was buried at *Warwick* in 1571. The remains of the castle are seated on a fine hill on the side of the river opposite the town; almost the whole inclosure of the walls remains, with four towers, two square and two round, but their upper parts and embattlements are demolished: It is of rough stone and cement, without any ornament or arms, round, inclosing a court of like form, and surrounded by a moat; nor ever could it have been larger than it is, for there are no traces of outworks. There is a good view of the town and river, with a fertile open valley through which it winds.

After dinner I went along the *Millthrop* turnpike, four miles, to see the falls, or force of the river *Kent*; came to *Sixergh*, (pronounced *Sifer*) and turned down a lane to the left. This seat of the *Stricklands*, an old catholick family, is an ancient hall-house, with a very large tower embattled; the rest of the buildings added to it are of a later

date, but all is white, and seen to advantage on a background of old trees; there is a small park also well wooded. Opposite to this, turning to the left, I soon came to the river; it works its way in a narrow and deep rocky channel overhung with trees. The calmness and brightness of the evening, the roar of the waters, and the thumping of huge hammers at an iron-forge not far distant, made it a singular walk; but as to the falls (for there are two) they are not four feet high. I went on down to the forge, and saw the demons at work by the light of their own fires: The iron is brought in pigs to *Millthrop* by sea from *Scotland*, &c. and is here beat into bars and plates. Two miles further, at *Levens* is the seat of Lord *Suffolk*, where he sometimes passes the summer: It was a favourite place of his late Countess; but this I did not see.

Oct. 10. I proceeded by *Burton* to *Lancaster*, twenty-two miles; very good country, well inclosed and wooded, with some common interspersed. Passed at the foot of *Farlton-knot*, a high fell. Four miles north of *Lancaster*, on a rising ground called *Bolton* (pronounced *Bouton*) we had a full view of *Cartmel* sands, with here and there a passenger riding over them (it being low water;) the points of *Furness* shooting far into the sea, and lofty mountains, partly covered with clouds, extending north of them. *Lancaster* also appeared very conspicuous and fine; for its most distinguished features, the castle and church, mounted on a green eminence, were all that could be seen. Woe is me! when I got thither, it was the second day of their fair; the inn, in the principal street, was a great old gloomy house full of people; but I found tolerable quarters, and even slept two nights in peace.

In a fine afternoon I ascended the castle-hill; it takes up the higher top of the eminence on which it stands, and is irregularly round, encompassed with a deep moat: In front, towards the town, is a magnificent gothic gateway,

way, lofty and huge; the overhanging battlements are supported by a triple range of corbels, the intervals pierced through and shewing the day from above. On its top rise light watch towers of small height. It opens below with a grand pointed arch; over this is a wrought tabernacle, doubtless once containing its founder's figure; on one side a shield of *France* semy-quartered with *England*; on the other the same, with a label, ermine, for *John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster*. This opens to a court within, which I did not much care to enter, being the county goal, and full of prisoners, both criminals and debtors. From this gateway the walls continue and join it to a vast square tower of great height, the lower part at least of remote antiquity; for it has small round-headed lights with plain short pillars on each side of them: there is a third tower, also square and of less dimensions. This is all the castle. Near it, and but little lower, stands the church, a large and plain Gothic fabric, the high square tower at the west end has been rebuilt of late years, but nearly in the same stile: There are no ornaments of arms, &c. any where to be seen; within it is lightsome and spacious, but not one monument of antiquity, or piece of painted glass is left. From the church-yard there is an extensive sea-view, (for now the tide had almost covered the sands, and filled the river) and besides the greatest part of *Furness*, I could distinguish *Peel castle* on the isle of *Fowdry*, which lies off its southern extremity. The town is built on the slope, and at the foot of the castle-hill, more than twice the bigness of *Auckland*, with many neat buildings of white stone, but a little disorderly in their position, and "ad libitum," like *Kendal*: Many also extend below on the keys by the river side, where a number of ships were moored, some of them three masted vessels decked out with their colours in honour of the fair. Here is a good bridge of four arches over the *Lune*, that runs, when the tide is out, in two streams divided by a bed of gravel, which is not covered but in spring-tides; below
the

the town it widens to near the breadth of the *Thames* at *London*, and meets the sea at five or six miles distance to south-west.

Oct. 11. I crossed the river and walked over a peninsula, three miles, to the village of *Poultou*, which stands on the beach. An old fisherman mending his nets (while I enquired about the danger of passing those sands) told me, in his dialect, a moving story; how a brother of the trade a *Cockler*, as he stiled him, driving a little cart with two daughters (women grown) in it, and his wife on horse-back following, set out one day to pass the seven-mile sands, as they had been frequently used to do; (for nobody in the village knew them better than the old man did) when they were about half-way over, a thick fog rose, and as they advanced they found the water much deeper than they expected: the old man was puzzled; he stopped, and said he would go a little way to find some mark he was acquainted with; they staid a while for him; but in vain; they called aloud, but no reply: at last the young women pressed their mother to think where they were, and go on; she would not leave the place; she wandered about forlorn and amazed; she would not quit her horse and get into the cart with them: they determined, after much time wasted, to turn back, and give themselves up to the guidance of their horses. The old woman was soon washed off, and perished; the poor girls clung close to their cart, and the horse, sometimes wading and sometimes swimming, brought them back to land alive, but senseless with terror and distress, and unable for many days to give any account of themselves. The bodies of their parents were found the next ebb: that of the father a very few paces distant from the spot where he had left them.

In the afternoon I wandered about the town, and by the quay till it grew dark.

Oct. 12.

OR. 12. I set out for *Settle* by a fine turnpike-road, twenty-nine miles, through a rich and beautiful country, diversified with frequent villages and churches, very unequal ground; and on the left the river *Lune* winding in a deep valley, its hanging banks clothed with fine woods, thro' which you catch long reaches of the water, as the road winds about at a considerable height above it. In the most picturesque part of the way, I passed the park belonging to the Hon. Mr. *Clifford*, a catholic. The grounds between him and the river are indeed charming; * the house is ordinary, and park nothing but a rocky fell scattered over with ancient hawthorns. Next I came to *Hornby* a little town on the river *Wenning*, over which a handsome bridge is now building; the castle, in a lonely situation, attracted me, so I walked up the hill to it: first presents itself a large white ordinary fashioned gentleman's house, and behind it rises the ancient *Keep*, built by *Edward Stanley*, Lord *Monteagle*. He died about 1529, in King *Henry VIII.* time. It is now only a shell, the rafters are laid within it as for flooring. I went up a winding stone stair-case in one corner to the leads, and at the angle is a single hexagon watch-tower, rising some feet higher, fitted up in the taste of a modern summer-house, with sash windows in gilt frames, a stucco cupola, and on the top a vast gilt eagle, built by Mr. *Charteris*, the present possessor. He is the second son of the Earl of *Wemyss*, brother
to

* This scene opens just three miles from *Lancaster*, on what is called the *Queen's-road*. To see the view in perfection, you must go into a field on the left. Here *Ingleborough*, behind a variety of lesser mountains, makes the back-ground of the prospect; on each hand of the middle distance, rise two sloping hills; the left clothed with thick woods, the right with variegated rock and herbage: between them in the richest of vallies, the *Lune* serpentizes for many a mile, and comes forth ample and clear, through a well wooded and richly pastured fore-ground. Every feature which constitutes a perfect landscape of the extensive fort, is here not only boldly marked, but also in its best position,

to the Lord *Elcho*, and grandson to Colonel *Charteris*, whose name he bears.

From the leads of the tower there is a fine view of the country round, and much wood near the castle *Ingleborough*, which I had seen before distinctly at *Lancaster* to north-east, was completely wrapped in clouds, all but its summit; which might have been easily mistaken for a long black cloud too, fraught with an approaching storm. Now our road began gradually to mount towards the *Apennine*, the trees growing less and thinner of leaves, till we came to *Ingleton*, eighteen miles; it is a pretty village, situated very high, and yet in a valley at the foot of that huge monster of nature, *Ingleborough*: two torrents cross it, with great stones rolled along their beds instead of water; and over them are flung two handsome arches. The nipping air, tho' the afternoon was growing very bright, now taught us we were in *Craven*, the road was all up and down, though no where very steep; to the left were mountain tops, to the right a wide valley, all inclosed ground, and beyond it high hills again. In approaching *Settle*, the crags on the left drew nearer to our way, till we descended *Brunton-brow* into a cheerful valley (though thin of trees to *Giggleswick*, a village with a small piece of water by its side, covered with coots; near it a church, which belongs also to *Settle*; and half a mile farther, having passed the *Ribble* over a bridge, I arrived there; it is a small market town standing directly under a rocky fell; there are not in it above a dozen good looking houses, the rest are old and low, with little wooden porches in front. My inn pleased me much, (though small) for the neatness and civility of the good woman that kept it; so I lay there two nights and went,

Oct. 13. To visit the *Gordale-scar*, which lay six miles from *Settle*; but that way was directly over a fell, and as the weather was not to be depended on, I went round in a chaise, the only way one could get near it in a carriage, which

which made it full thirteen miles, half of it such a road; but I got safe over it, so there's an end, and came to *Malham*, (pronounced *Maum*), a village in the bosom of the mountains, seated in a wild and dreary valley. From thence I was to walk a mile over very rough ground, a torrent rattling along on the left hand; on the cliffs above hung a few goats; one of them danced and scratched an ear with its hind foot in a place where I would not have stood rock-still.

For all beneath the moon.

As I advanced, the crags seemed to close in, but discovered a narrow entrance turning to the left between them: I followed my guide a few paces, and the hills opened again into no large space; and then all further way is barred by a stream that, at the height of about fifty feet, gushes from a hole in the rock, and spreading in large sheets over its broken front, dashes from sleep to sleep, and then rattles away in a torrent down the valley: the rock on the left rises perpendicular, with scrubbed yew-trees and shrubs starting from its sides, to the height of at least 300 feet; but these are not the thing: it is the rock to the right, under which you stand to see the fall, that forms the principal horror of the place. From its very base it begins to slope forward over you in one black or solid mass without any crevice in its surface, and overshadows half the area below its dreadful canopy; when I stood at (I believe) four yards distant from its foot, the drops, which perpetually distill from its brow, fell on my head; and in one part of its top, more exposed to the weather, there are loose stones that hang in the air, and threaten visibly some idle spectator with instant destruction; it is safer to shelter yourself close to its bottom, and trust to the mercy of that enormous mass, which nothing but an earthquake can stir. The gloomy uncomfortable day well suited the savage aspect of the place, and made it still more formidable: I stayed there, not without shuddering,

dering, a quarter of an hour, and thought my trouble richly paid; for the impression will last for life. At the alehouse where I dined in *Malham, Tivares*, the landscape painter, had lodged for a week or more; *Smith and Bellers* had also been there, and two prints of *Gordale* have been engraved by them.

Oct. 14. Leaving my comfortable inn, to which I had returned from *Gordale*, I set out for *Skipton*, sixteen miles. From several parts of the road, and in many places about *Settle*, I saw at once the three famous hills of this country, *Ingleborough, Pennygant*, and *Pendle*; the first is esteemed the highest, and their features not to be described, but by the pencil. *

Craven,

* Without the pencil nothing indeed is to be described with precision; and even then that pencil ought to be in the very hand of the writer, ready to supply with outlines every thing that his pen cannot express by words. As far as language can describe, Mr. *Gray* has, I think, pushed its powers: for rejecting, as I before hinted, every general unmeaning and hyperbolical phrase, he has selected (both in this journal, and on other similar occasions) the plainest, simplest, and most direct terms: yet notwithstanding his judicious care, in the use of these, I must own I feel them defective. They present me, it is true, with a picture of the same species, but not with the identical picture: my imagination receives clear and distinct, but not true and exact images. It may be asked then, why am I entertained by well written descriptions? I answer, because they amuse rather than inform me; and because, after I have seen the places described, they serve to recall to my memory the original scene, almost as well as the truest drawing or picture. In the meanwhile my mind is flattered by thinking it has acquired some conception of the place, and rests contented in an innocent error, which nothing but ocular proof can detect, and which, when detected, does not diminish the pleasure I had before received, but augments it by superadding the charms of comparison and verification; and herein I would place the real and only merit of verbal prose description. To speak of poetical, would lead me beyond the limits as well as purpose of this note. I cannot, however, help adding that I have seen one piece of verbal description, which completely

Craven, after all, is an unpleasing country when seen from a height; its valleys are chiefly wide, and either marshy or inclosed pasture, with a few trees. Numbers of black cattle are fatted here, both of the Scotch breed, and a larger sort of oxen with great horns. There is little cultivated ground, except a few oats.

Skipton, to which I went thro' *Long-Preston* and *Gargrave*, is a pretty large market town, in a valley, with one very broad street, gently sloping downwards from the castle, which stands at the head of it. This is one of the good Countess's buildings, † but on old foundations; it is not very large, but of a handsome antique appearance, with round towers. A grand gateway, bridge, and moat, surrounded by many old trees. It is in good repair, and kept up as the habitation of the Earl of *Thanet*,
though

completely satisfies me, because it is throughout assisted by masterly delineation. It is composed by the Rev. Mr. *Gilpin*, of *Uxham* in *Surry*; and contains, among other places, an account of the very scenes, which, in this tour, our author visited. This gentleman possessing the conjoined talents of a writer and designer, has employed them in this manuscript to every purpose of picturesque beauty, in the description of which a correct eye, a practised pencil, and an eloquent pen could assist him. He has, consequently, produced a work unique in its kind at once. But I have said it is in manuscript, and, I am afraid, likely to continue so; for would his modesty permit him to print it, the great expence of plates would make its publication almost impracticable.

[This excellent note seems to contain the justest criticism on the nature and powers of *verbal description*, as applied to *landscapes* and *prospects*. And, now that the reader has gone through our author's specimens of it in the foregoing *Guide*, if it appear, that he has not availed himself of these precepts as much as he might have done, he may make a scrutiny into his errors a critical lesson, in the next degree useful to instructions derived from such examples as Mr. *Gray's*; and thus reap improvement, as well as amusement, from the efforts of a hasty and redundant pen.]

† *Anne* Countess of *Pembroke* and *Montgomery*

though he rarely comes thither: what with the fleet, and a foolish dispute about charters, that delayed me, I did not see the inside of it, but went on, fifteen miles, to *Otley*; first up *Shode-bank*, the steepest hill I ever saw a road carried over in *England*, for it mounts in a straight line (without any other repose for the horses than by placing stones every now and then behind the wheels) for a full mile; then the road goes on a level along the brow of this high hill over *Rumbald-moor*, till it gently descends into *Wharfedale*, so they call the vale of the *Wharf*, and a beautiful vale it is, well wooded, well cultivated, well inhabited, but with high crags at a distance, that border the green country on either hand; through the midst of it, deep, clear, full to the brink, and of no inconsiderable breadth, runs in long windings the river. How it comes to pass that it should be so fine and copious a stream here, and at *Tadcaster* (so much lower) should have nothing but a wide stony channel without water, I cannot tell you. I passed through *Long-Addingham*, *Ilkley* (pronounced *Eccly*) distinguished by a lofty brow of loose rocks, to the right; *Burkley*, a neat and pretty village among trees; on the opposite side of the river lay *Middleton-lodge*, belonging to a catholic gentleman of that name; *Weston*, a venerable stone fabric, with large offices, of Mr. *Vane*, the meadows in front gently descending to the water, and behind a great and shady wood; *Farnley* (Mr. *Fawkes's*) a place like the last, but larger, and rising higher on the side of the hill. *Otley* is a large airy town, with clean but low rustic buildings, and a bridge over the *Wharf*; I went into its spacious gothic church, which has been new-roofed, with a flat stucco-ceiling; in a corner of it is the monument of *Thomas Lord Fairfax*, and *Helen Ake*, his Lady, descended from the *Cliffords* and *Latimers*, as her epitaph says; the figures are not ill-cut (particularly his in armour, but bare-headed) lie on the tomb. I take them to be the parents of the famous Sir *Thomas Fairfax*.

ARTICLE IV.

ODE TO THE SUN,

BY MR. CUMBERLAND, PUBLISHED IN 1776.

S O U L of the world, refulgent Sun,
Oh take not from my raviſht fight
Thoſe golden beams of living light,
Nor, ere thy daily courſe be run,
Precipitate the Night.

Lo, where the ruſſian clouds ariſe,
Uſurp the abdicated ſkies,
And ſeize the ætherial throne;

Sullen-lad the ſcene appears,
Huge *Helvellyn* ſtreams with tears;
Hark, 'tis giant *Skiddaw's* groan!
I hear terrific *Lowdore* roar;

The Sabbath of thy reign is o'er,
The anarchy's begun;

Father of light, return; break forth, refulgent ſun!

What if the rebel blaſt ſhall rend
Theſe nodding horrors from the mountain's brow——

Hither thy glad deliverance ſend,
Ah ſave the votariſt and accept the vow!

And ſay, thro' thy diurnal round,
Where, great Spectator, haſt thou found
Such ſolemn ſoul-inviting ſhades,

Ghoſtly dell, religious glades?
Where Penitence may plant its meek abode,
And hermit Meditation meet its God.

Now by the margin of yon glaſſy deep
My penſive vigils let me keep;
There, by force of Runic ſpells,
Shake the grot where Nature dwells;

Q

And

And in the witching hour of night,
 Whilst thy pale sister lends her shadowy light,
 Summon the naked wood-nymphs to my sight.

Trembling now with giddy tread,
 Press the moss on *Gowdar's* head;
 But lo, where sits the bird of Jove,
 Couch'd in his airy far above;
 Oh, lend thine eye, thy pinion lend,
 Higher, yet higher let me still ascend:
 'Tis done; my forehead smites the skies,
 To the last summit of the cliff I rise;
 I touch the sacred ground,
 Where step of man was never found;
 I see all Nature's rude domain around.

Peace to thy empire, queen of calm desires,
 Health crown thy hills and plenty robe thy vales;
 May thy groves wave untouch'd by wasteful fires,
 Nor commerce croud thy lakes with sordid sails!

Press not so fast upon my aking sight
 Gigantic shapes, nor rear your heads so high,
 As if ye meant to war against the sky,
 Sons of old Chaos and primæval Night.
 Such were the heights enshrined *Bruno* trod,
 When on the cliff he hung his tow'ring cell,
 Amongst the clouds aspired to dwell,
 And half ascended to his God.
 The prim canal, the level green,
 The close-clipt hedge that bounds the flourish'd scene,
 What rapture can such forms impart
 With all the spruce impertinence of art?

Ye pageant streams, that roll in state
 By the vain windows of the great,
 Rest on your muddy ooze and see

Old majestic *Derwent* force
 His independent course,
 And learn of him and nature to be free:
 And you, triumphal arches, shrink,
 Ye temples, tremble, and ye columns, sink!
 One nod from *Wallow's* craggy brow
 Shall crush the dome
 Of sacerdotal *Rome*,
 And lay her glittering gilded trophies low.

Now downward as I bend my eye,
 What is that atom I espy,
 That speck in Nature's plan?
 Great Heaven! is that a man?
 And hath that little wretch its cares,
 Its freaks, its follies, and its airs;
 And do I hear the insect say,
 "My lakes, my mountains, my domain?"
 O weak, contemptible and vain!
 The tenant of a day.
 Say to old *Skiddaw*, "Change thy place."
 Heave *Helvellyn* from his base,
 Or bid impetuous *Derwent* stand
 At the proud waving of a master's hand.

Now with silent step and slow
 Descend, but first forbear to blow,
 Ye felon winds, let discord cease,
 And Nature seal an elemental peace:
 Hush, not a whisper here,
 Beware, for Echo on the watch
 Sits with erect and listening ear
 The secrets of the scene to catch,
 Then swelling, as she rolls around,
 The hoarse reverberated sound,
 With loud repeated shocks
 She beats the loose impending rocks,

Tears down the fragments big with death,
And hurls it thund'ring on the wretch beneath.

Not so the Naiad, * she defies
The faithless echo, and with yelling cries
Howls on the summit of rude *Lowdora's* brow;
Then with a desperate leap
Springs from the rocky steep,
And runs enamour'd to the lake below.
So the Cambrian minstrel stood
Bending o'er old *Conway's* flood,
White as foam his silver beard,
And loud and thrill his voice was heard;
All the while down *Snowdon's* side,
Winding slow in dread array,
He saw the victor king pursue his way;
Then fearless rush'd into the foaming tide,
Curs'd him by all his idol gods and died.

Ah! where is he that swept the sounding lyre,
And while he touch'd the master string,
Bad ruin seize the ruthless king
With all a prophet's fire?
Mourn him, ye naiads, and ye wood-nymphs mourn,
But chiefly ye, who rule o'er *Keswick's* vale,
Your visitor bewail,
And pluck fresh laurels for his hallow'd urn;
He saw your scenes in harmony divine,
On him indulgent funs could shine,
Me turbid skies and threatening clouds await,
Emblems, alas! of my ignoble fate.

But see the embattled vapours break,
Disperie and fly,
Posting like couriers down the sky;
The grey rock glitters in the glassy lake;

And

* This alludes to the great water-fall of *Lowdora*.

And now the mountain tops are seen
 Frowning amidst the blue serene ;
 The variegated groves appear,
 Deckt in the colours of the waning year;
 And, as new beauties they unfold,
 Dip their skirts in beaming gold.
 Thee, savage *Wyburn*, now I hail;
 Delicious *Grasmere's* calm retreat,
 And stately *Windermere* I greet,
 And *Keswick's* sweet fantastick vale :
 But let her naiads yield to thee,
 And lowly bend the subject knee,
 Imperial lake of *Patrick's* dale, *
 For neither Scottish *Lomond's* pride,
 Nor smooth *Killarney's* silver tide,
 Nor ought that learned *Poussin* drew,
 Or dashing *Rosa* flung upon my view,
 Shall shake thy sovereign undisturbed right,
 Great scene of wonder and sublime delight!

Hail to thy beams, O Sun! for this display
 What, glorious orb, can I repay ?
 Not *Memnon's* costly shrine,
 Not the white coursers of imperial *Rome*,
 Nor the rich smoke of *Persia's* hecatomb;
 Such proud oblations are not mine:
 Nor thou my simple tribute shall refuse,
 The thanks of an unprostituted muse ;
 And may no length of still returning day
 Strike from thy forehead one refulgent ray ;
 But let each tuneful, each attendant sphere
 To latest time thy stated labours chear,
 And with new Pœans crown the finish'd year.

* This alludes to the great lake of *Ulls-water*, situate in *Patterdale*,
i. e. *Patrick's dale*: a scene of grandeur and sublimity far superior in
 my opinion to the lake of *Keswick*.

A R T I C L E V.

A DESCRIPTION OF

DUNALD - MILL - HOLE,

BY MR. A. W.

TAKEN FROM THE ANNUAL REGISTER FOR 1760.

Lancaster, August 26th, 1760.

LAST Sunday I visited a cavern about five miles from hence, near the road to *Kirkby-Lonsdale*, called *Dunald-mill-hole*, a curiosity, I think, inferior to none of the kind in *Derbyshire*, which I have also seen. It is on the middle of a large common, and we are led to it by a brook, near as big as the new river, which after turning a corn-mill, just at the entrance of the cave, runs in at its mouth by several beautiful cascades, continuing its course two miles under a large mountain, and at last making its appearance again near *Carnforth*, a village in the road to *Kendal*. The entrance of this subterraneous channel has something most pleasingly horrible in it;—From the mill at the top, you descend for about ten yards perpendicular, by means of chinks in the rocks and shrubs of trees; the road is then almost parallel to the horizon leading to the right, a little winding, till you have some hundreds of yards thick of rocks and mineral above you. In this manner we proceeded, sometimes through vaults so capacious, we could not see either roof or sides; and sometimes, on all four, from its narrowness, still following the brook, which entertained us with a sort of harmony well-suited to the place; for the different height of its falls were as so many keys of music, which all being conveyed to us by the amazing echo, greatly added to the majestic horror which surrounded us. In our return we were more particular in our observations. The beautiful lakes (formed by the brook in the hollow part of the cavern) realize the
fabulous

fabulous *Syxx*; and the murmuring falls from one rock to another broke the rays of our candles, so as to form the most romantic vibrations and appearances upon the variegated roof. The sides too are not less remarkable for fine colouring; the damp, the creeping vegetables, and the seams in the marble and limestone parts of the rock make as many tints as are seen in the rainbow, and are covered with a perpetual varnish from the just weeping springs that trickle from the roof. The curious in grottos, cascades, &c. might here obtain a just taste of nature. When we arrived at the mouth and once more hailed all-cheering day-light, I could not but admire the uncouth manner in which nature has thrown together those huge rocks, which compose the arch over the entrance, but as if conscious of its rudeness, she has cloathed it with trees and shrubs of the most various and beautiful verdure, which bend downwards, and with their leaves cover all the rugged parts of the rock.

As I never met with an account of this place in any other author, I therefore think it the greater curiosity; but its obscure situation I take to be the reason.

[Parties, returning from the tour of the lakes to *Lancaster*, who chuse to see the above natural curiosity, must leave the *Lancaster* road, to the left, at the guide-post, for *Kellet*, about 4 miles from *Burton*. When in the village (a mile farther on) enquire for the road to the mill, which is then near 2 miles distant. Perhaps, when arrived at the cavern, if the traveller should not think it equal to his expectation and trouble, it may yield him some compensation to enjoy one of the best prospects in the country, which is then about a mile off. Though hitherto unnoticed, a good deal, I think, might be justly said in its praise; but previous description is generally more tiresome than welcome.—To find this view, proceed eastward, in the direction of the last lane leading to the mill, to the top of the highest rise that you will see on the common

before you, and you will be at the station. A very little to the east, you will see a good road on the moor leading to *Lancaster*, distant about 4 miles, and the ride will soon entertain with several agreeable objects on the banks of the *Lune*.]

ARTICLE VI.

A DESCRIPTION

OF SOME NATURAL CURIOSITIES IN THE WESTERN
EDGE OF YORKSHIRE, BY MR. ADAM WALKER, LECTURER
IN NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. TAKEN FROM
THE GENERAL EVENING POST, SEPT. 25, 1779.

S I R,

I Here send you an account of a tour I made some time ago through the mountains and caverns near *Settle*, which I think no way inferior to those of *Derbyshire*.

Nigh the *Chapel in the dale*, on the north side of *Ingleborough*, I met with three caverns that are totally unlike any in this island, tho' caverns are common in all limestone countries. The first (nigh the chapel) is a pit, sinking from an even surface about forty yards into the ground, and is about the same number of yards in diameter. At the bottom is a deep pool of water, from whence issues a subterraneous brook, but through so narrow a passage, that in wet weather, the cavern fills up, and overflows its brim.—A quarter of a mile above this is another pit, of a parallelopiped form, being a chasm between two perpendicular rocks; and though upwards of forty yards deep, one may easily leap over it. It seems one of those breaks, or faults (as miners call 'em) where the regular strata have been broken, and one part of them has sunk below the other; for the bands of rock lie pretty horizontal,

horizontal, and in their fissures are found fossils of very curious genera, shells, fish-bones, pipy flints, with concretes of shells, stones, moss, and other vegetables, in one mass. Small screw-like cylinders, some with holes through, which all effervesce with an acid, and creep in a plate filled with vinegar, like those found near *Carrickfergus*, in *Ireland*, by the discharge of their fixt air.

But a couple of hundred yards above this another cavern opens, much more astonishing than the others. The first approach to this presents a perpendicular descent from nearly a level surface, beautifully bordered with trees and shrubs, which nature seems to have meant as a guard as well as beauty. On one side you may descend, by crawling from one broken stratum of rock to another, till you are twenty yards beneath the surface: In the descent one may rest between the projecting parts of the rock, or creep many yards horizontally between them, where we shall find the rocks and stones encrusted with spar, and the cavernous parts filled with petrifications in the shape of shells, moss, icicles, &c. Most of the sparry and roof incrustations, I take to be the fine particles of the limestone dissolved by the rain-water in its descent through the rocks, which sinking slowly through the roof of these caverns, the water evaporates, and leaves the fine particles of stone to concrete behind; forming hollow conic figures on the roof; or if they fall on the bottom of the cavern, form those knobs of calcarious fossil, which cut off horizontally, are polished into curiously variegated slabs. That the same impregnated waters falling on shells, fish-bones, &c. should in time displace the calcarious matter of which these are naturally formed, and that these stony particles should in time assume the same shape and form the shells, bones, snakes, &c. so commonly found in limestone countries, I cannot say I am so clear in.—May it not be, that nature has ordained, that particles of such and such properties, meeting with a proper nidus in the bowels of the earth

earth, and similar to that in which they may assemble on the outside of an animal, may run into the same forms, and amuse us with the shape of cockles, limpets, snakes, &c. formed in the middle of rocks?

But to resume our journey down this amazing cavern.— After descending from ledge to ledge in a retrograde motion, through arches of prodigious rocks, thrown together by the rude but awful hand of nature; at the depth of 70 yards we see a parabolic cascade, rushing from a hole nigh the surface, and falling the whole 70 yards, with a roar, which reverberated by the rocks above, confounds and astonishes the most intrepid ear! The spray arising from this cascade fills the whole cavern, and if the sun happens to shine into it, generates a most vivid and surprising rainbow. Another cascade, of not quite so great a fall, issues perpendicularly from a projecting rock with equal rapidity as the first, and is certainly a part of the same subterraneous brook; they fall together into a narrow pool at the bottom, which measures 37 yards in depth; and proceeding under-ground about a mile break out, and form the large brook that runs by *Ingleton*, and from thence to the river *Lune*. In the time of great rains, the subterraneous channel that conveys away the water becomes too small, and then the cavern fills to the depth of above 100 yards, and runs over at the surface.

To a mind capable of being impressed with the grand and sublime of nature, this is a scene that inspires a pleasure chastised by astonishment! Personal safety also insinuates itself into the various feelings, where both the eye and ear are so tremendously assailed.—To see as much water as would turn several mills, rush from a hole near 70 yards above the eye, in such a projectile as shews its subterraneous fall to be very considerable before it enters the cavern; and to see the fine skirting of wood, with various fantastic roots and shrubs, through a spray, enlivened

livened by a perfect rainbow, so far above the eye, and yet within the earth, has something more romantic and awful in it than any thing of the kind in the three kingdoms!

Ascending from the dark excavations we found at the bottom of this dreary cavern, we once more bless ourselves in broad day-light, and begin to mount the rugged sides of frowning *Ingleborough*. Its top may have been a Roman station, for any thing I know; there are certainly the remains of a great circular ditch that incloses the summit, but the extensive and variegated prospect seduced me from conjectures and learned furnishes. The southern prospect is a rugged barrier, that seems to turn the eye towards the fine plains of *Lancashire* and *Cheshire*; with our glasses we could easily distinguish the *Dee* separate the plain from the Welch mountains:—The fine indentations made by the bays of *Liverpool* and *Preston* lead the eye northward to that of *Lancaster*, which appeared beneath our feet as a map, full of capes and inlets. But the sea in front, and the *Westmorland* mountains to the right, make the sublime of this prospect;—before us the flat fields and woods insensibly melt into union with the sea—while the black mountains frown over that element, and seem to spurn it from their feet. The *Ill-bell*, *Langdale-pikes*, *Black-coomb*, &c. are easily distinguished in this chaotic assemblage; while the coast of *Galloway*, in *Scotland*, and the *Isle of Man*, seem as clouds in the back-ground. The east prospect is a range of rich sheep moors, of which *Ingleborough* appears the surly sentry. In our road to *Settle* we met with the *Ribble*, which tumbles into a deep cavern, and is lost in the bowels of the mountains for upwards of three miles, when it issues again into day-light, and with a continued roar makes its way to *Settle*. From hence I rode through a dreadful fog to *Mahn* (or *Malham*) about six miles to the east, and the road ending in a sheep-track upon the high moors, was in much danger

ger of losing my way; but a blast of wind giving me a glimpse of the vale, I got there very safe.

My first excursion was to the *tarn*, (or little lake) skirted on one side by a peat bog, and rough limestone rocks on the other; it abounds in fine trout, but has little else remarkable, except being the head of the river *Air*, which issuing from it sinks into the ground very near the lake, and appears again under the fine rock which faces the village. In the time of great rain this subterraneous passage is too narrow; the brook then makes its way over the top of the rock, falling in a most majestic cascade full 60 yards in one sheet. This beautiful rock is like the age-tinted wall of a prodigious castle; the stone is very white, and from the ledges hang various shrubs and vegetables, which with the tints given it by the bog water &c. gives it a variety that I never before saw so pleasing in a plain rock. *Gordale-scar* was the object of this excursion. My guide brought me first to a fine sheet cascade in a glen about half a mile below the scar, the rocks of a beautiful variegation and romantic shrubbery. We then proceeded up the brook, the pebbles of which I found incrustated with a soft petrify'd coating, calcarious, slimy, and of a light brown colour.—I saw the various strata of the limestone mountains approach day-light in extensive and striking bands, running nearly horizontal, and a rent in them (from whence the brook issued) of perpendicular immense rocks:—On turning the corner of one of these, and seeing the rent complete—good heavens! what was my astonishment! The *Alps*, the *Pyrenees*, *Killarney*, *Loch-Lomond*, or any other wonder of the kind I had ever seen, do not afford such a chasm!—Consider yourself in a winding street, with houses above an hundred yards high on each side of you;—then figure to yourself a cascade rushing from an upper window, and tumbling over carts, waggons, fallen houses, &c. in promiscuous ruin, and perhaps a cockney idea may be formed of this tremendous cliff. But if you
would

would conceive it properly, depend upon neither pen nor pencil, for 'tis impossible for either to give you an adequate idea of it.—I can say no more than that I believe the rocks to be above 100 yards high, that in several places they project above 10 yards over their base, and approach the opposite rock so near that one would almost imagine it possible to lay a plank from one to the other. At the upper end of this rent (which may be about 300 yards horizontally long) there gushes a most threatening cascade through a rude arch of monstrous rocks, and tumbling through many fantastic masses of its own forming, comes to a rock of entire petrification, down which it has a variety of picturesque breaks, before it enters a channel that conveys it pretty uniformly away.—I take these whimsical shapes to be the children of the spray, formed in drougthy weather, when the water has time to evaporate, and leave the stony matter uninterrupted in its cohesion. These petrifications are very porous; crumbly when dry, and pulpy when wet, and shaped a good deal like crooked knotty wood.

I found here a stratum of white clay, perfectly free from grit, when tried by the teeth—it does not effervesce with an acid, nor dissolve in water. When dry 'tis as white as this paper, light, close, soapy, compact, and very hard. It appears to me like the petuntzee of the *Chinese*, and though I have not tryed it in the fire, believe it might be well worth the china or pot manufacturer's examination.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

ADAM WALKER.

No. 28. Haymarket, London,

September 20th, 1779.

[It is apprehended the printer must have made a mistake in the dimensions of the natural curiosities at *Chapel in the dale*; if we read *feet* instead of *yards*, we shall be much nearer the truth.

—There

—There are several curious particulars relating to *Ingleborough* not mentioned in the above description, which may be seen in an accurate account of this mountain, published in the *Annual Register* for 1761.

The objects described in the above letter lie in the *Yorkshire* road from *Kendal* to *London*, and may be best visited from *Kendal* on your return from the lakes.—The route will be thus. From *Kendal* to *Kirkby-Lonsdale* 12 miles. From thence to *Ingleton* 7 miles. From thence to *The chapel in the dale* 4 miles, where enquiry must be made for the curiosities in that neighbourhood.—Proceed from thence to *Settle*, by *Horton*, 10 miles, which is 6 miles distant from *Gordale-scar*.]

ARTICLE VII.

A TOUR TO THE CAVES, IN THE WEST-RIDING OF YORKSHIRE. IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

NOW FIRST PRINTED:

SIR,

ACCORDING to promise, I sit down to give you an account of our summer's excursion.—After having made the tour of the lakes, we were induced by an acquaintance we accidentally met with at *Kendal*, to proceed by *Kirkby-Lonsdale*, *Ingleton*, *Chapel in the dale*, *Horton*, and *Settle*, in order to see the caves and other natural curiosities in those parts of the *West-riding* of *Yorkshire*. I must own that this appendix, as it were, pleased me more, than the whole body of our former journey; being peculiarly adapted to my taste for natural history.

history, as also for the extraordinary and terrible. Some may be as much entertained with the profound, as others with the lofty; and some may be as much amused with the sublime, as others with the beautiful. This was the humour of my genius, and here it was abundantly gratified. You have read so much already of the beauty and variety to be seen amongst the lakes of *Lancashire*, *Westmorland*, and *Cumberland*, and heard so much in praise of them from the reports of travellers, that I can add nothing further to embellish their descriptions: I shall only therefore desire your patience to attend me three or four days journey through a country, not much explored, or however not yet publicly known.

About six o'clock, one morning in June, we set off from *Kendal*, and after travelling about a dozen miles, along a good turnpike road over the *Endmoor*, and *Cowbrow*, we arrived at *Kirkby-Lonsdale*, soon after eight. About the mid-way we left the little steep, white mountain *Farlon-knot*, on the right about a mile. It is all composed of solid limestone, and is three or four hundred yards in depth: Those who have seen both, say, that on the west side it is very like the rock at *Gibraltar*. There were several good mansion houses by the road side, which, at the beginning of this century, were inhabited by a substantial set of yeomanry and country gentlemen, the most useful members of a community: They are now however mostly let out to farmers; the desire of improving their fortunes in trade, or the pleasures of living in towns, having induced the owners to leave them:—Reverses of fortune or new attachments, have caused many to sell them, after they had been continued many centuries in their families. *Kirkby-Lonsdale* is a neat, well paved, clean town, ornamented with several genteel houses, adjoining to some of which are elegant gardens. The houses are covered with blue slate, which has an agreeable effect on the eye of a stranger. A small brook runs through the market street, which is useful and commodious

commodious to the inhabitants; afterwards it turns several mills in its steep descent to the river *Lune*. The church is a large and decent structure, covered with lead, and containing three rows of pillars: The steeple is a square tower, containing six bells; the music of which we were entertained with at nine o'clock, they being played on by the chimes. Opposite the church gates is the old hall, taken notice of 150 years ago by drunken *Barnaby*, in his *Itinerary*:—It is still an inn, and no doubt keeps up its ancient character.

*Veni Lonsdale, ubi cernam
Aulam factam in tabernam,
Nitidæ portæ, nivei muri,
Cyathi pleni, paucæ curæ;
Edunt, bibunt, ludunt, rident,
Curâ dignum, nihil vident.*

Barnaby.

Thence to *Lonsdale*, where I view'd
An hall, which like a tavern shew'd;
Neat gates, white walls, nought was sparing,
Pots brimful, no thought of caring;
They eat, drink, laugh, are still mirth making;
Nought they see that's worth care taking.

We walked through the church yard, which is large and spacious, along the margin of an high and steep bank, to a neat white mansion house full in view, about half a mile distant, called *Underlay*.—I was never so amused with any prospect of the kind I had yet seen. At the foot of the steep bank on which we walked, being about 40 or 50 yards perpendicular, glided the large, pellucid river *Lune*, amongst the rocks and pebbles, which amused the ear, while the eye was entertaining itself with a vast variety of agreeable objects. A transparent sheet of still water about a quarter of a mile in length lay stretched out before us: At the high end of it was a grotesque

tesque range of impending rocks of red stone, about 30 yards in perpendicular height, which had an excellent effect in the scene, both by their colour and situation. Our guide told us, that in winter this precipice was in some parts so glared over with ice, from the trickling water down the surface, as to make it appear like a sheet of alabaster. From other parts of the impending rocks, hang great and enormous icicles, which made it appear like an huge organ.

After the eye had traversed over a rich and fertile vale, variegated with woods and country houses, the prospect was terminated with a chain of lofty mountains, which run in a direction from south to north, parallel to the course of the river. The nearest were not above two or three miles off, and looked like the bold and surly sentries of a legion, that seemed stationed beyond them. On our return, we were amused with prospects of a different nature. The church and town before us enlivened the scene: Some mill-wheels between them and the river, added an agreeable variety with their motion. The vale beneath seemed to dilate and expand itself; the few parts of it, which were visible, afforded sufficient ground to the imagination to conceive an assemblage of the most entertaining objects. *Ingleborough*, whose head was wrapt in a cloud, stood the farthest to the south in the rank of mountains which faced us.

After breakfast, we walked by the side of the river to the bridge. The channel is deep, the stream rapid among rocks, the banks on each side covered with trees of various foliage, which serve both as a defence and ornament. The bridge is the most lofty, strong, ancient, and striking to the eye of a stranger, of any I have yet seen. It is built with freestone, has three arches, two large and one smaller; the height from the surface of the water to the center arch, is about 12 yards. The arches are of the ribbed sort, which made the appearance the more grotesque.

esque. There is no memorial of its foundation; even tradition is silent as to its antiquity. We were indeed amused with one anecdote of its founder, which seemed to be a remnant of the ancient mythology of the north, and one instance, among many, of easily accounting for any thing that is marvellous. The country people have a tradition, that it was built by the devil one night in windy weather: He had but one apron full of stones for the purpose, and unfortunately his apron string breaking as he flew with them over *Casterton-fell*, he lost many of them out, or the bridge would have been much higher.

From the top of the bridge the prospect down the river is delightful; the sides of the deep channel covered with trees, are nearly parallel for a quarter of a mile, and the water one continued surface, save here and there where a pointed rock lifts up its head into the open day. We walked down by the side of the river about a mile, and as we proceeded were continually presented with new prospects, while the soft murmurs of the river afforded a variety of different notes. When we arrived at *Borough*, we had a full view of all the vale of *Lonsdale*, with the seats and villages that adorn it. *Whittington* to the west; *Tunstal*, *Melling*, *Hornby* and its castle, to the south; *Leck* to the east; and *Borough-hall*, the seat of *Thomas Fenwick Esq.*, and the most elegant in the vale, close at hand. The blue mountains of *Clougha*, *Burnmoor*, and *Lyth-fell*, which terminated the view to the south, had an excellent effect upon the eye. On our return we had the bridge full in view most of the way: Its antiquity and greatness made its presence venerable and respected. About 100 yards before we arrived at the bridge, the town of *Kirkby-Lonsdale* appeared in a point of view peculiarly amusing. The high walls of a gentleman's garden, which were between us and the town, made it look like a fenced city in miniature; the tower steeple of the church rising proudly eminent above the blue slated houses, on which it was on every side surrounded.

We

We mounted our horses at the bridge about eleven o'clock, having ordered them down thither in order to save half an hour in going up to the town for them. We travelled near the bottoms of the mountains, on the side of *Lonsdale*, along the turnpike road, about an hour, being in three counties in that short interval, *Westmorland*, *Lancashire*, and *Yorkshire*, and amidst a variety of entertaining prospects. The number of small carts laden with coals, and each dragged by one sorry horse, that we met, was astonishing. Many of the smaller farmers betwixt and *Kendal* earn their bread with carrying coals, during most parts of the year, from the pits at *Ingleton* and *Black-Burton* (as the country people call it) to *Kendal*, and the neighbouring places, for fuel, and burning lime in order to manure their land. These beds of coal, we were informed, are six or seven feet in thickness. A fire engine was erecting at *Black-Burton*, more commodiously to work their best collieries. A survey was lately subscribed for to be made, in order to have a canal from these pits to *Lancaster*, where coals might be exported; as also to *Kendal* and *Settle*, which are towns much in want of fuel.

After we had got about six miles from *Kirkby Lonsdale*, to a public-house called *Thornton church-stile*, we stopped to procure a guide, candles, lanthorn, tinder-box, &c. for the purpose of seeing *Yordas-cave*, in the vale of *Kingsdale*, about four miles off. By the advice of a friend, we also took with us a basket of provisions, which we found afterwards were of real service. When we had gone a little above a mile, we were entertained with a fine cascade near some slate quarries, made by the river out of *Kingsdale*, falling down a precipice about 8 or 10 yards high, which afterwards runs through a deep grotesque glen to *Ingleton*. About a mile higher we came to the head of this river, which issues from one fountain, to all appearance, more fluent than *St. Winifreds-well* in *Flintshire*; though there is a broken, serpentine; irregular channel

R 2

extending

extending to the top of the vale, down which a large stream is poured from the mountains in rainy weather. We now found ourselves in the midst of a small valley about three miles long, and somewhat more than half a mile broad: the most extraordinary of any I had yet seen; It was surrounded on all sides by high mountains, some of them the loftiest of any in *England*,—*Wharfedale* to the south-east and *Gragareth* to the north. There was no descent from this vale, except the deep chasm where we saw the cascade; we were quite secluded from the world, not an habitation for man in view, but a lonely shepherd's house, with a little wood and a few inclosures near it, called *Breada garth*: It is on the north side of an high mountain, seldom visited by man, and never by the sun for half a year. The soil seemed the deepest and richest in some parts of this vale of any I had ever observed, and no doubt capable of great improvement. I could not but lament that instead of peopling the wilds and deserts of *North America*, we had not peopled the fertile wastes of the north of *England*. I have since indeed been informed that a plan is in agitation for having it inclosed, when I make no doubt but it will support some scores of additional families. While I was musing on the many bad effects of peopling distant countries and neglecting our own, we arrived at the object of this excursion, *Tordascave*: It is almost at the top of the vale, on the north side of it, under the high mountain *Gragareth*. Having never been in a cave before, a thousand ideas were excited in my imagination on my entrance into this gloomy cavern, which had been for many years dormant: Several passages out of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, *Virgil*, and other classics crowded into my mind together. At one time I thought it like the den where *Cadmus* met the huge serpent.

*Silva vetus stabat, nullâ violata securi;
Est specus in medio virgis ac vimine densus,*

Efficiens

*Efficiens humilem lapidum compagibus arcum;
Uberibus jæcundus aquis. Hoc conditus antro
Martius anguis erat.*

Ovid's Metamor. B. 3. Fab. 1.

Within this vale there rose a shady wood
Of aged trees; in its dark bosom stood
A bushy thicket, pathless and unworn,
O'errun with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn:
Amidst the brake a hollow den was found,
With rocks and shelving arches vaulted round.
Deep in the dreary den, conceal'd from day,
Sacred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay.

Addison,

When I had entered a little into it, I could not but imagine it like the place where *Diana* and her nymphs were bathing, when intruded on by *Aëtæon*: And indeed there wanted nothing but an ancient wood, to make one believe that *Ovid*, in each case, had taken from hence his lively description.

*Vallis erat piceis, & acutâ densa cupressu,
Nomine Gargaphiæ, succinctæ sacra Dianæ:
Cujus in extremo est antrum nemoralis recessu,
Art. laboratum nullâ: simulaveat artem
Ingenio natura suo: nam pumice vivo,
Et levibus topiis nativum duxerat arcum.
Fons sonat à cœxirâ, tenui pelucidus undâ,
Margine gramineo patulus succinctus hiatus.
Hic Dea suvarum venatu tessia solebat
Virginos artus liquido perfundere rore.*

Ovid, B. 3. Fab. 2.

Down in a vale, with pine and cypress clad,
Refresh'd with gentle winds, and brown with shade,
The chaste *Diana's* private haunt there stood,
Full in the centre of a darksome wood,

R 3

A spacious

A spacious grotto, all around o'ergrown
 With hoary moss, and arch'd with pumice-stone.
 From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
 And trickling swell into a lake below:
 Nature had ev'ry where so play'd her part,
 That every where she seem'd to vie with art.
 Here the bright goddess, toil'd and chaf'd with heat,
 Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.

Addison.

If I had come a few days sooner, our guide told me, I most probably might have met with the like adventure as *Atæon*, without having his dog-trick put upon me; a few rural beauties having assembled there on an occasion like that of *Diana* and her nymphs.

As we advanced further and the gloom and horror increased, the den of *Cacus* and the cave of *Polyphe-mus* came into my mind. I wanted nothing but a *Sybil* conductress with a golden rod, to imagine myself like *Æneas* going into the infernal regions.* The roof was so high and the bottom and sides so dark, that with all the light we could procure from our candles and torches, we were not able to see the dimensions of this cavern. The light we had seem'd only like darkness visible, and would serve a timid stranger alone and ignorant of his situation,

To conceive things monstrous, and worse,
 Than fables yet have feign'd or fear conceived,
 Gorgons and Hydras and chimeras dire.

Milton.

Having pass'd a small brook which one of the party called the *Stygian* lake, we came to the western side of the cave. It is a solid perpendicular rock of black marble, embellish'd with many rude sketches, and names of persons

* See *Virgil Æneid*, L. 3. l. 616, and L. 1. 205. and L. 6. l. 234.

sons now long forgotten, the dates of some being above 200 years old. After we had proceeded twenty or thirty yards northward, the road divided itself into two parts, but not like that of *Æneas's* descent;

*Hæc iter Elysium nobis; at læva malorum
Exercet pœnas, et ad impia Tartara mittit.*

Virgil *Æneid*, L. 6. l. 542.

'Tis here in different paths the way divides;
The right to Pluto's golden palace guides;
The left to that unhappy region tends,
Which to the depth of Tartarus descends;
The seat of night profound, and punish'd fiends. }

No, they both had a divine tendency: On the right was the bishop's throne, and on the left the chapter-house, so called from their resemblance to these appendages to a cathedral. Here we could not but lament the devastation made in the ornaments of these sacred places; some Goths not long since, having defaced both throne and chapter-house of their pendent petrified works which had been some ages in forming. The little cascades which fell in various places from the roof and sides, with different trilling notes, served to entertain the ear with their watery music; while the eye was busy in amusing itself with the curious reflections which were made by our sights from the streams and petrifications which appeared all around us. We were told by our guide, what a great effect the discharge of a gun or pistol would have upon our ears: But not being desirous to carry our experimental philosophy so far as to endanger or give pain to the organs of hearing, we were not disappointed in having no apparatus for the purpose. We were shewn a low and narrow passage on one of the shelves of the rock in the chapter-house, which we were informed led to a wider path, extending itself into the heart of the mountain; but our curiosity was satisfied without crawling amongst the rocks besmeared with slime and mud.

R 4

While

While we were regaling ourselves with the provisions we had brought, we enquired of our guide if he could furnish us with any curious anecdotes relative to this cave. After informing us that it had been alternately the habitation of giants and fairies, as the different mythology prevailed in the country; he mentioned two circumstances we paid some attention to. About 50 or 60 years ago, a madman escaped from his friends at or near *Ingleton*, and lived here a week, in the winter season, having had the precaution to take off a cheese and some other provisions to his subterranean hermitage. As there was snow on the ground, he had the cunning of *Cacus*, (see *Virgil, Æneid*, 8. line 209) to pull the heels off his shoes, and set them on inverted at the toes, to prevent being traced: An instance, among many others, of a madman's reasoning justly on some detached part of an absurd plan or hypothesis. Since that time, he told us a poor woman big with child, travelling alone up this inhospitable vale to that of *Dent*, was taken in labour, and found dead in this cave.

Leaving *Yordas*, we shaped our course across the vale by *Twissleton* to *Ingleton*. The rocks on each side of *Kingsdale* are black marble, of which, elegant monuments, chimneys, slabs, and other pieces of furniture are made by a Mr. *Tonlinson*, at *Burton in Lonsdale*; when polished, this marble appears to be made up of entrochi and various parts of testaceous and piscaceous reliques. After we had regaled and rested ourselves comfortably at *Ingleton*, we took an evening walk about a mile above the town to the slate quarries, by the side of the river *Wease*, or *Greta*, which comes down out of *Chapel in the dale*, and joins the *Kingsdale* river at *Ingleton*. Here we had objects both of art and nature to amuse ourselves with: On one hand was a precipice 10 or 12 yards perpendicular, made by the labour of man, being a delve of fine large blue slate, affording an useful and ornamental cover for the houses in the adjoining

adjoining parts of *Yorkshire*, *Lancashire*, and *Westmorland*: On the other hand was the river rolling down from rock to rock in a narrow deep chasm, where there was no room for human foot to tread between the stream and the rugged, high, steep rocks on each side. Several pieces of the slate were bespangled with small bits of spar, in a cubic form, about as big as a pea, and of the colour of brass; others were variegated with various foliages in the shape of ferns, pines, and different vegetables. We crossed the river by means of the broken fragments of rocks, which afforded us their rugged backs above the surface of the water to tread on, and then returned to our quarters on the other side of its channel. Here we met with a fine field for our entertainment as botanists. There was the lady's slipper, the fly orchis, rarely to be met with else where, and many other scarce and curious plants.

Early next morning we set off for *Ingleton fells*, or *Chapel in the dale*, along the turnpike road leading to *Ashrigg* and *Richmond*. We had not travelled much above a mile before we came into the dale, which is about three quarters of a mile broad. For near three miles it had something in its appearance very striking to the naturalist: There were high precipices of limestone rock on each side; and the intermediate vale seemed once to have been of the same height, but sunk down by the breaking of pillars, which must have supported the roof of an enormous vault. This hypothesis does not seem so very absurd, when we take into consideration the vast caverns that are found in this and every other limestone country. About three miles from *Ingleton* is the head of the river *Wease*, or *Greta*, on the left hand side of the road, only a few yards distant from it. It gushes out of several fountains at once, all within 20 or 30 yards of each other; having run about two miles underground, though making its appearance in two or three places within that distance, When there are floods it runs also above ground, though
not

not in all places, except the rains are extraordinary great. This is the subterranean river mentioned by Dr. *Goldsmith* in his entertaining *Natural History*, Vol. 1.

When we had gone about a mile farther, being four miles from *Ingleton*, we turned off the turnpike road to some houses near the chapel, where we left our horses. At first we imagined we had here met with an exception to the maxim of poet *Butler*, the author of *Hudibras*, viz. That no missionary ever planted a church in barren land: For the chapelry produced neither wheat, oats, barley, peas, or any other sort of grain; nor apples, pears, plumbs, cherries, or any kind of fruit: A ripe goose-berry was a natural curiosity in the summer season, in most parts of the district; even their potatoes they had from abroad. Yet though they were destitute of these productions, they were blessed with others as valuable by way of compensation. They abounded with excellent hay grounds and pastures, and were rich in large flocks and herds of cattle, which enabled them to purchase, not only the produce of other parts of *England*, but also the enjoyments and elegancies of foreign climes. Having little intercourse with the luxurious, vicious, and designing part of mankind, they were temperate, substantial, sincere, and hospitable. We found an intelligent, agreeable, and entertaining companion and guide in the curate, who served them also as school-master: As Dr. *Goldsmith* observes on a like occasion;

A man he is to all the country dear,
And passing rich, with thirty pounds a year.

The first curiosity we were conducted to was *Hurtlepot*, about 80 yards above the chapel. It is a round deep hole, between 30 and 40 yards diameter, surrounded with rocks almost on all sides, between 30 and 40 feet perpendicular above a deep black water, in a subterranean cavity at its bottom. All round the top of this horrid place are
trees,

trees, which grow secure from the hatchet; their branches almost meet in the centre, and spread a gloom over a chasm dreadful enough of itself without being heightened with any additional appendages: It was indeed one of the most dismal prospects I had yet been presented with. The descent of *Æneas* into the infernal regions came again fresh into my imagination, and the following passage out of *Virgil* obtruded itself on my memory.

*Spelunca alta fuit, vastoque immanis hiatus,
Scuteque, tuta lacu nigro nemorumque tenebris;
Quum super haud ullæ poterant impunè volantes
Tendere iter pennis: talis sese halitus atris
Fucibus effundens supera ad convexa ferebat;
Unde locum Graii dixerunt nomine Avernum.*

Æneid, B. 6. l. 237.

Deep was the cave; and downwards as it went
From the wide mouth, a rocky, rough descent;
And here th' access a gloomy grove defends;
And there th' unnavigable lake extends;
O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,
No bird presumes to steer his airy flight:
From hence the *Grecian* bards their legends make,
And give the name *Avernus* to the lake.

Dryden.

After viewing for some time with horror and astonishment its dreadful aspect from the top, we were emboldened to descend by a steep and slippery passage to the margin of this Avernian lake. What its depth is we could not learn; but from the length of time the sinking stones we threw in continued to send up bubbles from the black abyss, we concluded it to be very profound. How far it extended under the huge pendent rocks we could get no information, a subterranean embarkation having never yet been fitted out for discoveries. In great floods we were told the pot runs over; some traces of it then remained on the grass. While we stood at the bottom the

awful

awful silence was broken four or five times in a minute, by drops of water falling into the lake from the rocks above, in different solemn keys. This deep is not without its inhabitants, large black trouts are frequently caught in the night by the neighbouring people.

On our return we found the poet *Virgil's* maxim too true.

————— *Facilis descensus Averni:*

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis;

Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,

Hoc opus, hic labor est.

Æneid, B. 6. l. 126.

The gates of hell are open night and day;
Smooth the descent, and easy is the way:
But, to return and view the chearful skies;
In this the task and mighty labour lies.

Dryden.

When we arrived in the superior regions, we pursued our journey about 150 yards farther up a very narrow grotesque glen, over a natural bridge of limestone above ten yards thick, having the subterranean river *Wease*, or *Greta* underneath. When we got to the head of this gill, we were stopt by a deep chasm called *Ginglepot*, at the bottom of a precipice: It is of an oblong and narrow form; an enterprizing person with a steady head and active heels, regardless of the fatal consequences from a false step, might leap over it. It is filled with smooth pebbles at the bottom, except in the south corner, where there is deep water, which in floods swells up to the top, and issues out in a vast torrent. The length of this chasm is about 10 yards, and the perpendicular depth at the north corner about 20 yards. In our way from *Hurtlepot*, we could not help remarking the ruins of two small artificial mounts of earth, which we were told formerly served as butts, whe

when the inhabitants exercised themselves in the ancient military accomplishment of archery.

Returning back a little way from *Ginglepot* in order to find a passage out of this dreary glen, we proceeded about 120 yards higher when we came to *Weathercoat cave* or *cove*,* the most surprising natural curiosity of the kind in the island of *Great Britain*. It is a stupendous subterranean cataract in a huge cave, whose top is on the same level with the adjoining lands. On our approach to its brink, our ears and eyes were equally astonished with the sublime and terrible. The margin was surrounded with trees and shrubs, whose foliage was of various shapes and colours, which had an excellent effect both in guarding and ornamenting the steep and rugged precipices on every side. Where the eye could penetrate through the leaves and branches, there was room for the imagination to conceive this cavern more dreadful and horrible if possible, than it was in reality. This cave is of a lozenge form, and divided into two by a rugged and grotesque arch of limestone rock: The whole length from south to north is about 60 yards, and the breadth about half its length. At the south end is the entrance down into the little cave; on the right of which is a subterranean passage under the rocks, and a petrifying well: A stranger cannot but take notice of a natural seat and table in a corner of this grotesque room, well suited for a poet or philosopher: Here he may be secluded from the bustle of the world, though not from noise; the uniform roaring however of the cascade will exclude from the ear every other sound, and his retirement will conceal him from every object that might divert the eye. Having descended with caution from rock to rock, we passed under the arch and came into the great cave, where we stood sometime in silent astonishment to view this amazing cascade. The perpendicular

* The word *cave* is pronounced by the country people *cove*, or *covee*: This hint may be of service to a stranger in his enquiries,

perpendicular height of the north corner of this cave, was found by an exact admeasurement to be 36 yards; about 11 yards from the top issues a torrent of water out of an hole in the rock, about the dimensions of the large door in a church, sufficient to turn several mills, with a curvature which shews that it has had a steep descent before it appears in open day; and falls 5 yards at a single stroke on the rocks at the bottom, with a noise that amazes the most intrepid ear. The water sinks as it falls amongst the rocks and pebbles at the bottom, running by a subterranean passage about a mile, where it appears again by the side of the turnpike road, visiting in its way the other caverns of *Ginglepot* and *Hurtlepot*. The cave is filled with the spray that arises from the water dashing against the bottom, and the sun happening to shine very bright, we had a small vivid rainbow within a few yards of us, for colour, size, and situation, perhaps no where else to be equalled. An huge rock that had sometime been rolled down by the impetuosity of the stream, and was suspended between us and the top of the cascade, like the coffin of *Mabomet* at *Medina*, had an excellent effect in the scene. Though the stream had polished the surfaces of the pebbles on which it fell at the bottom by rolling them against each other; yet its whole force was not able to drive from its native place the long black moss that firmly adhered to the large immoveable rocks. We were tempted to descend into a dark chamber at the very bottom of the cave, covered over with a ceiling of rock above 10 yards thick, and from thence behind the cascade, at the expence of having our cloaths a little wet and dirtied, when the noise became tremendous, and the idea for personal safety awful and alarming. We were informed that in a great drought the divergency of the stream is so small, that we might with safety go quite round the cascade. At the bottom we were shewn a crevice where we might descend to the subterranean channel, which would lead us to *Ginglepot*, and perhaps much further; we were
also

also shewn above a shallow passage between the strata of rocks, along which we might crawl to the orifice out of which the cascade issued, where it was high enough to walk erect, and where we might have the honour of making the first expedition for discoveries; no creature having yet proceeded in that passage out of sight of day-light: But as we were apprehensive the pleasure would not be compensated by the dangers and difficulties to be encountered in our progress, we did not attempt to explore these new regions. After a little rain another cascade similar to the former falls nearly from the same height on the west side of the cave, appearing and disappearing with great variety amongst the rocks, as if it fell down the chimney of a ruinous building, where several holes were made into it in the gable-end. If the rains still encrease, a large stream sets in out of the room by the side of the little cave; and in great floods a vast river falls into the great cave down the precipice on the eastern side. With their united streams they are sometimes able to fill the whole capacity of the cavern and make it overflow, the subterranean crannies and passages of this leaky vessel not being able with the encreased pressure from above, to carry off the water as fast as it is poured in; but this happens only once in seven or ten years.

Having satisfied our curiosity in viewing this wonder of nature, and moralized on the insignificancy of all human attempts in producing any thing like it, we ascended into our native regions and proceeded to another, called *Douk-cove*, about a mile south on the other side of the turnpike road, towards the foot of *Ingleborough*, whose height now appeared to great advantage from the nature of our own elevated situation. *Douk-cove* is something similar to that of *Weathercoat*, but not heightened so much with the vast and terrible: The cavity indeed was longer and wider, but not deeper; the rocks not so high and steep, except on the east side, where the hawks and other birds

birds build their nests, not dreading the approach of human foot. The stream of this cascade did not fall above 8 or 9 yards, and was not so large and fluent as the former; though like it, was immediately absorbed amongst the rocks beneath. The subterranean passage out of which it issued was very curious. By the help of a ladder we ascended and went along it to some distance by means of candles: When we had gone about 40 or 50 yards we came to a chasm 10 or 12 yards in depth from the surface, through which we could see broad day. How far we could have proceeded we know not; we returned after we had been about 100 yards. This would be looked on as a great curiosity in many countries; but after those we had seen, our wonder was not easily excited.

We were now on the base or pediment on which *Ingleborough* * stands, and greatly elevated above all the western country. Our distance from the bottom, where the steep ascent of this high mountain begins, was about a mile in a direct horizontal line over rocks and pits. The fineness and clearness however of the day induced us to ascend its sides and gain its summit: Though we had many a weary and slippery step, we thought ourselves amply repaid when we got to the top, with the amusement we received in viewing the several extensive and diversified prospects, and in making our observations as botanists and natural historians, on its productions and contents. All the country betwixt us and the sea, to the extent of 40, 50, and 60 miles from the north-west, by the west to the south-west, lay stretched out beneath us like a large map with the roads, rivers, villages, towns, seats, hills and vales, capes and bays, in succession. Elevation
is

* The word *Ingleborough* seems to be derived from the Saxon word *Ingle*, which signifies *fire*, and *borough* or *burgh*, which comes originally from the Greek word *purgos*, and signifies a *watch-tower*; for here a beacon is erected, on which a fire used to be made as a signal of alarm in time of rebellions or invasions.

is a great leveller; all the hills and little mountains in the country before us, appeared sunk in our eyes, and in the same plane with the adjacent meadows. To the north-west, the prospect was terminated at the distance of about 40 or 50 miles, by a chain of rugged mountains in *Westmorland*, *Lancashire*, and *Cumberland*, which appeared as barriers against the fury of the ocean. To the west the Irish sea extends as far as the eye can penetrate, except where the uniformity of the watery prospect is interrupted by the *Isles of Man* and *Anglesey*. The blue mountains in *Wales* terminated our further progress, after we had traced out the winding of the coast all the way from *Lancaster*, by *Preston*, and *Liverpool*. To the east and north, the prospect is soon terminated by a number of black, irregular chaotic mountains, which, by their indentations and winning summits, gave us reason to conclude they contained habitable vales between them. Their sides afford an hardy and wholesome pasture for sheep, and their bowels contain rich mines of lead, some of which are wrought with great advantage to the proprietors.

The immense base on which *Ingleborough* stands, is between 20 and 30 miles in circumference: The rise is in some places even and gradual, in others, as to the north and west, it is rugged and almost perpendicular. The top is plain and horizontal, being almost a mile round, having the ruins of an old wall about it, from which an ingenious antiquary might prove it had once been a Roman station, and place of great defence, if he could make us believe, that this bleak and barren mountain could ever be thought an object of consequence by an enemy. Of late years it has never been frequented by any except shepherds, and the curious in prospects, and the neighbouring country people, who resorted to the horse races, which were formerly annually held on its top. On the western edge there are the remains of what the country people call the beacon, some three or four yards high,
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and

ascended by a flight of steps. The ruins of a little watch-house is also adjoining: No doubt in time of wars, insurrections, and tumults, a fire was made on this beacon to give the alarm to the country round about. The soil on the top is so dry and barren that it affords little grass, the rock being barely covered with earth: A spongy moss is all the vegetable that thrives in this lofty region. The stones on the summit, and for a great way down, are of the sandy gritty sort, with freestone slate amongst them: Upon the base the rocks are all limestone to an enormous depth. Near the top indeed, on the east side, is a stratum of limestone like the *Derbyshire* marble full of entrochi. Several springs have their origin near the summit, particularly one on the north side, of pure and well-tasted water, called *Fair-weather-syke*, which runs down by the side of a sheep fence wall into a chalm, called *Meir-gill*. All the other springs, as well as this, when they come to the limestone base are swallowed up, and, after running perhaps a mile underground, make their appearance once again in the surrounding villages, and then wind in various courses to the *Lune* or *Ribble*, which empty themselves into the Irish sea.

The other stones and fossils on and about *Ingleborough*; are black and brown marbles, abounding with white sea shells, sparks of spar, and flakes of entrochi; spars of various sorts, the stalactical and icicle in the caves, slates pale and brown, and near *Ingleton* blue; black shiver, bloodstone, and lead ore. The soil on the base and sides of *Ingleborough* (where there is any) is chiefly peatmoss, which the country people get up and burn for fuel: The chief cover is ling or heath: Other vegetables are, ferns of various kinds; reindeer-moss, and various other mosses, hebeorines white and red; the different sorts of seedums; the hurtle-berry or bil-berry, knout-berry, cran-berry, and cow-berry. In the *Foal-foot*, which is in the north-west corner of this mountain, is found the viviparous-grass, and the rose-of-the-root, which has a yellow flower; and

and is like house-leek. Near *Inglton*, as was before observed, is the lady's slipper, and fly orchis. The chief animals found on and about *Ingleborough* are, grouse, the ring-oussle, and wheat-eat; the fox, mountain cat, wild cat, pole cat, and weasle.

The perpendicular height of this mountain above the level of the sea is 3987 feet, as taken by a country gentleman, though it is marked 1765 yards, or exactly one mile high, in the new map of *Yorkshire*. It is agreed on all hands, and is obvious enough to the eye, that *Wharfedale*, which is on the north side of the vale of *Chapel in the dale*, is the higher, though not so well situated for extensive prospects. If this mountain is one mile high, it may be calculated from the principles of mathematics, that the prospect along the sea will extend above 90 miles from the eye. The top of *Ingleborough* is the first land, however that fails in detery in their voyage from *Dublin* to *Lancaster*, though almost 30 miles from the sea, which shews the great elevation of this mountain.

We returned back nearly the way we came, to the turnpike road in a pasture called the *Sleights*, where we had ordered our horses to be stationed. We could not but observe in this field, two remarkable large heaps of small round stones, at about a quarter of a mile distance from each other, called by the country people the *Hurders*; they seemed evidently placed there by human hands, and what was most extraordinary, there was not one stone scarce to be seen of the kind near them; all the stones in the neighbourhood were liestones, but these were round, sandy, gritty stones; most probably these mounts were tumuli. After we were got between three and four miles from the chapel, we came to an inn, at the bottom of the high mountain *Cam*, called *Gearstones*, where we left our horses, and proceeded to another curious cave, about half a mile off, called *Catknott-hole*. The entrance into it was two or three yards wide, and three or four high.

We had not gone out of sight of day, before we were obliged to wade up to the mid-leg a few yards, through a little pool made by the rill, that comes out of this cave. The passage grew narrower, but wide enough to walk along with ease, except in one or two places, where we were in danger of daubing our cloaths with a red slime. We proceeded above a quarter of a mile, when the road grew wider, but the roof was so low, that we could not go on with ease and pleasure: Perhaps, if we had mustered humility and fortitude enough, to have crouched and crawled a little, we might have come to where the roof again would have been as high as we should have desired. In some places there were alleys out of the main street, but not extending to any great distance, so as to admit of passengers. The rocks jutted out, and were pendent in every grotesque and fantastic shape; most of them were covered over with a fine coating of spar, that looked like alabaster, while icicles of various shapes and colours were pendent from the roof; all generated by the fine particles of stone that exist in the water, which transudes through the roof and sides, and adhere to the rock in their descent to the bottom. The various coloured reflections made by the spars and petrifications that abounded in every part, entertained the eye with the greatest novelty and variety; while at the same time, the different notes made by the rill in its little cascades, and reverberated from the hollow rocks, amused the ear with a new sort of rude and subterranean music, but well enough suited to our slow and gloomy march. This was the longest subterranean excursion we had yet made, and if we might have formed our own computation of its extent, from the time we were in going and coming, and not from the real admeasurement of our guide, we should have thought it two or three times as long as it was, so much were we deceived in our estimate of a road, unlike any we had ever before travelled. The romantic cascades, pools, and precipices,

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in the channel of the river *Ribble*, that runs by the mouth of this cave, are not unworthy the notice of a stranger.

We left one cave as we came hither, about a mile or two off to the north. It is called *Greenside-cave*, and is at the bottom of the high mountain *Wharfedale*, near the road from the village called *Winter-scales*, to the dale of *Dent*: As it had nothing in it very different from this last, we were prevailed on to pass it, and in lieu of seeing it, to take the curate's account of it. He told us that *Churchill's* description of the Scottish cave in the prophesy of famine, with a little alteration, would give us a compleat idea of it.

This lonely cave (hard tax on Scottish pride!)
 Shelter at once for man and beast supply'd :
 Their snares without, entangling briars spread,
 And thistles, arm'd against the invader's head :
 Here webs were spread of more than common size,
 And half starv'd spiders prey'd on half starv'd flies ;
 In quest of food, efts strove in vain to crawl,
 Slugs, pinch'd with hunger, smear'd the slimy wall :—
 The cave around with falling rivelets rung,
 And on the roof unhealthy vapours hung.

After we had refresh'd ourselves and horses at *Gearstones*, we were for some time in suspense, whether we should go to *Horton*, by *Ling-gill*, which is a curious and romantic deep channel through limestone rocks for a small brook ; or return about a mile, and go by *Alumn-pot*, which is a little above the village of *Selfside*, and about two miles from *Gearstones*. Our taste for pits and caves induced us to adopt the latter plan. *Alumn* or *Alan pot* is a round steep hole in the limestone rock, about ten yards in diameter, and of a tremendous depth. We stood some time on its margin, which is fringed round with shrubs, in silent astonishment, not thinking it safe to venture near enough to its brim to try if we could see to its bottom. The profundity seem'd vast and horrible from the hollow,

gingling, continued noise, excited by the stones we tumbled in. The rivulet that descended into this pit, filled a great part of its cavity with spray, which caused such a dreadful gloom, as to make us shrink back with horror, when we could get a peep into this vast abyss. The waters run from its bottom 300 or 400 yards underground, and then appear again at the little village of *Sel-side*. After having excited the several passions of curiosity, dread, and horror, from the negative knowledge we got of the capacity and depth of this huge pot, we proceeded about half a dozen miles farther to the little town of *Horton*, between the river *Ribble* and the lofty well-formed mountain *Penegent*. There were indeed several more caves and chasms on the base of *Ingleborough*, which we left unexplored, as *Hardraw-kin*; and *Meir-gil*, on the north side; *Long-kin*, on the west side; and *Johnsen's-jacket-hole*, *Gap-r-gil*, *Blackfile-cave*, *Sir William's cave*, *Atkinson's-chamber*, and some others on the south and east sides. Some of them are dry, and others have water in; but these we left for another summer's excursion.

Before we left *Horton* we visited some natural curiosities of the cavern kind on the base of *Penegent*. * *Dowgill-scar*, a little above *Horton*, is a grotesque amphitheatre of limestone rocks composing an high precipice, which must appear awful and grand in a flood, when a large torrent of water falls from the top, full in view: A small subterranean passage was able to take all the water, when we were there. A romantic gallery on the north side in the rocks, had a good effect in the scene. About a mile or two above *Horton* upon the base of *Penegent*, we visited *Hulpit*, and *Huntpit holes*: The one, if we could have descended

* The word *Pen* is of Phœnician extraction, and signifies *head* or *eminence*. It was first introduced into *Cornwall*, where the *Phœnicians* had a colony, who wrought the tin mines. Hence we have many names in *Cornwall* which begin with *pen*. Most mountains in *Wales* begin with *pen*. In *Scotland* the initial letter *P* is changed into *B*, and *Pen* into *Ben*, as *Benlomond*, *Benevis*, &c.

descended into it, would have appeared like the inside of an enormous old Gothic castle, whose high ruinous walls were left standing after the roof was fallen in. The other was like a deep funnel, and it was dangerous to come near its edges. *Horton-beck* or *brook* runs through the one, and *Branfil-beck* through the other of these pits, but through which I cannot remember; they each run underground near a mile; *Horton beck* appearing again at *Dowgil-scar*, and *Branfil-beck* at a place called *Branfil head*. But what is most extraordinary, these subterranean brooks cross each other underground without mixing waters, the bed of one being on a stratum above the other: This was discovered by the muddy water after a sheep washing, going down the one passage, and the seeds or husks of oats that were sent down the other. About a couple of miles from *Horton*, on the right hand side of the road to *Settle*, is a curious stone quarry, at a place called *Culms* or *Coums*; they are of a blue kind like slate, from one to three inches thick: Some are two or three yards broad, and five or six yards long; they are made use of for floors in houses, being sometimes laid over cellars on joists; they are also used for gate-posts, foot-bridges, and partitions between the stalls in stables and cowhouses.

At *Stainforth*, which is about three miles from *Horton*, and two from *Settle* we were entertained with two cascades, one in the *Ribble*, near the road, about 6 or 8 yards high, and another a little above the village, perhaps 20 or thirty yards perpendicular.

About a quarter of a mile before we arrived at *Settle*, we turned to the right, along the road towards *Kirkby-Lonsdale*, about a mile, under the high and romantic rocks called *Giggleswick-scar*; in order to see the well by the way side, which ebbs and flows. We were in luck, seeing it reciprocate several times while we were there, and not staying above an hour. We could not however

learn, with any degree of certainty, by what intervals of time, and to what heights and depths, the reciprocation was carried on. We were informed that if the weather was either very drougthy or very wet, the phænomenon ceased. I have seen some philosophical attempts to solve this extraordinary curiosity, on the principle of the syphon, but in vain; as on that hypothesis, if the syphon is filled by the spring, it will flow on uniformly for ever. We are told by drunken *Barnaby* almost 200 years ago, that it puzzled the wits of his age.

*Veni Giggleswick, parum frugis
Profert tellus, clausa jugis:
Ibi vena prope viæ
Fluit, restit, nocte, die;
Neque norunt unde vena,
An a sale vel arenâ.*

Thence to *Giggleswick* most steril,
Hem'd with shelves and rocks of peril,
Near to th' way, as a traveller goes,
A fine fresh spring both ebbs and flows;
Neither know the learn'd that travel,
What procures it, salt or gravel. *Barnaby.*

Two country gentlemen, about 30 or 40 years ago, promised something more successful in the issue of a paper war that was carried on between them, to the great amusement of the neighbourhood: Nothing however was determined or contended for about this well, so famous in history, but whether it was a natural curiosity or not.

As we approached towards *Settle*, in our return, a white rock like a tower, called *Castleberg*, immediately above the town, and about 20 or 30 yards in perpendicular height, engaged our attention. We were told a curious anecdote of this rocky mount. As limestone was daily got there to supply a kiln at the bottom, the inhabitants had the lime-burner presented at the court of the lord of the manour, fearing that if any more was dug out,
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the rock might fall and bury the whole town in ruins, a stone having once tumbled down and broken through a garden wall beneath, in its impetuous course towards the houses. Twelve wise and just men were impanelled as jurors, and sent to view this impending nuisance; the verdict they returned was, that if ever it fell, it would tumble not towards the town, but the direct contrary way. On the other side, it rests against the base of an high mountain. The hills and mountains all round were limestone to a prodigious depth; yet, strange to tell, we were informed there was a monopoly of this commodity, one lime-burner or one company of lime-burners having engrossed the whole of it.

Settle is irregularly built, has a large and spacious market-place, but not many good houses in it: Though by no means an inconsiderable town either for trade, riches, or number of inhabitants, it has no church or chapel. The church is at *Giggleswick*, about a mile off, which appeared to be the court end of the parish

From *Settle* we proceeded eastward over the moors and mountains about half a dozen miles, to *Malham* or *Maum*, in order to see some other natural curiosities of the precipice and cataract kind. We had already indeed seen so many, that our wonder could not easily be excited, except they were more great and terrible: As such we had them represented at *Settle*, or else we should scarce have left the turnpike road; and when we saw them we were not disappointed for great and terrible they are. The first was *Malham-cave* (or vulgarly *Maum-cove*) though it has properly nothing of the cave about it. It is a fine amphitheatre of perpendicular limestone rock on the side of the moor, at least 100 yards high in the middle. The rocks lie stratum upon stratum, and on some there are *saxa sedilia* or shelves, so that a person of great spirit and agility, but of small and slender body, might almost walk round. A small brook springs out at the bottom of the rocks;

rocks; but in floods the narrow subterranean passage is not able to give vent to all the water, when there pours down a stupendous cataract, in height almost double that of *Niagara*. This is the highest perpendicular precipice I have ever seen, and I think not enough known or admired by travellers for its greatness and regularity. After pursuing our journey near a mile, by the side of the deep and romantic channel of the river *Air*, which washes the base of many a rugged and high precipice in its impetuous course to the vale beneath, we came to *Gordal*, the highest and most stupendous of them all. The prospect of it from the side of the opposite western bank is awful, great, and grand. After viewing for some time its horrid front with wonder and astonishment, we were tempted to descend with care and circumspection down the steep bank on the west side of this river, which being interspersed with trees and shrubs, enabled us to rely on our hands, where we could find no sure foot hold. The water being low we met with no difficulty in stepping from one broken fragment of the rocks to another, till we got on the other side, when we found ourselves underneath this huge impending block of solid limestone, near 100 yards high. The idea for personal safety excited some awful sensations accompanied with a tremor. The mind is not always able to divest itself of prejudices and unpleasing associations of ideas: Reason told us that this rock could not be moved out of its place by human force, blind chance, or the established laws of nature. We stood too far under its margin to be affected by any crumbled descending fragment, and a very small one would have crushed us to atoms, if it had fallen upon us; yet, in spite of reason and judgment, the same unpleasing sensations of terror ran coldly through our veins, which we should have felt, if we had looked down, though secure, from its lofty top. Nothing however fell upon us but a few large drops, which sweat from out its horrid prominent front. A little higher up is a fine cascade,

gade, where the river striving for an easier and gentler descent, has forced a way through the rocks, leaving a rude natural arch remaining above. If a painter wanted to have embellished his drawing of this romantic scene with some grotesque object, he could have added nothing which would have suited his purpose better, if nature had not done the work for him.

• From *Gordal* we proceeded to a curious lake called *Maum* or *Malham tarn*, abounding with fine trout, upon the top of the moor; and from thence by *Kilsey-crag*, to *Graffington*, on the banks of the river *Wharf*. Having not been apprized of the crags of *Kilsey*, I was a good deal amazed at the prospect. They are by the side of the vale along which descends the river *Wharf*: Like those at *Giggleswick*, they extend in a line to some distance, but are higher and more prominent. The road we came along winded down amongst these crags, so that we were presented with a full view of them on a sudden, which caused the greater surprise. After having refreshed ourselves at *Graffington*, we travelled about nine miles further and came to *Skipton*. The country all round is uneven and rugged; the vales are rich on the surface and the mountains beneath it abound with rich mines of lead. After we had visited the castle (which belongs to the Earl of *Thanet*, and the curious canal behind it, above the mills, which leads to the limestone quarry, by the side of a romantic deep glen, we left *Skipton*. Before our departure we were for some time in doubt, whether we should ascend the steep and black hill of *Romaldsmeor*, and so proceed down the vale of *Wharfedale*, one of the pleasantest in *England*, to *Otley*, and so to *Leeds*,—or go by *Keighley*, *Bingley*, and *Bradford*, along the side of the new canal, and view the locks and other contrivances on this new and useful work of

• If *Kilsey-crag* should not be thought an object worth going six or seven miles round to see, the best way from *Gordal* to *Skipton* will be by *Kirkby*, *Malhamdale*, and *Gargrave*,

of art. Most of us having been the former road, and this with its objects being quite new, we were induced to proceed along it. At *Kilwick*, about four miles from *Skipton*, we passed under this aquæduct, where it was banked up a great height above the adjoining lands at a vast labour and expence: There have been some violent struggles between the elements of earth and water; the mounds have not always been able to keep the water within its proper limits, they having, oftner than once, been broke through by the pressure on their sides. About a mile further, at *Stecton*, we could not but observe the steep ascent and descent of the road over an hill, when a level path might have been made almost equally near along the side of the river. The inconveniences that must attend carriage in carts and waggons, from such ill concerted roads, perhaps might suggest the expediency of a canal. The use and practicability of such an undertaking in a mountainous country, one would imagine might give the inhabitants a hint to make their roads wind with easy ascents and descents along the sides of the vale: From *Skipton* to *Otley* the road is carried up and down the corner of the steep mountain *Romaldsnoor*, when as near a one might have been conducted along the vale beneath. The inhabitants might have carried to the market the produce of their lands, and brought coals and manure at a little expence, if this plan had been adopted; but the prejudices against improvements and innovations are not easily removed. At *Bingley* we were entertained with the locks; there are five or six of them together, where the barges ascend or descend 80 or 90 feet perpendicular, in the distance of about 100 yards. They are elegant and well finished, but seem too deep not to leak and be frequently out of repair. The act was procured some eight or ten years ago, to make a navigable canal from *Leeds* up to *Skipton*, and *Colne*, and from thence by *Whalley*, *Leland*, and *Ormskirk*, to *Liverpool*, being quite across the kingdom. As in most works of this nature, which
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are extensive and of a new kind, the estimate fell far short of the expence. Only the two extremities are finished at present, from *Leeds* about four miles above *Skipton*, at one end, and from *Liverpool* to *Wigan* on the other. If the whole was compleated, no doubt but it would prove of great public and national advantage. Like that of the new river to *London*, undertakings of this sort often ruin the first adventurers, and make the fortunes of those who are able to complete and extend the original plan.

About four miles before we arrived at *Leeds*, in our way from *Bradford*, we were suddenly presented with the grand and venerable ruins of *Kirkstall* abbey, full in view from the road: We stood some minutes looking with silent respect and reverence on the havock which had been made by time on this sacred edifice. How much soever we might condemn the mistaken notions of monkish piety, that induced the devotees to a lethargic supineness, and to forsake all the social duties of life in order to be good men; yet we secretly revered that holy zeal which inspired them to exert every power in erecting structures, whose magnitude and beauty might excite ideas worthy of the Deity to whom they were dedicated; and also to reprobate that fanatic bigotry which suffered them to decay and go to ruin, because they were once inhabited by a set of christians, whose manner of worship was not orthodox. While we were moralizing thus on religious prejudices, the instability of the works of men's hands, and the fading glories of this world, we came to *Leeds*.

As the largeness and extent of this thriving manufacturing town, with all its elegant buildings in and about it, are well known to you, and, as you have also seen every thing worth notice in and near the road from thence, I shall here take my leave of you, and no longer tire you with a relation of the adventures and curiosities I met with in my summer's journey.

A R T I C L E V I I I .

FURTHER ACCOUNT OF

F U R N E S S F E L L S ,

O R ,

OBSERVATIONS ON PLACING OBJECTS ON THE
 EMINENCES, AND PLANTING TREES IN THE VAL-
 LIES SEEN IN THIS TOUR; BEING THE NOTE
 INTENDED FOR PAGE 43.

FURNESS FELL S, and the adjacent parts here al-
 luded to, are so peculiarly distinguished with *piet-
 resque* beauty, that they deserve a more minute descrip-
 tion. This country consists of a succession of mountains
 and vallies, formed and intermixed in all the possible
 variety of rural nature. Much of the vallies, and the
 bases of most of the hills, are covered with young wood,
 which at certain periods is cut down and charred for the
 use of the neighbouring furnaces. On this account the
 copses, which consist of various kinds of trees, constantly,
 in the summer, exhibit every pleasing colour of youthful
 vegetation. The main shoots, also, spring up so straight,
 and the collateral ones at such small angles with them,
 that they give an uncommon idea of vegetating vigour,
 and when they are seen rooted in the clefts of rocks,
 fancy will conceive them not unlike the streams of some
 fluid bursting forcibly from its prison. Among these
 copses are found several neat villages, houses, and spaces
 of cultivated land, which, with a number of brooks and
 rivers, tumbling and tinkling among them, constitute a
 scene of sylvan beauty exceedingly lively and singular.
 But what still enhances the whole is, the goodness of the
 highways, of which, in fine weather, it is not extravagant
 to say, in general, that they are more like the walks of
 a gentleman's pleasure ground, than roads for ordinary
 occupation.

occupation. This circumstance, though in part owing to the peculiar goodness of the materials, is, nevertheless, much indebted to the neatness and public spirit of the inhabitants.

A laudable taste for adorning nature, has led us from *ornamented gardens* to *ornamented farms*, and, being in the possession of good roads (an essential article for the display of rural beauty) there seems to be but one thing wanting to make this a truly *ornamented country*. What I mean here, is, *artificial objects* raised on proper parts of the mountains and eminences, which at every turn are presented to us through some agreeable opening or other.

Eminences are as naturally fit places for objects intended to attract the distant eye, as they are for enabling the eye to survey distant objects. Hence to decorate them with *columns, obelisks, temples* &c has the sanction of natural fitness. And if to this consideration we add that of the inherent beauty of the objects themselves, and remember, that there is nothing sets off the beauties of nature so much as elegant works of art,—justifying motives for these erections can never be wanting to any one who has a taste for rural beauty, and is willing to accomplish as much of it as is in his power. But this is not all. The practice is certainly patriotic. For such elegant ornaments will at least naturally contribute to diffuse a serenity and cheerfulness of mind into every beholder; and hence (if we may be pardoned the figure) like electrical conductors, they may be supposed to bring down a little of the happy placidity of better regions, to add to the natural quantity shooting about on the earth. As another motive it may be observed, that it is pleasing in any country to see the inhabitants so much at ease in mind and circumstances as to pay attention to these fanciful undertakings, and moreover, that, as a man of sense appears the more so for seeming conscious of the importance of what he says,

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so every traveller will conceive the better of a people, who, sensible of the natural advantages of their country, are found disposed to make the best of them.

How these objects should be formed or situated must for the most part be determined by circumstances under the eye of taste. One thing however seems worthy of particular notice in this place, which is, that erections of this sort would have the most grand and characteristic effect placed on eminences so as to have the sky for a background. When this is the case, the hills they are raised upon should be bounded by agreeable lines, seen at a great distance, and much in sight of the principal roads. *

The most simple of these erections are obelisks, and properly formed summer-houses. † But a series of columns constituting a temple, or supporting arches, pediments, &c. would have by much the best effect, provided they were properly large, for the ordinary points of view. Through the openings of these columns, the sky would always give them a striking appearance; but in an evening, if the sun set behind them, no spectacle of the kind could

* If they be not intended also for a near inspection, they need not be of any expensive materials. Provided they be well formed in out line (and for the *design* of which artists of taste should always be applied to) common stone and mortar will do very well.

† This kind of summer-house should either be octagonal, or at least have more than four sides. And if either of these sorts of erections be not placed on very pointed hills, care should be taken to raise them (either by raising the earth on which they stand, or by giving them a high rustic base, &c.) so that the sides of the hills will not prevent a complete sight of their elevation from the principal points of view.—Nothing can be worse managed than to see these objects as if rising beyond the top of the hill, or from the bottom of a fish-pond.

Perhaps a summer-house standing on proper rustic arches (through which the sky might be seen) would, for the following reason, in some cases have a good effect,

could be imagined more grand and attractive, or more accordant with the sublimity of the surrounding mountains.—Perforated doors and windows in the imitation of old gothic ruins, it is true, would yield part of this effect, but their gloomy and irregular appearance renders them in the case before us generally improper.

Something of this kind (on the bolder eminences particularly) seems to be all the essential article that is wanting to perfect the rural beauties of this country; except, indeed, it may be thought, that a little more attention paid to the removal and planting of trees, would be of use for that end; and concerning which I beg leave to lengthen this article with a few observations.

Trees are certainly the ornament and pride of vegetable nature. A bird dispoiled of its plumage scarce seems more mutilated and ungainly than countries and enclosures destitute of trees. They have a good effect planted even (in their worst situation) any how in hedge-rows; but if they be lightly scattered with taste in proper parts of the enclosure itself, they become infinitely more pleasing. Hence, though nature has done wonders in the disposition of trees in some of her favourite haunts, yet still (if not in them) she may be improved upon in others, by the assistance of art. And let not the lips of torridness object to the purport of this hint, that if put in practice it would ask some care and expence, and probably prevent the growth of what is more profitable to the owner and serviceable to man: For the God of nature is far from having fully proportioned the animals of the earth to its produce. And as he renders fruitless innumerable seeds of almost every vegetable and animal creature, so the application of a part of our care, and a portion of the earth to its own ornament is, I am persuaded, so far from being culpable or improper, that (in humble imitation of the divine love of beauty and liberality) it seems as much to

be required from the pious votary of nature as his admiration of what comes immediately from its own efforts. In both cases God is alike honoured; and honour to God is certainly too nearly connected with religion to make it in any case an act of indifference. Do then, ye affluent and prosperous land-holders, pay some attention to this particular. Study the subject through the medium of books and pictures, and sometimes spare, and sometimes plant a tree for ornament's sake. And, if you think them reasonable ones, observe also the few following remarks, humbly offered to your consideration.—They shall be made as brief as possible.

The greatest nicity and perfection in the art of planting trees lies in the use of exotics, and an ingenious mixture of foliage, in order to decorate, for *near inspection*, the marginal views of a lawn, walk, &c. But if ever a fondness for agriculture, built upon a love of simple nature and sober piety (of which there too, *too* few indications in our present manners) shall turn the general taste of the kingdom towards *ornamented farms*, such an event cannot be supposed to be suddenly brought about. Hence, the precepts that relate to this elegant part of gardening will in this place be wholly unnecessary, and our attention must be confined to the management of the larger trees, which are already found in these regions.

Scotch firs, though a favourite tree with many people, seem to require a good deal of judgment in their use; for they may be so planted as to injure a landscape more perhaps than they are generally seen to adorn it. In hanging-woods (with which this country abounds) they frequently appear to disadvantage *however* disposed. A single tree in this case often looks like a blot, and a plantation like a daub; especially in winter, when the most is expected from their verdure. The reason of this seems to be the darkness of their colour, and the obviousness of their *whole* form and out-line: From the first particular
they

they always attract the eye more than any thing else, and, from the second, hurt the imagination with presenting to it only a parcel of small *limited* streaks or patches, awkwardly *inclined* to the horizon. When slightly and irregularly interspersed in woods of this kind they may now and then please from variety. But, in general, they come so forward to the eye, and, at a good distance in winter, so much resemble *yew*, *holly*, and the like gloomy and barren-looking trees, that they do a real injury to the soft and pleasing tints, which result from the native stems, and which, from use, best accords with the idea of thriving wood-lands.

For these reasons Scotch firs look best when they are seen in large *horizontal* plantations, on low (or at least *not* high) ground; when the front is only exposed to sight (hence their depth backward imagined very great) and when the blue vapours of an extended horizon are seen over their tops. In this case they have a very grand effect, and form a fine dark contrast to the pale and distinct features of the over-looking hills.

Those circular groups of trees called *clumps* are oftner seen than worthy of praise. They appear to have the best effect (if they must be used) for near views, or when they are found in the middle of a *level* open vale of fine lawn or meadow. But on the *sides* of distant hills, or mountains (where they are seen *all round*) their appearance is truly paltry. The more smooth and large these eminences are, the more improper this species of ornament becomes; and in short, I apprehend, the features of a lady's face would scarce be more injured by the mark of her thimble, than the features of several hills would be by these unnatural circles.—At the same time however that we censure this mode of decorating mountains, it may be proper to observe, that if they be wholly covered with wood, or lightly interspersed with single trees, &c. the effect will be natural and pleasing.

But the most absurd decoration of these eminences in vogue is a few trees placed on their top, so that the whole holes of the formost ranks may be seen down to their very roots. Trees we know are chiefly the produce of the lower parts of the earth's surface, and to see the roots of some above the heads of others, as it were, tier above tier, is not natural and therefore not beautiful.—Houses, which are the work of art, seldom look well in this form: In short, whatever be the circumstances of the base of a fine mountain as to wood, its top should either be wholly naked, or ornamented with one of those artificial erections spoken of above.

These observations will also hold good with respect to little abrupt prominences, or swells, in ornamented grounds; which (if they must be tampered with) would receive more improvement from being encircled with an assortment of shrubs, over whose tops the crowns of the hills (either plain, or terminated with some agreeable erection of stone) might be fairly seen, than from a few large trees, planted, as we often find, on their summits. For where these swells are pretty frequent (as they mostly are in uneven countries) art is better applied in lowering them, as it were *to the eye*, than in giving them *real* additional height.

As to avenues of tall trees, they have certainly a noble effect for a private walk, or the first part of an approach to a gentleman's seat. But seen from distant eminences, they often betray a good deal of the formality of a common fence.

To close the subject with a maxim or two more. Keep all large trees at a good distance from every neat looking house. * Always consider extensive unevenly-bounded forests

* Respecting *houses*, I would just observe, by the bye, that to any person, save a native inured to them, buildings of *blue-rag* without mortar have a very mean and depressing look, and that,
if

rests to have an infinitely better effect in a landscape, than an equal quantity of trees dispersed over it in crowded formally-enclosed patches. And, above all things, never forget the superlative beauty which (for a near view) may be given to a park, farm, or cultivated country, by single trees, lightly and irregularly placed out of the hedge-rows.

The bounds of this article will not admit of more than a few leading remarks on this subject, but I fancy if the above hints were observed, they would be sufficient, under the influence of taste, for the intended purpose. And though they are thrown out more particularly with a view to one part of the country included in this tour, yet it is all so much alike in several respects, that they might be attended to with the same advantage in every other. And were these ideas verified, I flatter myself this northern district would be worthy of being termed the British Arcadia, and exhibit nearly to the utmost pitch of the poet's fancy,

An ample theatre of sylvan grace.

Mason's English garden.

This to the more wealthy of its inhabitants. To the more humble I will just subjoin a finishing word.

That you are placed in one of the most beautiful districts in the kingdom, the number of its visitors of all ranks constantly testify, and you will see it is one purpose of this book to make still more known. And if you be not the happiest of people, the fault must be in yourselves; since nature has bountifully bestowed upon you every essential requisite of enjoyment. Be therefore content to pursue your innocent, though humble vocations, without letting a wish wander beyond your peaceful vales;

T 3

and

if it fall conveniently within reach, the common rough-cast of limestone countries has the most neat and chearful appearance of any outside finish, of an easy expence, and of easy managment.

and now and then turn your thoughts towards those particulars which annually bring among you so many wealthy and respectable visitors. Keep your highways in good order (or, as observed before, their beauty is essential to rural beauty. *) Preserve your native modesty, and never let envy mar your civility. When you prune a fence joining to a public road, put the branches where they can be no annoyance; † and then, as you are already exemplary in many moral virtues, you will set a pattern of rural decency worthy of the imitation of several politer parts of the kingdom:

* The great advantage that any town receives in appearance, merely from the letters on the various *signs*, &c. being elegantly done, is very evident. And were the *finger-posts* on the roads, executed with proper taste, they might be made as ornamental as they are useful; and hence yield due credit to the public-spirit of the townships to which they belong, instead of being thought (as they often are at present) lamentable indications of their ignorance and poverty.

† It may also be here proper to remind the husbandmen and farmers of another slovenly practice they are frequently guilty of in most countries; I mean the custom of throwing stones, weeds, and other kinds of rubbish, from their fields, upon the face of the roads, with no more regard to the seamliness of its appearance than to the moral honesty of the deed. If they cannot comprehend that they have no more right to make use of the roads for this purpose than a neighbour's field, and, that, though generally connived at, the practice is wrong, the surveyors would do very well to teach them this decent piece of knowledge by the proper severities of the law.

A R T I C L E IX.

S P E C I M E N S

OF THE.

C U M B E R L A N D D I A L E C T.

These are taken from the poems of the ingenious and modest R E L P H; an author of some estimation in those parts, and whose pastorals in particular are admired by all judges, for their exact delineation (after the best classic models) of the language and manners of his rustic countrymen.

H A R V E S T; ¹⁷⁹⁰

OR,

T H E B A S H F U L S H E P H E R D.

A P A S T O R A L.

I N T H E C U M B E R L A N D D I A L E C T.

W H E N welcome rain the weary reapers drove
Beneath the shelter of a neighbouring grove;
Robin, a love-sick swain, lagg'd far behind,
Nor seem'd the weight of falling show'rs to mind;
A distant, solitary shade he sought,
And thus disclos'd the troubles of his thought.

Ay, ay, thur drops may cuil my out-side heat,
Thur callar blatts may wear the boilen sweat:
But my het bluid, my heart aw' in a bruil,
Nor callar blatts can wear, ner drops can cuil.

Here,

G L O S S A R Y.

Thur, these. cuil, cool. callar, cold. boilen, boiling. het, hot.
bluid, blood. aw, all. bruil, broil.

Here, here it was (a wae light on the pleace)
 'At first I gat a gliff o' *Betty's* feace:
 Blyth on this trod the smurker tripp'd, and theer
 At the deail-head unluckily we shear:
 Heedless I glim'd, not cou'd my een command,
 'Till gash the sickle went into my hand:
 Down hell'd the bluid; the shearers aw braist out
 In sweels of laughter; *Betty* luik'd about;
 Reed grew my fingers, reeder far my feace:
 What cou'd I de in feck a dispert kease?

Away I sleeng'd, to grandy meade my mean,
 My grandy (God 'be wud her, now she's geane)
 Skilfu' the gushen bluid wi' cockwebs staid;
 Then on the fair an healen plaister laid;
 The healen plaister eas'd the painful fair,
 The arr indeed remains, but naething mair.

Not sae the other wound, that inward smart,
 My grandy cou'd not cure a bleedin heart;
 I've bworn the bitter torment three lang year,
 And aw my life-time mun be sworc'd to bear,
 'Lefs *Betty* will a kind physician pruve;
 For nin but she has skil to medcin luive.

But how shou'd honest *Betty* give relief?
Betty's a parfet stranger to my grief:

Of-

G L O S S A R Y.

Wae, woe. pleace, place. 'at, that. gliff, a transient view: feace, face. trod, foot-path. smurker, smiler. theer, there. deail-head, a narrow plot of ground in a common field. shear, reaped. glim'd, looked askance. een, eyes. gash, to cut. hell'd, pour'd. aw, all. braist, burst. sweels, swells or bursts. luik'd, looked. reed, red. reeder, redder. feace, face. de, do. feck, such. kease, case. sleeng'd, went creepingly away. grandy, grandmother. meade, made. mean, moan, wud, with. geane, gone. gushen, gushing. bluid, blood. cockwebs, cobwebs. fair, fore. healen, healing. arr, scar or mark. naething, nothing. mair, more. sae, so. bworn, born. lang, long. mun, must. 'worc'd, forc'd. pruve, prove. nin, none. luive, love. parfet. perfect.

Oft I've resolv'd my ailment to explain;
 Oft I've resolv'd indeed,—but all in vain:
 A springin' blush spred fast ower aither cheek,
 Down *Robin* luik'd, and deuce a word cou'd speak.

Can I forget that neet! (I never can)
 When on the clean sweep'd hearth the spinnels ran.
 The lassies drew their line wi' busy speed;
 The lads, as busy, minded every thread.
 When sad! the line sae slender *Betty* drew,
 Snap went the thread, and down the spinnel flew:
 To me it meade—the lads began tō glop—
 What cou'd I de? I mud, mud tak it up;
 I tuik it up, and (what gangs pleaguy hard)
 E'en reach'd it back without the sweet reward.

O lastin stain! even yet it's eith to treace
 A guilty conscience in my blushen feace:
 I fain wad wesh it out but never can;
 Still fair it hides like bluid of sackless man.

Nought sae was *Wully* hushfu'—*Wully* spy'd
 A par of scissars at the lass's side;
 Thar lows'd, he sleely dropp'd the spinnel down—
 And what said *Betty*?—*Betty* struive to frown;
 Up flew her hand to soufe the cowren lad,
 But ah, I thought it fell not down ower sad:
 What follow'd I think mickle to repeat,
 My teeth aw' watter'd then, and watter yet,

E'en

G L O S S A R Y.

Springin, springing. ower, over. aither, either. luik'd, look'd. neet, night. spinnels, spindles. wi', with. sae, so. meade, made. glop, stare-de, do, mud, must. tak, take. tuik, took. gangs, goes. pleaguy, plaguy. lastin, lasting. eith, easy. treace, trace. blushen, blushing. feace, face. wad, wou'd. wesh, wash. bides, abides. bluid, blood. sackless, innocent. sae, so. *Wully, Willy*. par, pair. thar, them. lows'd, loos'd. sleely, slyly. spinnel, spindle. struive, strove. cowren, crouching. ower, over. mickle, much, aw', all. watter'd, water'd.

E'en weel is he 'at ever he was bworn!
 He's free frae aw' this bitterment and scworn:
 What mun I still be fash'd wi' straglen-sheep,
 Wi' far-fetch'd sighs, and things I said a-sleep;
 Still shamfully left snafflen by my sell,
 And still, still dagg'd wi' the damn'd neame o' mell?

Whare's now the pith, (this luive! the deuce ga' wi't!)
 The pith I shou'd when eer we struive to beat;
 When a lang lwonin through the cwarn I meade,
 And bustin far behind the leave survey'd.

Dear heart! that pith is geane and comes nae mair,
 'Till *Betty's* kindness fall the loss repair;
 And she's not like (how sud she?) to be kind,
 'Till I have freely spoken out my mind,
 'Till I have learnt to feace the maiden clean,
 Oil'd my slow tongue, and edg'd my sheepish een.

A buik theer is—a buik—the neame—shem saw't:
 Some thing o' compliments, I think, they caw't:
 'At meakes a clownish lad a clever spark,
 O hed I this! this buik wad de my wark,
 And I's resolv'd to hav't, whatever't cost:
 My flute—for what's my flute if *Betty's* lost?
 And if fae bonny a lass but be my bride,
 I need not any comfort lait beside.

Farewell

G L O S S A R Y.

Weel, well. 'at, that. bworn, born. frae, from. scworn, scorn.
 mun, must. fash'd, troubled. wi' with. straglen, straggling. sham-
 fully, shamefully. snafflen, sauntering. sell, self. neame, name.
 o' mell, of the hindmost. mell a beetle. whare's, where's. luive,
 love. ga' wi't, go with it. struive, strove. lang, long. lwonin, lane.
 cwarn, corn. meade, made. bustlin, bustling. leave or lave, all the
 rest. geane, gone. nae mair, no more. fall, shall. sud, shou'd. feace,
 face. een, eyes. buik, book. theer, there. neame. name. shem saw't,
 shame befall it. caw't, call it. 'at meakes, that makes. hed, had.
 wad, wou'd. wark, work. I's, I'm. hav't, have it. whatever't, what-
 ever it. fae, so. lait, seek.

Farewell my flute then yet or *Carlisle* fair;
When to the stationer's I'll stright repair,
And bauldly for thur compliments enquear;
Care I a fardin, let the prentice jeer.

That dune—a handsome letter I'll indite,
Handsome as ever country lad did write;
A letter 'at sall tell her aw' I feel,
And aw' my wants without a blush reveal.

But now the clouds brek off and sineways run;
Out frae his shelter lively luiks the sun,
Brave hearty blasts the droopin barley dry,
The lads are gaen to shear—and fae mun I.

G L O S S A R Y.

Stright, streight. bauldly, boldly. thur, these. enquear, enquire.
fardin, tarning. dune, done. 'at sall, that shall. aw', all. brek, break.
fine ways, fundry ways, frae, from. luiks, looks. droopin, drooping.
gaen, gone. shear, reap. fae mun, so must.

H O R A C E, Book II, ODE 7.

TRANSLATED IN THE CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

THE snaw has left the fields and fled,
Their tops i'green the trees hev' cled,
The grund wi' fundry flowers is fawn;
And to their stint the becks are fawn:
Nor fear the nymphs and graces mair
To dance it in the meadows, bare.

The

G L O S S A R Y.

Snaw, snow. fells, mountains. i'green, in green. hev' cled, have
clad. grund, ground. wi' with. fundry, fundry. fawn, fawn. stint,
usual measure. becks, rivulets or small brooks. fawn, fall'n. mair,
more.

The year, 'at slips fae fast away,
 Whispers we mun not think to stay :
 The spring fuin thows the winter frost,
 To meet the spring does simmer post,
 Frae simmer, autumn clicks the hauld,
 And back at yence is winter cauld.
 Yit muins off-hand meake up their loss :
 But fuin as we the watter cros, s,
 To *Tullus* great, *Æneas* guid,
 We're dust and shadows wuthout bluid.
 And whae *Torquatus* can be sworn ?
 'At thame abuin 'ill grant te-mworn ?
 Leeve than ; what's war't i' murry chear
 Frae thankless heirs is gitten clear.
 When death, my friend, yence ligs you fast,
 And *Minus* just your duim has past,
 Your reace, and wit and worth 'ill mak
 But a peer shift to bring you back.
Diana (she's a goodess tee)
 Gets not *Hippolytus* set free ;
 And, *Theseus* aw' that strength of thine
 Can never brek *Pirithous'* chyne.

G L O S S A R Y.

'At slips, that slips. fae, so. mun not, must not. fuin, soon.
 gnows, thaws. simmer, summer. frae simmer, from summer. clicks,
 catches or snatches away. hauld, hold. yence, once. cauld, cold.
 yit, yet. muins, moons. meake, make. fuin, soon. watter, water.
 guid, good. wuthout bluid, without blood. whae, who. 'at thame
 abuin, that them above. 'ill, will. to-mworn, to-morrow. leeve
 than, live then. war't, laid out or expended. i' murry, in merry.
 frae, from. gitten, got or gotten. yence, once. ligs, lays. *Minus* *Minos*,
 duim, doom. reace, race. 'ill mak, will make. peer, poor. tee, too.
 aw' all, brek, break. chyne, chain.

ARTICLE X.

SOME REMARKS

RESPECTING THE PROVINCIAL WORDS, &c. USED BY
THE COMMON PEOPLE IN THE LIMITS OF THIS
TOUR.

THE language of any people, however refined it may become in time, has undoubtedly arisen from some rude original, and he, therefore, who wishes thoroughly to understand its genius and primary elements, must, if possible, make himself acquainted with its formation in its earliest stages. Now this knowledge is often best acquired from the mouths of the vulgar, who, living far removed from refinement, have probably retained a dialect nearly the same with that which resulted from the last casual admixture it underwent among their rustic ancestors; and which in *England* was the union of the *Saxon* with the ancient *British*. On this account the critic in our language would at present receive the best information concerning its principles and character, by studying the provincial dialects of the times in some of the most retired districts. And as they are now suffering a daily change from the rapid progress made of late in every branch of politeness, it is to be wished, that, for this end, our provincial historians had carefully attended to and preserved the peculiar terms and phrases of the vulgar dialects current in their respective divisions.*

Particularly

* It is also to be wished (and in this wish I have the concurrence of several judicious friends) that the ingenious in those parts would immediately set about making collections of the *oldest words* and *peculiar phrases* used by their common neighbours, and preserve them in case some learned and properly-qualified person should hereafter undertake to give us a complete dictionary of the *Westmorland* and *Cumberland dialects*, to whom they might be of the greatest service.

There

Particularly this was to be wished of the counties of *Westmorland* and *Cumberland*, where the common speech at this day (besides many obsolete words used by our elder poets, from *Chaucer* down to *Spencer*, &c.) contains several unnoticed roots and elements of derivation. These dialects are much different in many words from the *broad Lancashire*: And were they collected and digested in some such manner as the specimen of an *English-
British Dictionary* given us by the ingenious and learned author of the *History of Manchester*, and his completed, I am satisfied these works, with the assistance of the *Welsh*, *ancient Cornish*, *Islandic*, and the remains of other Gothic or Teutonic languages, would throw an unexpected light on the bases, structure, and analogies of the English tongue.

As a slight specimen of this, I will put down the derivation of a few words, of which we find little in our dictionaries, or little satisfactory. Many more might be given from a cursory recollection, but we must not forget

There are also in these parts (as in every other part alike retired) several stories of apparitions, witches, fairies, &c.—several traditionary tales of strange occurrences,—and many compositions of rural bards, under the titles of speech-plays, masking songs, &c. which if collected as much as possible in their provincial dress, and preserved in some public library, before they are likely to be lost in the more engaging amusements of these improving times, might be of considerable use to the future grammarian, historian, or investigator of the progress of society, and manners. The poet too, might from these traditionary narratives, and superstitious ideas, gain more materials for some provinces of his fanciful art, than from the richest invention: For it is not easy to suppose he can form for himself as striking a combination of events, and association of ideas, as may have been furnished by the accidents of time and the fruitfulness of superstition; and on the account of which *strikingness* these fire-side tales have obtained so long and general a tradition as many of them can boast.—But I am content with barely throwing out a hint, which if thought worth notice will not need any farther enlargement.

get the chief intent of this volume, and that *Swift's Discourse on the antiquity of the English tongue* is perhaps in more hands than may know the due limits of its ridicule. And should these etymologies appear to some more whimsical than just, it should be remembered that they appeal to the only *kind* of evidence of which they are capable; that they cannot *all* yield the *same* degree of conviction, and that this sort of enquiry is a matter of *self-persuasion* from a view of circumstances, and not of *demonstrative proof* from undeniable principles.

Desks, in this vulgar dialect, is, *to put in order*. Hence a *writing-desk*, in which are contained little cells, and other conveniences of arrangement, has its name. *Distaff* is consequently properly *des-staff*, or a staff or rod on which the flax is fitly disposed for spinning. It is also probable that from this idea we have the word *dress*, both as applied to the person, and things, as *dress*ing of victuals, &c.

The endeavour of children to get upon any thing, is in this country termed *to clever*. Hence the phrase of a *clever fellow* primarily means, one who is capable of surmounting any thing he undertakes.

Kink, is, to be thrown into the convulsions which we observe in the highest degree of coughing or laughter. Hence the cough in children which always puts on this strained appearance is called the *kink-cough*. From an ignorance of this etymology, though with some reference to the sound, we find the word wrote *chin*, or *king-cough*. Also the *loops* which twisted threads (or hairs for fishing-lines) are apt to run into are sometimes called *kinks*. From which it appears in both cases, that an idea of *convulsion* is implied in the term *kink*.

Wee, in *Cumberland*, signifies *little*. Hence *weevil* (the insect in corn) is formed of *wee* and *evil*, and means, the *little*

Little evil. *Wee* combined with *edge* makes *wedge*, a well-known instrument with a *small* or *thin* edge.

Hee, is the term for *high*. Hence *hedge* is from *bee-hedge*, or *high-edge*. At first this fence would be made of earth and stones, and afterwards quick fences serving the same purpose would have the same name.

Any thing that moves on a pivot (as the part of a loom that is pulled by the hand among the threads) is called a *slay*. Hence a hammer fastened upon a shaft to move in this manner is called a *sledge* from *slay* and *edge*. It is not so clear that *sedge* is from *sea-edge*, but the verb to *slay*, comes plainly from a like idea of *swinging the arm*.

Do, in these parts is *dee* or *due*. Hence *devil* is formed of *dee-evil*. In like manner, the true original meaning of *snivel* and *drivel* (from whence we have the opprobrious terms of *sniveler* and *driveler*) may be easily gained.

When cabbins served for houses, what they put over the entrance to keep out the weather, was called *due o'er*, that is, the thing to *do-over*. Hence the origin of the word *door*, both as an opening and as an instrument.

Heck is a little gate made of rails (generally pointed and upright) for several domestic purposes. Whence we have the term *back* for an implement used in digging. The long pointed feathers on a cock's neck are also on this account called *backles*. Hence the name of *backle* for the well-known instrument for dressing flax, and hence also the etymology of the word *icicle*, which is evidently *ice-backle*, or a long pointed piece of ice, and which conveys a very characteristic idea.

Arr (whence *scarr*) signifies a *mark*, made by the action of something upon another. Hence the common term *arr-edge*, means the edge of any thing that is liable

to hurt or *arr*. But as a final syllable the term is of the most striking use in explaining words.—*Wizzard* hence evidently means one marked with *wisdom*; *Godard*, with *goodness*; *baggard*, with the shrivelled, &c. look of a *bag*; *drunkard*, with *drink*; *slugard*, with *sloth*; *mustard*, with *must*; *dotard*, with *dotage*; *Richard*, with *riches*; *coward*; perhaps with the proverbial *timidity* of a *cow*. and query if *awkward*, be not from *oak-ard*, *i. e.* one marked with the *stiff*, *rusty* look of an *oak*?

Hence too the eruptive disorder which appears on the skin, like marks made by the scratching of a cat, is vulgarly called *cat-arries*; and query if the term *barrow* be not from the *marks*, or *arries*, made in *rows* by that instrument, *i. e.* an *arr-row*?

Kelter, or *skelter* (a word almost forgot) means *order* as to arrangement, or *condition* as to body. Hence the phrase of people running *belter skelter* means running in despite of all order; *belter order* meaning *hang order*, as we say *hang sorrow*, &c.

Stirrup is from *stay-rope*, a rope with a noose at the end fastened to the saddle to put the foot in, in which form some old drawings represent it.

Healm, or *beam*, is a Saxon word for *straw*, though now out of use, and is here the present vulgar pronunciation of *home*. From this circumstance it is not improbable but that *straw*, which once constituted the most general bed, might give the name to the place of domestic repose; by the same figure that has denominated our ordinary repasts *meals*, from the *meal* that was heretofore the general food, and as *boarding* and *tabling* mean the gratuity of so much per week for victuals eat on *boards* and *tables*. &c.—Hence it is easy to see *hamlet* means a *lot* or parcel of *homes*; and hence is had the term *ham* for the wooden collar now put on the neck of a cart-horse, and which it is well known was not long since in several places made of *straw*.

Stee, is the vulgar name here for *ladder*, and *steel* for *style*. Hence the idea of something high or upright, which is contained in these words *steep*, *step*, *steeple*.

Hose, is an old *Furness-fell* word for the *throat*; and the canvas pipe with which sailors draw water from their casks, &c. is called a *hose*. From this it seems not improbable, that *stockings* have been called *hose* on account of their *throat-like* appearance.

Cap, or *cob*, means *head*, *master*, *top*, &c. Hence the common word *cobby* means *heady*, *tyrannical*, and hence, *cob-nut* (or *job-nut*) means a strife for mastery between the contending nuts.

Atter, it is well-known signifies blood or gore, and hence we have a very characteristic meaning in the name of *atter-cob* given in these parts to the spider; i. e. a *bloody-tyrant*. Mr. *Whitaker* derives this word from the Welch term *Adyr-cop*, signifying the *top-insect*, in allusion to its common residence in the tops of houses, but I imagine the above is the more likely etymology, as it is more significant of its sanguinary manner of living.

Scale, means to *spread* or *disperse* abroad. It is used in the following passage of *Shakespeare's Coriolanus*, and, after puzzling the former editors, was only discovered by Mr. *Stevens* in the last edition.

————— I shall tell you

A pretty tale, it may be you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To *scale*'t a little more.

Thus much respecting the *meaning of words*; what follows is a concluding remark with regard to *sound*.

One would think there is so great a likeness in the form of these originally *Saxon* or *British* words, *wound*,
sound,

found, bound, ground, pound, &c. that there could be no variation in the form of pronouncing them, wherever they were all used. Yet, the word *wound* is of late become an exception among the politer part of the world, who pronounce it *woond*, or in such a manner as it will not rhyme with any of the other words. This mode of speaking the word under consideration is precisely the *vulgar one* used in some of these northern parts, where they call *found, soond—bound, boond—pound, poond—ground, groond, &c.* in which pronounciation, though we cannot think there is much beauty, there is undoubtedly a becoming uniformity worthy of imitation.

It is not easy to see on what account this word *wound* was singled out for the favourite alteration, but it is easy to see that its new sound will injure the rhymes of many of our best poets, particularly *Pope*, who always considers *wound* as rhyming with any of the other words above-mentioned. This hint may perhaps give a south-country person, a different idea than he might have entertained of the propriety of the innovation in question: For certainly nothing ought to be adopted into a language which is *unnecessarily* contrary to its analogy and fundamental laws.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

Page 45 last line but one for *Green*, r. *Green-Odd*. p. 82 l. 8 dele *in (lavanges.)* p. 158 l. 20 for *Ponten* r. *Bampton*. p. 159 l. 12 for *Dowack-moor* r. *Moor-Dowcoak*. l. 13 for *Ponten* r. *Bampton*. p. 279 last line for *bold* r. *bliss*.

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AS a work of this kind may admit of constant improvement, from the accession of useful facts and entertaining descriptions,—in case of another edition of this Guide being called for, the publishers will be obliged to any one who shall communicate to them any authentic particulars which may contribute to the above purpose, and if not too long, insert them either in the NOTES or ADDENDA of the new impression.

